

FROM  
ECLECTIC BOOK STORE  
OF Angeles, Cal.

New and  
ELECTRIC  
Cor. 2d and  
LOS ANGELES

Ray Willing Smith  
SAN JACINTO, CAL.

J. J. Collins

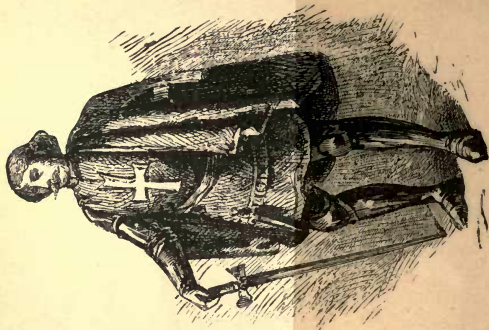




UNIV. OF CALIF. LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES



Priest.



Frohtis.

Knight.

# KNIGHTS AND SEA-KINGS;

OR,

## THE MIDDLE AGES.

EDITED BY

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.



*Boston:*

*Published by D. Lothrop & Co.*



# CONTENTS.

---

	CHAPTER I	PAGE
KNIGHTS-HOSPITALLERS.	. . . . .	7
	CHAPTER II.	
TRANSITION.	. . . . .	13
	CHAPTER III.	
THE ISLAND HOME.	. . . . .	25
	CHAPTER IV.	
MILITARY EXPLOITS.	. . . . .	41
	CHAPTER V.	
SUCCESSFUL DEFIANCE.	. . . . .	63
	CHAPTER VI.	
DEFEAT AND DEPARTURE.	. . . . .	92
	CHAPTER VII.	
WANDERINGS.	. . . . .	127
	CHAPTER VIII.	
FAME AND HEROISM.	. . . . .	144
	CHAPTER IX.	
VALOR AND VICTORY.	. . . . .	175

	CHAPTER X.	PAGE
MERIDIAN GLORY. . . . .		201
	CHAPTER XI.	
DECLINE AND FALL. . . . .		240
	CHAPTER XII.	
THE SPANISH ARMADA. . . . .		267
	CHAPTER XIII.	
CHIVALRY. . . . .		291
	CHAPTER XIV.	
THE FEUDAL SYSTEM. . . . .		299
	CHAPTER XV.	
CONCLUSION. . . . .		313

## INTRODUCTION.


---

No events of the Middle Ages are more attractive than the Crusades. The energetic eloquence of Peter the Hermit—the loud cry of the agitated multitudes at Clermont, “It is the voice of God!”—the wild enthusiasm which led 300,000 fanatics from Europe, without arms, discipline, or provisions, to perish on the shores of Asia—the noble spirit (engendered in part by a religious zeal in behalf of the Holy Sepulchre, and in part by the chivalrous desire to rescue the peaceful pilgrims oppressed by the tyranny of Mohammedan Caliphs) which made kings, princes, and nobles sell their treasures, and mortgage their lands, that they might assume the badge of the Cross—the glorious achievements of Godfrey de Bouillon, Tancred, and their companions—the emulous rivalry of Richard Cœur de Lion and of his antagonist Saladin, alike in courtesies and arms—the alternate severe sufferings



and brilliant victories of the Christian armies,—are familiar to the young as “household words.”

Few readers, however, are aware that while these Crusaders failed in their first and main purpose—the establishment of a Christian dynasty as the rightful guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, yet they left behind them in the East a permanent and glorious record of their presence and dominion. The Crusaders and their descendants became the creators of a great European navy, the founders of a powerful sovereignty in the Mediterranean, the precursors, in some degree, of those Britons, who, in the possession of their latest seat of empire, are the successors to their fame and the inheritors of their duties.



# KNIGHTS AND SEA-KINGS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### KNIGHTS-HOSPITALLERS.

"From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,  
Their lion courage proves their gen'rous race."

HEBER'S *Palestine*.

IN the year of our Lord 1056, a few merchants of Amalfi, near Naples, after many entreaties, and with no small sacrifice of costly gifts, obtained permission from the Caliph Montessar Billah to found a hospital within the walls of Jerusalem for the relief of the many poor and impotent persons who traveled in pilgrim's guise from all countries to visit the land trodden by the feet of the Redeemer, and to pray within the walls of the Holy City. This trifling boon, granted by the kindness of heart or wrung from the avarice of the Eastern ruler, led to the most important results.

The Crusades were the great military expeditions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, by which the confederate chieftains and peoples of the Western world

designed to destroy the rulers and to subjugate to their own sway the empires of the East. These vast military movements were promoted by the combination of many circumstances: by the sudden accession of strength and riches to the Norman barons in the conquest of England; by the desire of the Popes of Rome to employ the rulers in Europe in wars in distant lands, in order that they might the better advance their own designs upon the privileges of their kingdoms; by the reports of the cruelties of the Eastern despots on the pilgrims to the Holy City, so often repeated and so magnified by every repetition; and by the exaggerated stories of the fabulous riches of Asia.

In A. D. 1099, forty-three years after the concession of this privilege, Godfrey de Bouillon brought the first *Crusade* to a successful termination by the conquest of Jerusalem, and by the temporary location of his army within its walls. Under these circumstances, this Christian hospital, founded by the merchants of Amalfi, necessarily attracted his attention; and, the chief direction being vacant, he gave it in charge to one of his bravest and trustiest knights, Raymond du Puis. This bold warrior soon tired of his peaceful charge. With a keen appreciation of the exigencies of the situation, and with a true discernment of the greater use that might be made of the institution intrusted to his care, he at once introduced very im-

portant changes. Not content to discharge the monotonous duties of attendance on wounded soldiers and wearied pilgrims, he proposed to his fellow-knights that they should unite with their errands of mercy the recognition of a higher obligation, and should bind themselves together for the continued defence and preservation of the Holy City from the Infidel.

The double task of active warfare and of kindly sympathy thus inaugurated, proved to be in exact harmony with the temper of the times. This scheme of Raymond du Puis (continuing the original purpose of the hospital, and yet enlarging its usefulness by making it the nest and nucleus of a local European militia, bound together by the strongest motives of country and of religion to maintain their hold on the fair city so lately fallen into their hands,) met with universal approval. Pope Paschal II. accorded his plenary blessing. The sovereigns of Europe soon gave to the remodeled institution—half-military and half-medicinal—wide lands and rich largesses. Distinguished nobles expressed their willingness to promote by their personal service the plans of Du Puis; and thus a new brotherhood, combining the piety of the ancient Hospitaller-monk with the enthusiasm of the new Crusader, suddenly came into existence: a new Order was established, as in a day—an Order destined to play a conspicuous part on the theatre of

history; to play an important element in the politics of the East and West; and to be recognized, under many varying circumstances, through succeeding generations as the most efficient defence of Christendom against the insults and encroachments of the Crescent.

The fortunes of this new Order were identical with those of the Crusaders themselves during the whole period of their sojourning in the East. They necessarily assisted, by the very purpose of their institution, in gaining their victories, or they shared their defeats.

The Norman chieftains, after a reign in Jerusalem of eighty-eight years, were driven from the Holy City by the Saracens, after the loss of the battle of Tiberias, A. D. 1187. The KnightHospitallers were immediately expelled by the conqueror, and retired to Margat, a fortress then held by the Crusaders. From thence they were invited, A. D. 1194, by the English king, Richard Cœur de Lion, to reside at Acre, a city on the coast, mainly rescued from Saladin\* by Richard's personal daring. The Knight's-Hospitallers, in the face of many

---

\* The Sultan Saladin showed favor to the Hospitallers. A story is told of his coming in disguise and gaining admission to the Institution, with the purpose of testing the reported kindness and self-denial of the knight-monks. He refused to eat anything but a piece of the flank of the Grand Master's favorite charger. After some reluctance his request was conceded, and the compliance so convinced the Sultan of the sincerity and kindness of the Hospitallers that (the story says) he made himself known, and ever after showed favor to the Order.

repeated and bloody contests, retained their position at Acre for nearly one hundred years. On the final capture of that city, A. D. 1291, by the Sultan Khaled, they were expelled from Palestine, and took refuge in the isle of Cyprus, by the permission, and on the invitation, of its Norman ruler, Henri de Lusignan.

This expulsion of the Knights-Hospitallers from the Holy Land, although in the first instance a heavy blow and great discouragement, most repugnant to their cherished aspirations, became in a few years the foundation of their fame, and the source of largely increased efficiency. The Order lacked not, in its hour of trial, leaders adequate to its needs. William and Fulke de Villaret, two noble brothers, proved themselves equal to the emergency by their counsels and courage. These brave men were of far too lofty and impatient a nature to accept a home on sufferance, however cheerful the invitation or warm the welcome. Convinced by the inexorable logic of accomplished facts, that they could not hope to re-establish a Western supremacy in Palestine, and well aware that there were others beside the Saracens inimical to the Faith, they resolved not to recede from their proud position as the foremost sentinels of Christendom, but to seek for other opportunities of attesting their obedience to their oaths and their devotion to their precepts and principles.

For this purpose, two things were necessary in this

great crisis of their destiny: the first, the possession of a home of their own, in which their Grand Master might exercise an undisputed authority over the members of the Order; the second, the creation of a navy, by which they might keep watch and ward upon the sea, and restrain the Infidel corsairs who at that period devastated the Christian populations on the shores of the Mediterranean. These two important ends were obtained by the powerful arm and energetic councils of Fulke de Villaret, who secured for himself and for his Order a place of permanent sovereignty—a “local habitation and a name” for the future Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean.



## CHAPTER II.

### TRANSITION.

“Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,  
To stand the Monarch of that peopled deck?”

BYRON, *Corsair*.

THE island of Rhodes, about eighty miles from Cyprus, was selected by Villaret as the most desirable home for himself and his companions. It had every pleasant and profitable recommendation — beautiful air, fertile soil, delicious climate, splendid scenery, materials for ship-building, and excellent harbors. In its center rose the lofty mountain of Artemira, covered with those noble forests of pine which to this day supply masts and timber for the arsenals of the Turkish Empire. Its lower hills produced on their sunny slopes lucious grapes. Its fields, plentifully supplied with water, brought forth every variety of fruit and of grain to perfection. It was a land of oil-olive and honey. Its name was most probably derived from the Greek word *rodon*, a rose, as this flower blooms there in perpetual succession throughout the year; although, according to

others, it is so called from the rose of the pomegranate, which was used in the dye of the beautiful cloths woven by its inhabitants, and stamped on their coins.

Rhodes was formerly celebrated for its Colossus,—a gigantic human figure representing Apollo (or the Sun), originally cast in bronze by Chares, a famous Greek sculptor, about 300 years before the Christian era, to commemorate a successful resistance of the Rhodians to an invasion. It was 120 feet in height, and was ascended by an interior, winding staircase. It was placed near the entrance to the harbor, and some modern travelers\* even to this day maintain that “the two rocks, level with the water at the entrance of the port, evidently supported this statue.” This great fabric of the Colossus, after it had stood fifty-six years, was overthrown by an earthquake. Its massive trunk and huge fragments lay scattered for centuries on the ground, and were collected A. D. 672, and sold to a Jewish merchant, who loaded 900 camels, it is said, with the metal.

Villaret, the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, for they had not as yet attained the position, nor won the name of Sea-Kings, determined to obtain possession of

---

\* These are the very words of the French Marshal Marmont, who visited Rhodes after the Crimean war. See *Present State of the Turkish Empire*. By MARSHAL MARMONT. Harrison: London, 1854. P. 20. The general account of the Colossus is taken from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. See also Vertot, Vol. II., p. 304.

this beautiful island, and to make it, by the law of might and by the right of conquest, the future residence and habitation of his Order. His bold design was not so rash as it seemed, and was favored by a variety of fortunate circumstances. In the first place, the inhabitants of Rhodes were in that state of confusion and weakness which always accompanies a revolution, or sudden change of government. The ancient hereditary authority of the Greek Emperor ruling at Constantinople had lately been violently overturned and seized upon by a band of Saracen Corsairs, who had not as yet succeeded in reconciling the native population to their tyranny and usurpation. In the next place, the Byzantine or Greek Emperor could not assert the re-establishment of his power, or molest the invaders, so that the island was really at this crisis open to any assailants who might prove themselves stronger than the Saracens, and more able than they to maintain their hold of it. Lastly, many of the neighboring states in the Mediterranean encouraged this contemplated project of the Knights. The Pope of Rome, who exercised a greater authority among nations than he does at present, gave his blessing to the undertaking, and showed more substantial tokens of approval by conferring on Villaret and his fraternity the treasures and revenues of the Templars, unjustly confiscated after the cruel trial and death of their heroic chief, James de

Molay. The Christian republics also of Genoa and Venice, with the rulers of France, Spain, and Cyprus, gave Villaret assurances of their sympathy and promises of support, as they were all most desirous that so central a situation should be wrested from the Saracen Corsairs, who would prey on their commerce and enslave their mariners, and should be transferred to the custody of an Order dedicated to the service of the Cross and to the defence of Christendom.

The conquest of Rhodes, however, was no easy task. The combatants on both sides were brave men, stimulated by the strongest motives to noble deeds and martial daring. The Knights were animated by the aspirations of ambition, the urgent need of a resting-place and home, the hatred engendered by prolonged warfare and by the temper of the times against a scorned and loathed creed. The Corsairs were inflamed, on their part, by the most powerful incentives which influence mankind, the conviction that hearth and home, wives and children, religion, honor, liberty, and life depended on the combat. For weeks the issues of the strife were doubtful; the Saracens, protected by their walls, made a prolonged and obstinate resistance. At last the valor and perseverance of Villaret prevailed. In the face of a fierce tempest of stones, flung from ponderous machines, and of a great flight of arrows discharged by the besieged, Villaret, after the loss of many

brave associates, forced an entrance into the fortress, and secured the prize. He admitted the townsmen to mercy, as if for their sake he had made war, and permitted the Saracens to retire with their ships to the neighboring coasts of Asia Minor.

Villaret knew full well that the dangers to which he was exposed had not ended with his victory; he could expect no forbearance from his foes. He had not only to win the prize, but to hold it against all comers by the might of his arm, the efficiency of his ships, and the gallantry of his soldiers.

His late antagonists, on their ejection from Rhodes, had sought and found shelter and protection at Broussa, a city of Bithynia, where at that time the Emir Othman, the famous founder of the power and empire of the Ottoman Turks, kept his court. This successful chieftain constituted himself the champion of the injured servants of Mahomet, prepared a naval expedition, and pledged himself to reinstate the Saracen Corsairs in their home. With a boldness scarcely warranted by the inexperience of his Knights as sailors, yet amply justified by the result, Villaret resolved to meet his new enemy with his galleys on the open sea, rather than await his attack on land, or endure the miseries of a siege. He issued forth with all his vessels, and effectually repulsed the flotilla of Othman, so that this mighty conqueror for the first time found

his career of triumph stayed, and his soldiers confronted with better warriors than themselves. This engagement was remarkable as the first victory of the Hospitallers in their new career as Sea-Kings, and as the precursor of that violent, unceasing internecine strife which raged for five long centuries between the descendants of Othman and the successors of Villaret.

The Grand Master of the Hospitallers now felt himself safe in his new possession. His first care was the greater security of his fortifications. He minutely examined, repaired, and strengthened every battlement, fortalice, wall, and bastion. Whatever art, science, or expenditure could do towards rendering the town and fortress of Rhodes impregnable was at once undertaken, and eventually accomplished. The second care of Villaret was to strengthen and augment his navy. For this purpose he imposed a tax upon the various properties, domains, and priories of his Order in the different countries of Christendom, and expended the proceeds in the purchase or construction of galleys.

These early vessels were very different from the wooden leviathans which a few years since were famed as the wooden walls of England; and were still more unlike the dark, cumbrous iron-clads of the present. These galleys were low-built vessels, navigated with both oars and sails. They were 120 or 130 feet long,



and from 9 to 10 deep. They had two masts, made from the single trunk of a tree, which could be let down or put up at the pleasure of the mariner. They were provided with twenty-five to thirty banks, or benches, divided in the centre, two oars to each bank, one on each side of the vessel, which oars were pulled by four, five, or six rowers, generally chained by their ankles to the floor or to the bank. These rowers were for the most part slaves, or sailors forming part of the crews of the Saracen or Turkish vessels which fell as prizes to their ships. The galleys were the chief vessels used in the naval warfare of these days, and the result greatly depended on the skill in boarding and in the personal courage of the combatants in hand-to-hand conflicts. Each national fleet had also one or two larger vessels, named a galeasse, or caracca, used at this time less for fighting than for the parade of state occasions, and for the transport of ambassadors and potentates. These flagships were sometimes richly ornamented. Short sentences of Holy Scripture were inscribed in golden letters on the sterns. Their sails were striped in colors of red and blue. They were often "pavilioned" with the flags of the maritime nations and of their chief captains, and the sides of the vessels were sometimes dressed in silver and gold. Shakespeare probably had in his eye or memory some such gorgeous galeasse, when he described the vessel



of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, upon the Cydnus,  
“when first she saw Marc Antony” —

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne  
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold:  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept time.” \*

There were other vessels of war in use at this period of a smaller build; these were named brigantines, or dromones. They had no resemblance to English and American brigs, but were light, undecked vessels, navigated with either oars or sails. They had from twenty to twenty-four banks of oars, with only one man to each oar. They were chiefly used by the Corsairs, the rowers forming the crew, and keeping their arms under their rowing-benches for immediate use.

The galleys of the Knights always carried, in addition to their sailors and slave rowing-crew, a picked body of trained fighting men. These were at this period known by a curious designation. They were called “Turkopoliers,” or “The Turkopolieris.” The title is derived from a Greek word, *paulos*, a child, and was intended to describe youths descended from European fathers and Syrian mothers. These youth were educated in the Christian faith, and were brought up at the expense and under the auspices of the Knights. Clothed

---

\* *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. II., scene 11.

after the fashion of an Arabian and Eastern rather than of a Western army, inured to the peculiarities of the climate, trained to discipline and military exercises, they formed an efficient auxiliary force, either as infantry soldiers or as marines. An English Knight was always intrusted with the chief command of this corps, under the title of "The Turkopolier."

A galley equipped for war, at this period, had, below the deck, the gang of slave-rowers, confined to their darksome hold, and chained to their rowing-bench. On the deck were two steersmen, for such was the custom, at the helm, the captain Knight, with his allotted band of noble companions in their panoply of burnished brass, on the poop, the sailors, attending to their respective duties on ship-board, the Turkopolieri soldiers, provided with offensive and defensive arms, with bows and arrows which they discharged from the forecastle and poop, with swords for close combat, with long hand-pikes, or "spontoons," short hand-pikes, with which they endeavored either to effect a boarding, or to injure the sails and rigging of their opponents. Sometimes the deck contained a strong timber-built machine, placed between the masts, for casting huge stones for the purpose of sinking an antagonist; or a movable crane, for hoisting upon the enemy's ship a huge basket filled with soldiers. The language of signals, so necessary and brought to such

perfection in the complicated naval evolutions of these days, was but little known or practised. At night the simple orders, which it was alone possible for the admiral to give, were conveyed by the arrangement of the lights in the leading galley.

Such was the general mode of naval warfare at this period, though within a few years a new and far more destructive element was added in the liquid fire first invented in the Greek arsenals of Constantinople, but brought quickly into general use, and poured out of iron tubes from ship to ship, or from wall and rampart, in red-hot streams upon the combatants.

The conquest of Rhodes carried with it the necessary submission of some of the small neighboring islands. The most valuable was the little island called Syma, as it was celebrated for its ship-carpenters, who materially assisted by their skillful craftsmanship in the reconstruction and enlargement of the navy of the Order. There was another commodity for which Syma was renowned—sponges, of which there are fifty different sorts. The sponge has life, though of so slight a kind as to be called the most torpid of zoophytes. These sponges all live and grow at the bottom of the sea, and can only be reached by skillful divers. There were no diving-bells invented in those days, and therefore a curious law was enacted in the island of Syma, that no young man should be allowed to marry until he could dive down a certain distance, and remain for a certain

specified time under the water. Marshal Marmont gives this account of his visit to this island, A. D. 1854: —

“I went to the sponge fishery. It is a laborious and dangerous employment, but so lucrative that five or six successful days afford those engaged in it the means of support for an entire year. The sponge is attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, serving as a retreat to myriads of crustaceous” (*i. e.*, shell-covered, with joints; from *crusta*, a shell) “creatures which occupy its cavities. The fishermen dive for it to the depth of even a hundred feet, and sometimes continue for five or six minutes under water, unless the quantity of sponge they may have collected becomes inconvenient or unmanageable, when they are hauled to the surface by the crew of the boat to which they belong. The divers occasionally fall victims to the sharks that attack them in the water. The sponge is prepared for market by being pressed, to dislodge the animalculæ it contains, and afterwards washed in lye to deprive it of mucilaginous matter.”

The Mediterranean, even at this early period, was the scene of considerable commerce. So frequent and important was the interchange and barter of goods between the Republic of Genoa and the States of Barbary, that there are old charters of this date yet extant, dictating its terms and enforcing its regulations. Genoa was the most extensive mart for woolen cloths then ex-

isting in the world, and the common articles of this international traffic included woolen cloth, corn, wool, oil (for the manufacturers of soap), hides, tanned leather, wax, gum, dates, dried fruits, drugs and perfumes in every variety. Villaret, after his great triumph over the Othman fleet, adopted, with much wisdom, as far as circumstances would permit, a policy of peace. He quickly declared the harbor of Rhodes to be a free port, and invited to it the ships of all Christian nations.

In a few years the transition inaugurated and so successfully carried out by himself, was completed. He and his Knights soon found abundant employment for the galleys of the Order, in acting at one time as a trusted convoy to the rich argosies of Genoa or Venice; in carrying at another, with becoming dignity, the higher members of their fraternity on their visits to their priories, or on their more solemn embassies to pope or prince; or in attacking, as opportunity might allow, with the certain swoop of an eagle upon his prey, the marauding vessels of the Corsair or the Turk. Thus the sons of the Norman chieftains, the well-born, chivalrous Knights of the Order of the Hospitallers, adapted themselves to their altered circumstances, and transferred the lofty courage, bold zeal, and fervent devotion to the Cross, which had distinguished the soldiers of Palestine, to the new duties required of the "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean."



## CHAPTER III.

### THE ISLAND HOME.

“Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our Empire, and behold our Home.”

[BYRON, *Corsair*.

THE conquerors of Rhodes, after the defeat of Othman, were left in peaceful possession of the fair home they had won. During the next 170 years no bark of the Moslem nor heel of the invader defiled their soil. The fame of this conquest, combined with the beauty and fertility of the land itself, caused not only an immediate increase to the reputation of the Order, but gave a vast accession to its members. Every court in Europe sent its soldiers of fortune to enlist under the banners of Villaret. So great and rapid was the multiplication of claimants for admission to the Fraternity that it was found expedient to establish separate nations, or “Langues,” and to place each nation under its own special commander. Three of these Langues were assigned to French Knights, under the title of France, Provence, and Auvergne. Two were allotted to Spain

and Portugal, under the langues of Arragon and Castile. One langue was given respectively to Italy, Germany, and England. The wealth of the Fraternity was materially augmented, and a skillful and powerful navy constructed, so that the naval prowess and gallant adventures of the Sea-Kings were celebrated in all lands.

Within a few years their dominion extended beyond the narrow limits of their sea-girt home; and the strong fortress of Smyrna, on the main land of Asia Minor, about twenty miles from Rhodes, submitted to their sway. These accessions of territory were won under the auspices of the Grand Masters of the Order, who were elected to their high office for their achievements in the fight, skill in seamanship, personal courage, or successful pursuit and capture of ships. In 1365 A. D., an illustrious chief, Raymond Beranger, found himself able to muster to his call one hundred vessels. The Corsairs of Egypt, emboldened at this time by the extensive conquests of their caliphs, made frequent predatory incursions upon Cyprus. The ruler of that island in his hour of need invoked the assistance of his brave neighbors and well-trying allies at Rhodes. Raymond Beranger, not content with the temporary repulse of the marauders, persuaded the King of Cyprus to make with him a combined attack upon the stronghold of Alexandria, and to beard the lion in his den. The expedition was agreed to; and so well was the secret



of the destination of the assembled fleet preserved, that the flotilla reached the port, and the Turkopoliers had under the shadow of the night disembarked for the assault, before the enemy had discovered their approach. No sooner was the note of warning sounded, than the walls were quickly lined with soldiers and townsmen. The besieged, protected by their ramparts, repulsed their assailants, and with push of pike or stroke of scimitar drove them backwards into the fosses and breaches of the fortress, and rolled down upon them huge blocks of stone. New combatants took the place of the dead and wounded, and, heedless of the fate of their companions, endeavored to reach with their scaling-ladders the summit of the walls.

“The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood  
The instant that he fell.” \*

They were, however, overwhelmed and driven back by the storm of arrows, and by the streams of burning oil and liquid fire, which pierced the coats of mail of the men-at-arms, and burnt the Eastern robes and turbans of the Turkopoliers, and compelled them to rush into the sea to extinguish their flaming vestments. The Knights and their brave marines after a short interval renewed the contest, and, animated by the voice

---

\* Scott, *Marmion*.

and the example of their trusted leader, overcame every obstacle, gained a footing on the parapet, and throwing themselves in force into the battlements, made themselves masters of the nearest houses, and obtained possession of the place. After so obstinate a defence, and the loss of so many brave soldiers, Beranger was too weak to retain his conquest. Contenting himself with exacting from his foes the penalty of their presumption by burning their ships, and by carrying away as slaves many of the soldiers and townsmen, he returned laden with prisoners and rich booty.

The work of the valiant Grand Master on this occasion was not exclusively that of devastation and destruction. He had the satisfaction of releasing many of his own Fraternity, and Christian captives of other lands, from the slave dungeons of the Turks. Among these was a nobleman of high birth and lineage, the Chevalier Pierre St. George, a nephew of the reigning Pope Urban V. Beranger intended in his own person to restore him to his uncle, and to accompany him to the Papal court at Avignon; but his purpose was frustrated by the death of Urban. This bold attack on Alexandria was a lesson never forgotten by the Turks, who henceforth abstained from any descent upon the unarmed population of Cyprus.

Raymond Beranger and his Order spent much time and money in strengthening and beautifying their be-

loved home. There was at Rhodes an outer and an inner harbor. For the protection of the outward harbor two moles or arms were constructed running out into the sea, and defended at their extremities by two towers, St. Nicholas and St. Elmo, both well furnished with artillery. These towers protected a great number of vessels — merchant ships, galleys, caiques, and feluccas. The harbor was alive with all the bustle and life of an active commercial port. Beyond this was an inner harbor, entered by a narrow opening between two fortified bastions, within which the galleys of the Knights were moored. The town itself was rebuilt at much cost around this inner harbor. On the eastern side were the houses of the merchants and townsmen, the habitations of the sailors, mechanics, and artisans, the quarter allotted to the Jews, and one or two convents or monasteries. The western portion was occupied by the Grand Master and the resident members of the Fraternity.

The chief pride was the street of the Knights (the *Strada dei Cavalieri*, as it was named), extending throughout the length of the town. It is still to be seen almost as it was in its original splendor. In this street stood the majestic palatial castle of the Grand Masters, the noble church of St. John with its lofty cupalo, the palace of the Bishop, the houses of the chapter, a large monastery, and, forming its especial

feature, an extensive barrack for the Turkopoliers, with the large hotels, auberges, or noble mansions of the different languages, where the Knights and their followers of each European nation lived in common. This Strada dei Cavalieri was a long and picturesque avenue of Gothic palaces, bearing to this day over the lintels of their handsome gateways, and on their inner courtyards, the undefaced armorial bearings of their respective nationalities. The ancient arms of France, the noble fleur-de-lis, are to be traced even by the modern traveler in all parts of the town. The suburbs of Rhodes, adorned with the kiosks or summer-houses of the Knights, sparkling streams, splendid terraces, luxuriant gardens, and refreshed with the cool air of its central mountain, were peculiarly lovely and attractive.

“There mildly dimpling, ocean’s cheek  
Reflects the tint of many a peak,  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
This Eden of the Eastern wave.” \*

The Sea-Kings were kind and beneficent masters. The people subject to their rule had no tyrannical excesses to lament, and no grievous exactions to complain of, but found at all times their happiness and prosperity promoted to the utmost. The best proof of this is the famous legend of the encounter of a Knight of Rhodes with a huge dragon, that for some time brought misery

---

\* Byron, *Giaour*.

and destruction upon the inhabitants. The story, often told both in prose and verse, is so good in itself, and so redounds to the credit of all concerned, that it will bear repetition. It teaches that most difficult of all lessons for a youth to learn, the duty of obedience. The circumstances are recorded in the pages of Abbé Vertot, the learned French historian of the Knights-Hospitalers, as follows :

Within a few years of the occupation of Rhodes by the Knights of St. John, the island was afflicted with a dreadful visitation. A huge amphibious monster, half crocodile and half serpent, able to live on land or in water, made its home in a cavern at the foot of a hill about two miles from Rhodes. It was a merciless beast, and devoured sheep, cows, and horses; and oftentimes the shepherds and cow-boys fell a prey to its voracity.

“Oh! when it seized on prey and plunder,  
Its greedy jaws gaped wide asunder.  
In a deep gulf of gloom and blood  
In rows its teeth all jagged stood;  
A sword-like tongue: and through the lashes  
Of its small eyelids darted flashes!”

On the summit of the hill, below which this terrible monster had made his resort, was a small chapel dedicated to St. Stephen, and the pilgrims to this shrine frequently fell unawares into his clutches.



“For like hell's serpent proud rebelling,  
He watcheth at foot of Stephen's dwelling;  
And should some pilgrim out of breath  
But turn into the path forbidden,  
The monster dragged him to his death  
By rushing from his covert hidden.”

Many of the Knights, and those the bravest of their Order, at different times sallied out to try to kill him; but not one returned alive. The Grand Master at last ordered that no other Knight should engage in so hazardous an enterprise, nor undertake a task in which it seemed impossible for man to succeed. All obeyed his commands except one Knight of Provence, Dieu-donné de Gozon, who, in spite of his chief's prohibition, and in face of the evil fate of his friends, formed in secret the design of combating the monster, determined to die in the attempt, or to effect the deliverance of the island.

With this purpose in his mind, he retired to his own Castle de Gozon, in Languedoc, and having previously discovered, by an observation from a safe distance, that the huge beast had no scales on his belly, he founded on that fact his plan of attack. He caused a figure of the monster to be made in wood and painted of precisely the same size and color of the dragon. He next trained two young wolf-dogs, and taught them, at his call, to attack the belly of the monster, while he, at the same time, arrayed in full armor and mounted on horse-

back, pretended, on his part, with lance in hand, to wound it in different parts.

“Two wolf-hounds took he, fierce of breed,  
Huge, strong, and with the swiftest speed;  
And where the paunch was bare and white  
And least defended from their bite,  
He bade his dogs direct their fury —  
Their teeth, as in the flesh, to bury.  
At first his snorting charger reared  
And started when the foe he near'd;  
His savage dogs, too, shrunk in terror;  
But soon he train'd them from their error.  
This course he constantly pursued  
Till three times was the moon renewed.”

At the end of three months he returned to Rhodes, and, without any communication with his chief, proceeded to the Chapel of St. Stephen, with his esquires, hounds, and horse. Then, having commended himself to Divine protection, he donned his coat of mail, took lance in hand, encouraged his dogs and charger, and rode alone towards the cavern of the monster. The venomous brute, enraged at his defiance, rushed forth with open mouth and flashing eyes. De Gozon, prepared for the conflict, gave him a thrust with his lance which goaded him to greater fury, but did not penetrate his scales. He prepared to repeat his stroke, but his horse, frightened at the cries and odor of the serpent, refused to advance, whereon De Gozon disengaged himself from his saddle, and rushing on, sword in hand,



accompanied by his staunch hounds, attacked the monster, and gave him many cuts without penetrating his thick scales. The enraged beast at last threw him to the ground with a stroke of his tail, whereon the two wolf-hounds seized upon the belly of the monster, and kept fast hold, in spite of all efforts to shake them off. De Gozon, encouraged by this help, recovered himself, and, encouraging his hounds, pushed his sword up to its hilt in a spot undefended by scales, and made a large wound, from which poured streams of blood.

“And ere his dogs their hold let go,  
He started from the earth below;  
And where the paunch was white and naked  
His weapon’s thirst he eager slaked:  
Up to the hilt he plunged his sword,  
And life-blood in black torrents pour’d.”

The tidings of his victory and the death of the monster were quickly told in the town of Rhodes. The inhabitants came in multitudes to meet him. Loud acclamations welcomed the conqueror hero into the town, and his companion Knights brought him in high triumph to the portals of the palace of the Grand Master.

“A thousand voices from the crowd,  
‘That is the dragon,’ shout aloud,  
‘Which slaughter’d herdsmen, flocks, and cattle,  
Until De Gozon won the battle.’”

The Grand Master, however, unmoved by the general joy, to the surprise of all and to the indignation of

many, cast upon De Gozon looks of the severest displeasure, and demanded of him, in stern tones, what defence he could make for disobeying his plain orders. Without appearing to be moved by the prayers of the Knights, or to hear the entreaties of the crowd, he commanded that De Gozon should be conveyed to the dungeon of the palace. The unhappy victor, without word of remonstrance or complaint, silently and submissively obeyed; and thus passed in a moment from the exuberant ovation of a popular triumph to an accusation of dishonor less bearable than death. The Grand Master summoned his council, which decreed the degradation of De Gozon from his rank, the removal of his robes of knighthood, and his expulsion from the Hospitallers. The humiliated Knight was summoned to the presence of his chief to hear his sentence declared in full council. His companions again interceded for his pardon, but he at once proceeded, in obedience to the sentence of his chief,

“To lay aside his robes; then bent  
To kiss the Master’s hand — and went.”

The Grand Master recalled the repentant hero, restored his robes, and re-admitted him to his rank, and loaded him with tokens of his favor and regard.

“He cried, ‘Embrace me, worthy son:  
Thou now hast gained a fight more glorious’  
The Cross by lowliness is won;  
‘Tis thine, since o’er thyself victorious.’”

You ask: Is it true? No; it is only a just and beautiful allegory, representing the duty of a true knight, who should ever be a triumphant conqueror over evil. No account, however, of the early history of the Sea-Kings would be complete without an insertion of this legend. The Abbé Vertot, the chief chronicler of the Knights-Hospitallers, mentions that the figure of a huge dragon was sculptured on the walls of Rhodes, and that a tomb, said to be that of De Gozon, bore the inscription, "*Ci-git le vainqueur de Dragon*"—"Here lies the conqueror of the Dragon." Whether the legend was made for the inscription, or the inscription for the legend, it is now difficult to determine.

Count Heredia, a Knight of France, was selected Grand Master, to succeed Raymond Beranger. He was a true Sea-King, and aptly represented the duties devolving upon the members of his Order as the great naval champions and captains in this period of the world's history. The Papal court had now for seventy years been located at Avignon, in France. Pope Gregory IX., A. D. 1365, determined to return with his Cardinals to Rome. His purposed voyage happened to coincide with the time at which Count Heredia was about to sail from Marseilles to assume the high duties to which he had been elected, and he volunteered to escort the Pope to his Italian dominions. Eight noble galleys from the Rhodian fleet were assigned as the

Papal convoy, under the personal command of Heredia. The noble Grand Master, wearing a long white beard, and dressed in the rich robes of knighthood, surrounded by many of his commanders, distinguished for their high birth and martial mien and bearing, acted as helmsman. While crossing the Gulf of Lyons, which is always more or less rough and stormy from the collision of the two streams from the Gulfs of Lyons and Genoa, the ship is reported to have been in some danger, on which Heredia himself assumed the helm, and, trusting the safety of the person of the Pope to no inferior hand, piloted the ship himself, and brought her in safety to the port of Civita Vecchia. Never before or since has vessel of Prelate, Prince, or Pope had a more distinguished steersman. Nor was Gregory IX. ungrateful for his services. In his triumphal entry into Rome, the honor of bearing the Standard of the Church, carried unfurled before the immediate person of the Pope, was reserved for the Grand Master Heredia, the Sea-King of the Mediterranean.

Soon after this august ceremony, Heredia took leave of the Papal court, and proceeded on his own voyage. On approaching the shores of Greece, he fell in with the fleet of Venice. The Admiral saluted his flag with the accustomed honors, and hastened to pay on board his vessel the homage of his personal respect. He further urged Heredia, by flattering com-

pliments to his prowess in war and by considerations of policy, to join him in an attack he was then meditating upon Patras, an important maritime city in Greece. The Grand Master allowed his own private affairs to yield to a call of public duty, and consented to the proposal. The combined fleets appeared before Patras. The town, only defended by low ramparts and ill-constructed walls, succumbed at once to their attack; but the Governor, a brave and gallant soldier, retired with his troops into the citadel, a lofty and most impregnable fortress. A siege was opened in strict accordance with the existing rules of war. The attack and the defence were for some days equally maintained. Many brave men were slain on both sides. At last a breach was made in the walls by the besiegers, and Heredia, impatient of the delay, headed the assailants, planted a ladder, and mounting first, sword in hand, without waiting for his companions, jumped down from the parapet upon the platform of the fort. Here the Governor met him with an equal courage, and a regular single hand-to-hand encounter was waged between them. Heredia, either stronger or more agile than his antagonist, passed his sword through his body with a fatal thrust. In the meanwhile his soldiers, uncertain of his fate, crowded over the parapet to assist him, and, overcoming all resistance, put the garrison to the sword.



Heredia, flattered by this success, and won over by the specious professions and enthusiastic, though not disinterested, praises of the Venetian Admiral, resolved to remain with him till he had effected the conquest of Greece.

Corinth was the first object of their arms. Its siege was undertaken; but at its very commencement, while reconnoitring the forces of the Turks, the Grand Master fell into an ambuscade, and was carried off as a prisoner to the citadel. The Venetian Admiral, with sincere friendship, offered to purchase his freedom by the immediate resignation of the lately conquered city of Patras; and on this proposal being rejected, he made yet more submissive proposals, consenting to pay a costly ransom, for which three Knights should remain as hostages. Heredia refused to avail himself of these terms, and used his authority to prevent their acceptance. "Leave me," said the noble leader to his companions, "to die in my chains. I am a useless old man, who cannot live long; but you are young, and are bound to retain your freedom, and to devote yourself to the service of your Order." The tears and expostulations of his friends were alike in vain; he resignedly submitted to his fate.

For three years he remained a prisoner, until at length he was ransomed by monies raised from his own estates, and at last returned in honor and safety



to Rhodes to exercise the functions of his exalted office. These narratives of the courage and spirit of Raymond Beranger, of the self-sacrifice and self-conquest of De Gozon, of the conscientious sense of duty and disregard of personal sufferings of Heredia, may serve as examples of the noble conduct which secured for the Hospitallers the peaceful possession of their island Home, and which obtained the approval, respect, and grateful admiration of Christendom for the bold and adventurous "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean."

## CHAPTER IV.

### MILITARY EXPLOITS.

'King Arthur saw, with startled eye,  
The flower of chivalry march by,  
The bulwark of the Christian creed,  
The kingdom's shield in hour of need."

SCOTT, *Bridal of Triermain*.

THE "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean" at the close of the thirteenth century were in a very peculiar position. Their Order formed a powerful military confederacy, dispersed among and interlaced with all European countries, so that at this time they counted as substantial factors in the game of politics. Their alliance was sought by rival popes, jealous sovereigns, and bellicose republics. While devoted to their special task of maintaining against all adversaries a free and open ocean for Christian traffic, they were also required to take part in royal quarrels, dynastic complications, and weighty European enterprises. The chief feature of this particular era was the remarkable reaction from the fond but delusive hopes entertained by the Crusaders of subduing Eastern climes to an

obedience to the Cross. The followers of Mohammed had now, in their turn, become the invaders, and the rulers and populations of the East were inspired with a mad desire to enforce on Christendom a universal acceptance of the Koran and the Crescent. The Ottoman Turks, under their famous Sultan Bajazet (surnamed Yilderim, or Lightning, from the celerity of his military movements), were the foremost promoters of these retaliatory proceedings. Bajazet, the fourth sovereign in succession from Othman, the founder of his dynasty, had pursued a long career of unchecked victory. Having wrested province after province from the ruler of the Byzantine Empire at Constantinople, he determined, at this time, to invade Hungary, and publicly boasted, in his wild dream of a universal empire, that he would capture Buda, march from thence to Italy, depose the Pope, subordinate Rome to Mecca, and feed his horse with oats on the very altar of St. Peter's.

The Janizzaries were the celebrated troops with which the great Ottoman sultans of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries obtained their numerous victories. Their cruel custom was to kill the grown-up men in the population of the Christian countries they conquered, but to reserve the male children, that they might be educated as Mohammedans, and be trained in the hardiness and discipline necessary for the perfecting

of the soldier. Cut off from all ties of country and kin,—rewarded with high pay, social privileges, and ample opportunities of gratifying their personal ambition,—encouraged to the indulgence of all worldly, sensual, and violent passions,—these troops formed a military brotherhood thoroughly adapted to become the unthinking instruments of their master's will, the more remorseless executioners of imperial despotism or of unrelenting fanaticism. They were called Janizzaries, from two Turkish words—*Yeni Tscheri*, or new soldiers. The name was given them at their first institution by a famous Dervish, or Mohammedan prophet, who, standing in the front of their ranks, stretched the sleeve of his official dress over the head of the foremost soldier, and pronounced his benediction, or prediction of their destiny, in these words: "Let them be called Janizzaries"—*Yeni Tscheri*. "May their countenance be ever bright! their hand victorious! their sword keen! May their spear always hang over the heads of their enemies; and, wheresoever they go, may they always return with a white \* face!"

---

\* "White" and "black" face are common proverbial expressions of praise or reproach. "Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto."—*Hor. Sat. i. 4*. See Creasy's *Ottoman Empire*, vol. i., p. 21. London: 1858.

These troops at last assumed the authority of a Prætorian Guard, and interfered with the dignity and appointments of the Supreme Ruler of the Ottoman Porte. Sultan Mahmoud, June 16, 1826, caused a massacre to be made of 15,000 of their number at Constantinople. They were finally abolished by an Imperial firman in 1836. Cf. "Janizzary," in Townsend's *Manual of Dates*.

The uniform of these troops commemorated the incident connected with their origin. They wore a cap of white felt, like that of a Dervish, with a stripe of wool hanging down behind, to represent the sleeve which had been placed on their captain's head. They were armed with iron maces, with which they made grievous carnage among their enemies. The Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean were now to measure their strength against these formidable opponents. The ancient chivalry was now to meet in mortal fray with this newly-created soldiery of the Paynim.

In 1394 A. D., Pope Boniface IX., deeply impressed with a conviction of the dangers that threatened Christendom, invited all the princes of Europe to a combined effort to resist the threatened attack of Bajazet upon the kingdom of Hungary. A Christian league was formed, by which Charles VI. of France, Philip Duke of Burgundy, the Byzantine Emperor, the republics of Venice and Genoa, and the Knights of St. John, united to withstand the encroachments of the Ottoman. Not one of the Crusades was undertaken with an army more efficient in numbers, equipment, or warlike determination. The only fault was a too confident assurance of strength and of certain success. The soldiery of France, led by the young and brilliant Count de Nevers, the son and heir of the Duke of Burgundy, were so full of trust in themselves and their achievements, that



they boasted, "If the sky should fall, they would hold it up with their lances."

The two mighty hosts met in mortal conflict on the 24th of September, A. D. 1396, at Nicopolis, on the Danube. The Count de Nevers and his generals were at their midday meal, when the tidings reached them of the approach of the Ottoman army. The younger officers, with the men-at-arms, clamored with hot haste and with the impatience of an ill-regulated zeal, to be led immediately against their foes. In vain the soldier-like skill of Sigismund, and the experience of the elder commanders, urged the adoption of scientific and prudential operations. The splendidly-equipped French cavalry rushed impetuously into the field. Their furious charge scattered, as chaff before the wind, the worthless troops always placed in the van by the tactics of Bajazet; but behind them the French captains met more worthy foemen in a huge phalanx of Janizaries, who presented, in the serried ranks of their massive battalions, a firm and apparently impregnable barrier to their advance. Nevers and his Knights rode at once, in indiscriminate haste, amidst the ranks of these brave soldiers. A desperate conflict ensued. The iron maces of the Janizzaries rattled with too fatal effect on the mailed armor of their opponents, while the swords and charges of the Knights did terrible execution; until at last this famous Eastern infantry, by



whom defeat had hitherto been unknown, broke their ranks, and fled in terror from the contest.

Timely succor was at hand. The Sultan, like an accomplished general, had left nothing to chance. Equally prepared for either alternative of defeat or victory, he had drawn up his magnificent Eastern cavalry, the very strength and flower of his army, in support of the Janizzaries; and this routed infantry speedily found, behind these horsemen, ready shelter and protection. Flushed by his second success, and stimulated to renewed exertions by the hope of a complete conquest, the Count Nevers and his Knights dashed, with unhesitating confidence and undiminished vigor, upon this third army of the enemy, and, by the mad energy of their onset, put to flight these choicest troops fighting under the banner of the Infidel. The strength, however, of man and horse had its limits; and when, on the repulse of this third array, the bold warriors of Count Nevers found yet a fourth army in reserve, under the immediate command of the Sultan himself, drawn up with marshalled rank, unbroken courage, and yet larger numbers, they were compelled to confess that the meteor of conquest had allured them too far. Separated from their own friends, and incapable, from sheer exhaustion, of making further exertions, both soldiers and steeds were unable to withstand the attack of these fresh legions.

“Anon the troop  
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes  
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around.  
The battle song, the clang of sword and shield,  
War-cries and tumult, strife, and hate, and rage,  
Blasphemous prayer, confusion, agony,  
Rout, and pursuit, and death, and over all  
The shout of victory.” \*

This fourth mortal combat did not last long. Bajazet gained an easy triumph over a diminished, disorganized, and dispirited foe. At this concluding crisis of the battle the Mediterranean Knights, under their brave Grand Master, Philibert de Naillac, greatly distinguished themselves. Supported by some German battalions, which had not hitherto taken part in the engagement, they stood firm, and sustained, with a resolution worthy of their fame, the onset of the victorious squadron of the Sultan. Their assailants, as it happened, were the regiments of Janazzaries, who had sallied, and now exerted themselves in the presence of their sovereign to wipe away the disgrace of their earlier repulse. In vain they renewed their attack. The mailed warriors of Rhodes rode into their ranks, threw them into confusion, and compelled them to retreat, so that there appeared to be a chance of restoring the fortunes of the day. At this critical moment the Prince of Servia, a faithful ally of Bajazet, rushed

---

\* Southey, *Don Roderick*.

to the rescue of the Janizzaries with a body of 5,000 fresh horsemen. This opportune reinforcement finally decided the victory, and extinguished the last hope of the Christian army. A general *saue qui peut*\* became the order of the day. The fight was turned into a flight, though comparatively few escaped so expeditious and so merciless an enemy. Among this more fortunate number was the gallant Philibert de Naillac, who by his courage and presence of mind secured the safety of the royal Sigismund and himself. They succeeded, under the friendly shadows of the declining day, in reaching the Danube, and, securing a small boat, threaded their dangerous and doleful way to the rendezvous of the fleet. The King returned with the Grand Master to Rhodes, and became for a time an honored guest in the home of the Sea-Kings. Thus ended this momentous collision of the forces of the Eastern and Western world in the important battle of Nicopolis. If it cannot be included among the decisive battles of the world, it marks the halting-point of Ottoman ambition. The victory was so dearly purchased, that half-a-century elapsed before a sultan again dared to meet in arms the chivalry of the West.

Bajazet, in a spirit of barbarian ferocity and of outraged pride, treated his prisoners with the utmost cruel-

---

\* Let every one save himself who can.

ty. "This has been," said he, "a bloody victory for my people; they shall be revenged. Let the Christian dogs prepare to die." On the morrow after the battle, the sun arose upon a fearful sight. The Sultan had his vast army drawn up in a line, of which he, surrounded by his viziers, generals, and councillors, occupied the center, and then ordered the multitude of his prisoners to be brought before him.\* The procession was led by three hundred Christian Knights, naked to their shirts, their hands tied behind them, and with halters round their necks. From these, drawn up in a triple rank, he commanded, with the utmost refinement of cruelty, the Count Nevers to make choice at his own option of twenty-four to be the companions of his own imprisonment and sad fortunes. The others of that brave and noble company were ordered to instant execution. Remonstrance, entreaties, bribes, guerdons of rich ransom, were offered in vain. The despot had spoken his will. That heroic band marched onward to their doom with secret prayer, unflinching countenance, and firm step, with a conscientious sense of duty performed and of honor won, with

"stony air  
Of mixed defiance and despair." †

Scarcely had they passed the imperial presence, when at a preconcerted signal, given by the Sultan himself,

---

\* Creasy's *Ottoman Turks*, vol. i., p. 62.

† *Giaour*.

they were set upon by the troops, and hewn to pieces in one indistinguishable slaughter. The long files of the common soldiery followed in mournful silence, and were all similarly cut down and destroyed by the scimitars and bowstrings of the Turkish executioners or by the ponderous maces of the Janizzaries.\* No shriek of pain, nor cry for mercy, nor shout of execration moved the soul, nor evoked the pity of the conqueror. For five long hours did Bajazet sit upon his charger, amidst the pomp of his Eastern camp, and witness with obdurate heart, inexorable eye, and unmoved lip, the relentless outpouring of that deluge of human blood —

“And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled and Mercy sighed farewell.” †

He only relented of his sanguinary mood, when appealed to by some of his courtiers, on no worthier or nobler motive than that, “it was unprofitable to slay men who might be sold for slaves, or reserved for ransom.” Count Nevers and his twenty-four rescued companions were detained at the court of Bajazet for two years, and at the expiration of that time were dismissed, in a fit of pride or of caprice, with the taunting command “that they should go and report to France, Burgundy, and Europe the irresistible superiority of the Sultan.”

---

\* *Creasy's Ottoman Turks*, vol. I., p. 65.

† *Corsair*.



The pride of Bajazet was soon to be humbled. The avenger was already on his path. The retribution did not come from any of the sovereigns whose rights he had invaded, nor from any prowess of insulted Christendom. It was, however, both sure and swift. Another mighty conqueror, like to himself in the multitude of his hosts, the number of his victories, the mercilessness of his cruelty, and in the insatiableness of his ambition, was to be the instrument of his ruin. Timour, or Tamerlane, born only to the patrimony of a petty chieftainship, had, by the wisdom of his policy and the power of his arm, created for himself an empire extensive as that of Bajazet. At this time he had placed upon his own head, by the right of conquest, the crowns of twenty-seven kings, and was sovereign of Persia, India, and Tartary, so that the rich towns of the first, the vast treasures of the second, from the Indus to the Ganges, and the thick population of the third, contributed to support his armies, and maintain his sway. Timour held, with barbaric insolence, as an article of his creed, "That as there was but one God who ruled in heaven, so there ought to be only one sovereign on earth, and that Timour was he." The regions which owned the sceptre of this great conqueror were now conterminous with those ruled by Bajazet, and "as Timour was impatient of an equal, and Bajazet was ignorant of a superior,"\* a small

---

\* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of Roman Empire*, chap. 65.



pretext sufficed to evoke hostilities between them. Each of these mighty chieftains was fully conscious of the power of his rival, and made the greatest efforts in anticipation of the coming contest for the supreme government of the Eastern world. Bajazet collected an army of 400,000 men, of whom 40,000 were his formidable battalions of Janizzaries, 20,000 European mercenaries, armed men in mail with swords and halberdiers, and the remainder troops, chiefly cavalry, contributed by the nations subject to his rule. Timour mustered a yet more numerous host, and was attended by a splendid line of elephants, with their gilded howdahs, which were, however, brought rather as tokens of his imperial estate and power than as useful auxiliaries in the battle. The first omens of success were with Timour. Early in the spring of 1402 A. D. he obtained possession, after a protracted siege, of the strong fortress of Sivas in Cappadocia. The cruelties of Timour on this occasion equaled anything recorded of his rival. Enraged at the vigorous opposition offered him, he put to death Ortogul, the favorite son of Bajazet, by whom the defence of the fortress had been so gallantly conducted. His fiercest hatred was reserved for the four thousand Christian soldiers who formed a part of the garrison. Their heads were tied down with cords to the thighs, so as to bring the face between the legs to look towards the back. Bound in this agonizing posture, they were

thrown alive into graves, not filled up, but planked over, in order that the torture of the victims might be protracted as long as possible.\*

“Man, whose heav’n-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn;  
Man’s inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.” †

What improvements have been effected in our happier days, in which, under the ameliorating influences of Christianity, these cruelties, almost too horrible to be told, have been superseded by the loving ministrations of the Red Cross Knights, and by the softened code of war universally acknowledged, which requires every kindness and consideration to be shown to a fallen foe!

The tidings of the death of his favorite son, and of these indignities to his troops, filled Bajazet with the profoundest grief, and stimulated, beyond all bounds, his thirst for vengeance. The reader will remember how Hotspur proposes to keep alive the hatred of Henry IV.:—

“I’ll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him  
To keep his anger still in motion.” ‡

So, it is said, the Sultan Bajazet, on his march one morning, was struck with the tuneful voice of a

---

\* Creasy’s *Ottoman Empire*, vol. 1., p. 74. Jacob. *Ottoman Empire*, p. 318.

† Burns.

‡ *King Henry IV.*, Act I., sc. 5.

shepherd-boy singing in the field; and bade him to be enlisted in his army, that he might day by day teach him to nurse his wrath, by singing,—

“Leave not Sivas to be taken,  
And thy son to die forsaken.” \*

The two great Eastern potentates met at last in fatal conflict, on Friday, the 28th day of July. Amidst the heat of that midsummer’s day was fought the great battle of Angora, in which, in spite of the exertions of Bajazet (and never had he displayed to more advantage his skill as a leader, or his courage as a warrior), the Emperor Timour gained a complete and memorable victory.

Bajazet was now to drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation. He was compelled to endure the very acme of Eastern disgrace, and to witness his wives waiting in menial service at the feasts and table of the conqueror; and was made himself a public spectacle of contumely to his own subjects and to his foes. The story of his treatment is thus told: Timour summoned him before his throne, and said to him, “What wouldst thou have done to me, if it had been my fortune to have been placed in thy power, as thou art in mine?” Bajazet replied, “I would have enclosed thee in a cage of iron, and have carried thee up and down in my

---

\* Creasy’s *Ottoman Empire*, vol. i., p. 75.

kingdom." "Even so," said the Emperor, "it shall be done to thee." And so he caused him to be shackled in fetters of gold, and to be shut up in an iron cage of lattice-work, in such sort that he might everywhere be seen; and so he was carried, wherever Timour went, that he might be scoffed at and derided by his own people.\*

Bajazet did not long survive these disgraces. His proud spirit succumbed, and he died before the close of the year A. D. 1402.

Some doubt has been expressed about the truth of this story of the cage of Bajazet; but the evidence of history tends to confirm the fact. The most probable version is, that Bajazet attempted an escape, and thus provoked a heavier restraint; and that an iron cage, conveyed on a wagon, was resorted to, "not as a wanton insult, but as a rigorous precaution," † in the frequent marches of his conqueror.

Timour, after the battle of Angora, progressed, with the pomp of a military triumph, through Asia Minor, and other portions of the territories wrested from Bajazet, until he reached the fortress of Smyrna. Here he came, in the plenitude of his power, in direct collision with the "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean."

---

\* Du Bec's *History of Jerusalem*. London, 1592. P. 127. Knolle's *History of the Turks*. 1610. P. 220.

† Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. 65.

They had gone voluntarily, under a sense of duty, in accordance with their engagements to pope and prince, to assist in the *wars* designed for the resisting the encroachments of Bajazet. But now Timour himself sought them out, in his boasted determination not only to expel the European from the soil of Asia, but to establish, in his own majestic person, an universal sovereignty. Smyrna was a strong fortress, defended with bastions, redoubts, towers, bulwarks, fosses, trenches, and all the accessories of a strong military post known to the science of that period. It was, above all, held by brave men, impressed with a sense of their responsibilities as the foremost sentinels of Christendom, and who knew how to die, but not to yield either to empty menaces or to the actual onset of their foes. This fortress was for many reasons a prize much coveted by the conqueror. It would give him what his ambition most desired, a port on the Great Sea; and its harbor contained a fleet which, if once his, might materially assist him in his proposed assaults on Rhodes, Venice, and Constantinople. In the most charming period of the year in the Mediterranean, when the most luxurious foliage, the choicest variety of flowers, the richest fertility, the balmiest winds, made all nature gay, on the second day of December, A. D. 1402, Timour appeared before the fortress. He at once, according to his custom, summoned the governor to



an immediate surrender. Chevelier William de Mine, a bold and spirited Sea-King, to whom the custody of the fortress was entrusted, entirely refused to listen to his proposal. On this answer being known, Timour gave the governor, as he was wont, three days for his decision. On the first day he hoisted a white flag over his imperial tent, intimating his willingness to spare the lives of all, if they would yield at once to his mercy. On the second day he raised a red flag, announcing his willingness to spare the inhabitants, but to slay the garrison. On the third day he unfurled a black flag, declaring his determination to kill without distinction every soul in the fortress. On the morning of the fourth day, Timour ordered an immediate assault. His troops commenced the attack by endeavoring to fill up the moats and ditches with fascines and gabions, and to scale the ramparts with their ladders, while their archers shot incessantly at the defenders upon the walls. The besieged in their turn poured upon their foes every kind of missile which the art of war had then adopted,—boiling oil, seething pitch, huge stones,—

“So that beneath the burning wall  
In reeking heaps th’ assailants fall.” \*

The Knights, too, with their men-at-arms, made spirited

---

\* Bowles' *Siege of Acre*.



and unexpected sorties, and drove back the Tartars in confusion to their encampments. The experience of this failure in his first attack taught Timour that he was now in the presence of men who were not affrighted at the mere shadow of his name, and against whom the dashing, off-hand assault which he had so often adopted with success, would not avail. Bold and resolute as were his soldiers, they had now met their equals, and could not hope for an easy victory against the living ramparts of undaunted warriors opposed to them. Timour resolved on another expedient. He caused several huge wooden towers to be made and placed on large wooden wheels or rollers. Each tower was constructed to hold two hundred men, and was divided into three stories or compartments. The lowest or basement floor was filled with diggers and miners, who with their tools worked under the safe protection of the tower, and sapped the walls. The upper story was filled with archers to keep the besieged at a distance from the walls, while the middle compartment was reserved for the heavy armed soldiers, who, by means of a drawbridge constructed to let down from the machine upon the walls, attacked the Knights in hand-to-hand conflicts, and endeavored to gain the ramparts. This device of Timour was eventually successful. The miners in the lower compartment did the

most mischief. Protected by their *testudo*,\* they soon made gaps in the masonry of the walls, and, supporting these openings for a time with pieces of timber, they coated the temporary props with naptha, pitch, and other inflammable materials, and, at a concerted signal, set them on fire, when the supports quickly gave way and the towers fell to the earth with a crash. With shouts of exultation at their success, the assailants poured through the breaches, and, overcoming by their numbers every obstacle, succeeded, after a stubborn and sanguinary contest, in obtaining possession of the fortress. The Knights paid in their deaths the expected penalty of resistance; and the barbarous conqueror, in accordance with custom, made a pyramid of their heads.

This siege of Smyrna was the last of the victories of Timour. At its conclusion he returned, with the slow steps of a royal progress, to Samarcand, his fa-

---

\* *Testudo*, a tortoise. A warlike engine, roofed over with boards, and sometimes with raw hides, under which, as a pent-house, the besiegers of towns got up close to walls. It was sometimes a covering made by the soldiers with their shields. Virgil, *Æneid*, II., 441st line, alludes to this use of the shields of the soldiers at the siege of Troy:—

“ . . . . Danaosque ad tecta ruentes  
Cernimus, obsessumque acta *testudine* limen.”

“We see the Greeks rushing forward to the palace, and the portico besieged by their completed *testudo*.” Livy gives an account of this military formation, Book XLIV., c. 9.

vorite capital, and there died within the space of two years, A. D. 1404; and Europe was relieved of any further fear of his contemplated Western conquests.

The Grand Master of Rhodes, the gallant Philibert de Naillac, did his best to repair the loss of the strong fortress of Smyrna. On the death of Timour, he summoned his captains, and fitted out a fleet which successfully wrested from the Turks the fortress of Halicarnassus, on the mainland in Asia Minor. This he fortified more strongly, and it proved henceforth to be a safe harbor for the vessels of the Sea-Kings in their frequent encounters for naval supremacy. It served another and unlooked-for purpose, and became a veritable city of refuge for all who fled from the tyranny of their Moslem Masters. The unfortunate Christian slave who could effect his escape from the dungeon, galley, or mine, ever found within the walls of this fortress a ready welcome and sure protection. As a means of assisting these Christian bondsmen in their flight, the garrison of this citadel kept a breed of dogs, whom they trained to go out and seek for those who might have sunk exhausted in the mountains. The instinct of these dogs was extraordinary. A story is told of one which, by his marvellous sagacity, saved the life of a Christian slave. The poor fellow, escaping from the hands of his master, threw himself into an old disused well, from which he could not lift himself on

account of his bruised and broken limbs. The well was dry, but the man would have died of hunger had not a noble dog from the fortress brought him in his mouth food given him for his own support, and dropped it from his mouth into the well. At length it was observed that the dog was growing thinner every day; and his continued excursions always in one and the same direction, at the same hour every day, induced the soldiers to watch his movements, whereby the truth was discovered, and the slave was rescued.

We have illustrated the "Sea-Kings" in their wars. None of them, to their credit be it spoken, were of their own seeking. In accordance with the requirements of the times, and in obedience to their vows, they were called to take part in the great battle of Nicopolis, in repelling the encroachments and in resisting the ambitious designs of the Ottoman Turks; and although unsuccessful on that day so disastrous to Western chivalry, they personally did their duty, and distinguished themselves by their bold contest with the Janizzaries,—troops which had never before known repulse on the battle-field. Though defeated by the multitudinous hordes of Timour, yet, in their contest with his battalions, they nobly resigned their fortress only with their lives. They thus, in both their great wars, discharged well the perilous services incumbent on them as the foremost sentinels of the Cross in Europe. For

the next eighty years they met with no molestation or annoyance, and engaged in no important international contest, either by sea or by land. They went on the even tenor of their way as protectors of the commerce, defenders of the rights, and champions of the faith of Christendom. For the next eighty years the Knights of St. John lived respected abroad, and secure at home in their island fortress.



## CHAPTER V.

### SUCCESSFUL DEFIANCE.

"Where'er that mighty arm is seen,  
The bravest be, or late hath been."

BYRON, *Siege of Corinta*.

On the death of the great conqueror Timour, the sons of Bajazet successfully reclaimed the empire of their father. The illustrious Sultan Mohammed II., the fourth in succession from Bajazet, animated by the same lust of power and by the same insatiate ambition of his ancestor, and yet more fortunate than he in his undertakings, laid siege to and captured the famous capital of the Byzantine Empire,—the celebrated city of Constantinople,—on Tuesday, May 29th, 1453. This capture led to an attempt by the conqueror, Mohammed II., to expel his hereditary foes, the Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean, from their island home at Rhodes. As Cato is said to have concluded every speech to the senators of Rome, "Delenda est Carthago"—"Carthage must be destroyed"—so Mohammed II., had continually on his lips, "Constantinople first, then Rhodes." A series of political events,—the pa-



triotism of Scanderbeg in inducing his compatriots to rebel in Epirus; the frequent revolts of Hunyades in Hungary; the determined enmity of the maritime republics of Genoa and Venice,—caused a delay in the execution of his imperial designs; but never, in the most distant battle-field, nor in the most secret council-chamber, did he lose sight of the the second task he had imposed on himself.

In the spring of A. D. 1480, Mohammed II., having conquered his other enemies, found himself at liberty to undertake his long-cherished design of extermination against the Christian Brotherhood at Rhodes. The Knights-Hospitallers had for their Grand Master at this crisis a man of tried experience and of most heroic determination, Peter D'Aubusson. He made his own gunpowder, designed his own ships, and surpassed the first engineers of his age in a practical knowledge of the science of defensive war. Undeterred by the reputation of his mighty foes, undaunted at the report of their gigantic armaments, he resolutely devoted himself to the solemn performance of his duty, and resolved, at the hazard of his life, to maintain the freedom of his island and the independence of his Order. His first act was to write a spirited and moving address to all the Houses of his Fraternity in Europe. "The enemy," he said, "is at our gates. The proud Mohammed puts no bounds to his ambitious projects. His power waxes

every day more formidable. He has immense stores, experienced generals, boundless treasures — all are designed against us. He has sworn our ruin. His troops are already on the move. At the first approach of spring his galleys will invade our coasts. We have no help but our courage. We are lost if you come not to our aid." This pathetic appeal was not made in vain. Charles de Montholon, Bertrand de Cluys, commanders of France; Jean Daw, high-bailiff of Germany; Sir Marmaduke Lumley, an English chevalier; Anthony D'Aubusson, Viscount de Monteil, the Grand Master's elder brother, with other brave and noble warriors in France and Germany, rallied at once to his standard.\* Many of the Knights in Rhodes also were at this time bound to their chief by ties of personal gratitude, as he had devoted large sums from his own private revenues to pay their ransoms, and to deliver them from slavery.

D'Aubusson's special care was devoted to the security of his fortifications. These consisted of a lofty rampart, several feet in thickness, and strengthened by large and deep trenches which encircled the whole fortress. This continuous girdle of wall was further protected at intervals by thirteen towers and by five large bastions. The Knights and their men-at-arms were entrusted with the guardianship of these walls,

---

\* Vertot, vol. ii., p. 297.

according to their different nations. The mole and castle of Nicholas were committed to the custody of the Germans; and then, in succession, came the commanders with their men-at-arms according to this order: England, Auvergne, Arragon, France, Provence, Italy, Castile, and Portugal. Next to his walls, the Grand Master took good account of, and made ample provision for, his magazines, replenishing them with abundant materials of warlike ammunition, and stores, and providing to the utmost of his power a plentiful commissariat. His most painful task was the destruction by his own soldiers of the beautiful summer-houses, gardens, and pleasant holiday-making retreats abounding in the picturesque environs of the city, that they might not afford shelter and protection to the invader.

On Tuesday, May 23rd, A. D. 1480, the vast fleet of Mohammed came in sight. It was commanded by Palæologus Pacha, a member of the late Byzantine royal family reigning at Constantinople, and (to his shame be it said) an apostate, after the fall of his dynasty, to Mohammedanism. The Turkish Admiral had collected one hundred and sixty vessels of war, and a crowd of transports, barks, and speornara. Although the approach of this vast flotilla towards the shores of Rhodes could not by any means have attained to the splendor and magnificence of the great naval spectacle presented by the wonderful passage, in

our own days, of the allied English and French armies from Varna to Eupatoria at the commencement of the Crimean war,\* yet the sight must have been imposing enough to make the heart of every Christian soldier, who witnessed the numerous vessels darkening the waters, beat with renewed anxiety and with redoubled ardor. The Turkish soldiers and sailors, rejoicing at the successful termination of their voyage, exhibited their satisfaction, as if they were celebrating a victory, rather than preparing for a contest, by the thunder of artillery, and with loud strains of exhilarating music —

“A flourish proud,  
Where mingled trump and clarion loud,  
And fife and kettle-drum,  
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
And war-pipe, with discordant cry,  
And cymbal, clattering to the sky,  
Making wild music bold and high.” †

Their landing was not unopposed. The fire of

---

\* “The arrangements for the conveyance of the troops to their destination are of the largest and most perfect character; and when all the transports have united, they will display to the gaze of the enemy an armada of no less than 600 vessels, covered and protected on every side by a fleet with a battery of 3,000 pieces of artillery, and manned by the bravest seamen in the world. . . . All the vessels were drawn up in immense lines, with a front extending over nine miles, and with an unknown depth, for the rigging and sails of the distant transports belonging to the expedition were lost far below the horizon; and after we had anchored, stragglers arrived every hour for two or three days.”—*The War*. By W. H. RUSSELL. Routledge: London, 1855. Pp. 154, 159.

† Scott's *Marmion*, Canto IV., stanza 31.

Forts St. Nicholas and St. Elmo, and of the ramparts on the sea-face of the fortress, was directed upon the ships. The men-at-arms and Turkopolieri, led by the Knights, rushed breast-high into the water to repel their invaders. Every effort was in vain. The Ottomans divided themselves into numerous bands and companies; while some engaged the attention of their opponents, others, at a safer distance, secured the disembarkation of their troops, horses, and artillery.

On the morrow after their landing, a herald advanced with solemn ceremonial to the gate of the Strada dei Cavalieri, and summoned D'Aubusson to surrender the town and fortress. His proposals were rejected with scornful indignation. Palæologus, upon this refusal, commenced the siege in form. His chief engineer, to whom he intrusted the whole conduct of his plans, was a German, George Frepand, commonly called "Master George." This man had once been a member of the Order of St. John; but had been dismissed the Fraternity for malpractices. He now, in revenge, sought the ruin of his former comrades, and returned to the island as the Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman artillery. By his advice Palæologus made the Fort St. Nicholas, at the extremity of the northern arm of the great mole protecting the harbor, the first object of his attack. Frepand, to effect a practicable breach in this tower, erected a battery of three brass bombards



on the shore, close to a small chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, scarcely distant 200 yards. D'Aubusson assigned the defence of this important post to an approved soldier, the Commander Caretto, supported by a company of French and Spanish men-at-arms. They mounted cannon to command the battery of their opponents, and took precautions against an assault by placing heavy planks, bristling with nails and iron spikes, in the shallow fords near the tower. In the meanwhile the entrenchments and early siege operations of the besiegers were delayed and hindered by the frequent skirmishes and gallant onsets of the Knights. In one of these a brave officer of Auvergne, Chevalier Murat (an ancestor, perhaps, of the famous horseman, the *beau sabreur* of Napoleon I., Joachim Murat, King of Naples), having advanced too far in the ardor of fight, was slain; and one of the Spahis,—the Uhlans of the Turkish cavalry,—cut off his head, and carried it away in barbaric triumph on the point of his spear. Palæologus and his engineer succeeded in their efforts, and made a breach in the tower of St. Nicholas. The 9th day of June was fixed upon for the first attempt at an escalade, and for the assault upon the breach. Two hours before daybreak he ordered his galleys and pontoons, laden with infantry, to advance towards the tower. The vessels soon reached the mole. The soldiers jumped on shore, and, with loud and frantic



cries, in spite of the fire poured on them, pressed onwards to the assault. They advanced with their scaling-ladders to the foot of the breach, and placing them with the utmost intrepidity upon the heaps of rubbish and stones brought down by the bombards, mounted sword in hand with the utmost resolution. D'Aubusson, always the first when danger was at hand, had joined his friends on the earliest note of alarm, and now performed at once the duty of a commander and of a soldier. The defenders, animated by his presence and example, lined the breach, and made a living rampart. While some upset the scaling-ladders, others threw down huge masses of stone, and crushed the assailants. The Turks were equally determined to win these first honors of the siege. They replaced their ladders, and, with grappling irons, and iron hooks fastened to the end of long cords, tried to catch their opponents, pull them over the wall, and throttle them. At last an element more potent than human wrath, decided the strife. The fire-ships were brought to bear on the Turkish vessels, and Palæologus hastily retreated, repulsed and beaten.

“His blazing galleys still distract his sight;

He tore his beard and, foaming, fled the fight.” \*

An incident, illustrating D'Aubusson's coolness and courage, occurred on this occasion. On his losing his

---

\* *Byron's Corsair.*

helmet in the fight, Caretto entreated him not to endanger his valuable life, but to seek a place of shelter, to whom he replied: "The post of danger is the place of honor, and of right belongs to me as chief. If I fall," he added, with a pleasant smile, "you should the more hope for yourself than fear for me." These last words were said in reference to his chance of succeeding to his office of Grand Master.

The tower of St. Nicholas was greatly injured, and was left by the defeated enemy in a most dilapidated condition. D'Aubusson himself has recorded, in a letter sent to the Pope, the measures he took for the repair of the mischief done to his works in this first terrible contest.

"We," he writes,\* "being anxious for the safety of the tower, beholding its great and fearful ruin, strove to prop up the remainder of the wall; and since such a course seemed most judicious after so great a downfall, we decided upon protecting, not the tower only, but also the mole of St. Nicholas. With the most vigilant care, and with numberless expedients, a thousand laborers worked day and night without intermission. They dug a deep trench, and constructed a bulwark with timber at the top of the mole, around the tower, and in support of its foundations, and completed an impregnable redoubt with great cost. There we place a

---

\* Vertot, Book II., p. 311, 12.

guard of our bravest warriors within the bulwark, and supply them with stores and ammunition; and on the rampart we place bombards, which could sweep the approaches in an attack."

Palæologus Pacha abandoned for the present the intention of another attack on Fort St. Nicholas, and directed his efforts to a different part of the walls. He erected his batteries on the eastern side of the town, and poured a brisk and heavy cannonade upon a portion of the wall bordering on the quarter or district allotted to the Jews. This, as Frepand well knew, was the weakest part of the fortifications. It was also the most populous. Many of the houses were built in close proximity to the walls, and an attack on this quarter would produce the most misery, and impart the greatest terror to the inhabitants. The battery constructed against this new point of attack was most formidable. It consisted of eight large siege guns named basilisks, because ornamented with huge coiled serpents, which threw immense blocks of stone eight or nine inches in diameter. These heavy pieces soon caused serious havoc to the old and crumbling ramparts of this portion of the fortress. Never were the resources of D'Aubusson more severely tried, and never did he come out more triumphantly from an emergency. He took in with a single glance the gravity of the situation. Without hesitation he pulled down all the houses

bordering on the rampart, and dug upon the site where they stood a large trench, and built over it a new wall of brick. Then was witnessed the most curious scene that happened during the siege. The whole population turned out to take their share in this stupendous and pressing work. There was no cessation of labor by night or by day. Jewish maidens arrayed in Eastern dress, Christian nuns and priests habited in the costumes of their order, old men with tottering step, youths and children, delighted to be employed, mixed with and assisted the laborers and soldiers to the utmost of their power. So impressed was D'Aubusson with the importance of the work, that he remained all the night upon the spot, watching and superintending the movements of that motley and agitated throng, seated on his charger, and arrayed in his polished overcoat of gilded mail, the sheen of which was seen by all, as it burnt under the bright gleams of an eastern moon. At the completion of this work, which under other circumstances would have occupied as many days as it now did hours, D'Aubusson, with a parental care, removed the women, children, and aged men to a safer quarter, altogether removed from the range of this destructive battery. He made also an attempt to repay Palæologus in his own coin. He instructed his carpenters in the construction of a wooden machine, which threw immense stones, and not only crushed the

soldiers below the walls, but injured the trenches and mines. The Knights and their men jocularly named it "The Tribute," in allusion to the tribute which the Sultan wished to impose on them, and which they were willing to pay in no other mode than by this engine.

In the meanwhile the artillerists of Palæologus having declared the breach in the walls of the Jews' quarter to be practicable for an entrance by the troops, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief came personally to inspect the position before he gave the word for the assault. How great was his astonishment and surprise to see what had been done by the besieged in constructing a new and formidable defence, and in removing the population, so that his mighty basilisks had only belched forth ineffectual fires, and he was again thwarted in his plan and disappointed of his purpose.

Under these circumstances, Palæologus, after the fashion of an Eastern potentate, determined to destroy his adversary by subtlety if he could not prevail by force. Knowing well that D'Aubusson was the life and soul of the defence, and that until he was removed out of the way he could not hope for success, he induced, by promises of a great reward, two men to feign desertion to the enemy, that they might kill the illustrious Grand Master by secret poison or by open assassination. These men, received without suspi-



cion by D'Aubusson, endeavored to corrupt and bribe over his private secretary to their designs. He, with a praiseworthy fidelity, revealed the plot to his master, and the two traitors paid with their lives the just penalty of their despicable conduct.

Neither was this the only treacherous act designed or encouraged by Palæologus. If he did not concoct, he was certainly privy to a deeper scheme of unworthy dissimulation. He allowed Frepand, his chief engineer, to go over to the enemy, that he might discover and betray to him, by signals preconcerted between them, the weak points in the fortifications. D'Aubusson, however, on this occasion knew the man he had to deal with too well to be deceived. He assumed a friendly tone towards his visitor, but appointed six of his trustiest Knights to keep over him strict watch and ward, and never to permit him to be out of their sight. On his approaching a bastion he was sternly asked what he wanted, and why he came there? After some days of trial, without any overt act of treachery being perpetrated, D'Aubusson, well assured of his skill as an artillerist, determined to test his fidelity or to ascertain his falseness by entrusting him with the charge of a cannon. He quickly discovered that Frepand betrayed his confidence, and endeavored to correspond with the enemy by the prearranged manner of communication. He pointed his gun



to the weaker part of the fortifications, and then there invariably ensued an attack. So nefarious a treason was quickly avenged by a righteous retribution. Master George, after a speedy trial, expiated his crime by the forfeiture of his life.

"The evil deed  
Brings its requital as the doer's meed."

Palæologus, equally unsuccessful in his secret treasons as in his open attacks, yet nothing daunted by the failure of his purposes, determined, without relaxing his hold on the Jewish quarter, to make one more grand effort to obtain the much-coveted Fort of St. Nicholas. If D'Aubusson had improved his means of defence, the Turkish leader also had increased his facilities of attack. He had employed the interval of time since his first repulse in constructing a huge pontoon, or floating bridge, by which his troops might pass as if on dry land across the narrow strip of water which separated his camp from the tower of St. Nicholas. Some bold and dexterous swimmers, during the dark hours of the night, conveyed an anchor placed on a floating platform, and fastened it under the water, close beside the fort. They attached to the round ring of this anchor a strong hawser, or cable, the other end of which was fastened to the bridge, so that by pulling at this rope, they might tow the pontoon across, and place it in the position required for the passage of the troops.

Too sure and strict a watch, however, was kept at this important post for any such operations to be arranged far without notice and discovery. It so happened that a lynx-eyed English sailor was on the look-out, Gervaise Roger, and saw everything that was done. Some time after the Turks had returned to the shore he quietly loosed the rope, dropping it into the water, and carrying off the anchor, presented it to the Grand Master, in confirmation of his report, and received for his vigilance a munificent reward.

The Turkish commanders resolved on this occasion upon a night attack, in the hope of taking the garrison by surprise. The arrangements, to secure success, were made with greater care and larger preparation than in the first attack. Palæologus assumed the command, accompanied by the Admiral-in-Chief of the galleys, and by Merla-Bey, the son-in-law of the Sultan, Mohammed II. The night of Thursday, the 13th of July, was chosen for the attempt. About twelve o'clock everything was in readiness. The floating-bridge, towed into position by boats, in place of the loosened cable, was found to answer its purpose. The Turkish soldiers, in the highest spirits, and in perfect silence, rapidly passed over, and, reaching the mole in silence, attacked the fortress on all sides with the greatest impetuosity. But D'Aubusson himself was in command. The discovery of the anchor was hint enough for

him. He had, with timely caution, reinforced his men-at-arms, and lined his walls with numerous arquebusiers and several bombards, and now waited, with confident self-reliance, the anticipated onset of his foes. On hearing the grating of the bridge against the mole, and the quick tramp of the soldiers, he gave the command to fire; and, in spite of the darkness, numbers of the enemy were wounded, and fell. The fight, however, waxed hot and obstinate. The bridge continually furnished fresh troops to the assailants, who never fought with more desperate valor. Many fixed their ladders only to be cut down and slain. The youthful Merla-Bey set a noble example. Almost alone he gained a footing on the rampart, and, protected in part by the heaps of dead bodies, and covered with wounds, entered into single combat with a Knight; and, while he slew his adversary, fell himself dead by his side. At the same time a not less furious fight was maintained on the water. The fire ships of D'Aubusson floated down and endangered the galleys that surrounded the fort. Neither the shrieks of the rowers, the roar and smoke of the cannons, the groans of the wounded, the shouts of the living, nor the horrors of darkness, caused any relaxation in the struggle of the combatants. All desired to conquer or die. At last, the day dawned and revealed the havoc made among the Paynim. The

water in the harbor was covered with corpses, bows, arrows, turbans, and fragments of burning ships.

The artillerymen in the fort and on the walls could now see the bridge, and brought their guns to bear on it, so that with the weight of the retreating crowd and with the shot from the tower, it was soon broken and destroyed. The Turks fled in confusion in spite of all the promises and of all the threats of their commanders, while the Knights made sorties, and rushed even into the water to fight with their opponents. A monk named Antony Fradin gained much notoriety in this pursuit. Clad in his monk's robe, and armed with a sword taken from a dead soldier, he rushed into the sea up to his waist, and dealt destruction to the foe ;

“While groaning victims, and wild cries for life,  
Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife.” \*

The loss of the Turks in this renewed attack on Fort Nicholas was estimated at 2,500 men. The Knights had many wounded, but only twelve killed. Among them were fourteen English Knights, with their suitable complement of esquires and men-at-arms, present at the siege. Out of this number seven were slain.

Palæologus, after this defeat, was for three days completely stunned and puzzled. Lost in a fit of irresolution and abstraction, he knew not what to do. He soon felt that the chief thing he had cause to dread

was the fury of the Sultan\* at the sacrifice of his soldiers, and resolved to prosecute the siege with increased vigor. He commanded a general bombardment of the town, which was continued without cessation day and night. He once again directed his more particular attention to the "Jews' Quarter," that portion of the enciente where the original wall was most injured. Here he filled up the great trench that D'Aubusson had digged, and made it level with the ground. In the meantime his artillerists declared that nine out of the thirteen towers of the ramparts were considerably injured, that several breaches were practicable for an assault, and that the opening in the walls near the Jews' quarter was wide enough for men on horseback to ride into the fortress. Under these circumstances he demanded a conference with the Grand Master, to explain to him the situation of affairs, in the hope that he would, without further contest, accede to terms of surrender. The request for an interview was granted. The Pacha sent one of his chief officers as his ambassa-

---

\* Sir E. Creasy (vol. i., p. 129, *History of the Ottoman Turks*) gives an instance of the fury of the Sultan:—"Mohammed, in his wrath, ordered his defeated Admiral, Baltaoghli, to be impaled on the spot. The murmurs and entreaties of the Janizzaries made him recall the atrocious command; but he partly wreaked his wrath by inflicting personal chastisement on his brave but unsuccessful officer. Four slaves stretched the Admiral prostrate to the ground, and Mohammed dealt him one hundred blows with his heavy battle-mace."



dor, while D'Aubusson deputed Antony Gualter, Chatellan of Rhodes, to represent him. The Turkish nuncio acknowledged the brave conduct of the besieged, and at the same time pointed out the fruitlessness of any further resistance when his master had such an overwhelming number of soldiers, and had made such effectual breaches in the walls and bastions, and when any further resistance would be a useless sacrifice of human life, and a just pretext for the pillage of the city, and for the slaughter of the garrison. The Chatellan refused to listen to his proposals, and briefly replied, "That brave men were better than walls or bastions."

Palæologus, exceedingly enraged at the rejection of his terms, made an oath to put every soldier to the sword. So great was his assurance of success that he ordered a number of wooden stakes to be prepared for impaling alive the Knights and their companions, and promised to give the town up to the soldiers. In order to distract the attention of D'Aubusson, and to divide his forces, he ordered ladders and all things necessary for an assault to be prepared in different places. But the real attack was designed to be against the rampart of the Jews' quarter, which had been previously attempted, and had been so long exposed to the cannonade. A furious bombardment, continued for twenty-four hours, was again carried on



around the fortress, but especially against this doomed portion of the town. At last, on Thursday, July 27th, at sunrise, the vast Turkish army, in good order and in complete silence, advanced, and by a vigorous and rapid onset killed the sentinels on the tower of the Jews' quarter, making themselves masters of the fort without any encounter. The Christian troops, through the destruction of the walls, had been compelled to hide themselves behind the heaps of rubbish from the fire of the cannons, and some of them had fallen asleep,

“Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows.” \*

The Turks, proud of their success, planted their standards on the rampart, while Palæologus ordered forward fresh troops to occupy the walls. Then was the moment of the utmost peril to Rhodes. But effectual help was at hand. D'Aubusson, made aware of the danger, seized the sacred banner of the Order, and turning to the brave Knights whom he kept near his own person to help on occasions of emergency, “Now, my friends, is the time to fight for our religion and for Rhodes, or to find our sepulchres in her ruins.” He advanced at a rapid pace at the head of his body-guard, and saw, to his intense surprise, a crowd of Turks filling the breach and rampart, and the platform below it. Then was a sight not often seen. The besieged became

---

\* *Byron's Corsair.*

all at once the besiegers. As the houses and streets occupied by the Knights were lower than the ramparts and platforms, they could not reach the assailants. They quickly seized some ladders which were fortunately lying near the walls. D'Aubusson himself, heedless of danger, was the first to mount, and his bold companions, some on ladders, some by clambering over the ruins, gained the summit of the rampart. The Turks pushed back the Knights and their men-at-arms by firing their arquebuses and arrows, and by hurling great stones on them. All the valor and spirit of the Hospitallers could not avail against so furious a resistance, and many fell back wounded and dead. The Grand Master was twice repulsed, and yet, in face of the death with which he was threatened on all sides, and without a thought of the two wounds he had already received, being bravely supported by his soldiers, he gained a firm footing on the platform occupied by his foes. From that moment the combat was fought on more equal terms. The Knights pressed upon their opponents, sword in hand. All was confusion. A general *melee* ensued, in which each man fought the other in a regular soldier's battle, such as Inkerman was called. D'Aubusson greatly distinguished himself, and cut down with his stalwart arm many of his foes.

"Sweeps his long arm — that sabre's whirling away,  
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay." \*

The victory began to declare in his favor. The Turkish battalions wavered. The Pacha Palæologus quickly perceived the weakness, and ordered his Janizaries to advance in support of the yielding legion. He placed himself among them, to encourage the bold and to punish the laggart. Quickly recognizing D'Aubusson in the fray, less by his splendid armor than by the destruction everywhere caused by his presence, he stirred up his Janizzaries by the promise of a magnificent reward to set upon him, and to avenge in his death the slaughter of their companions. Twelve of his men vowed to slay him or to perish in the attempt. They threw themselves impetuously into the *melee*, and made their way against all antagonists to the spot where D'Aubusson was fighting, and in spite of the rally of the Knights to his assistance, inflicted on him five severe wounds. D'Aubusson heeded them not in the excitement of the battle, and continued to fight with his usual ardor. His companions perceived the blood streaming over his armor, and entreated him to retire. "No," said the grand old man, in answer to the tender entreaty; "let me die here. I can never fall more gloriously than in defence of my faith, my Order, and my brothers." These heroic sentiments, with the sight of his wounds and blood, kindled such a desire to revenge him, and so inflamed the ardor of the soldiery, that they determined not to survive their chief, and

rushed with renewed courage upon the thickest battalions of their foes, and made such a dreadful carnage, that the Turks, panic-struck at the fury of their blows, took them for fresh troops, or perhaps, as the historian\* says, for beings more than mortal. They lost at once their courage, judgment, and presence of mind. All fled, and so great became the panic that they fought with each other for a quicker and clearer passage to escape by. The Knights took advantage of the general consternation. Not content with the re-possession of the wall, rampart, and platform, they sallied out in pursuit of the retreating Ottomans. In vain did Palæologus endeavor to reassure them. In spite of his exertions their stampede increased. They even dragged him along with them in the general rout, and he was too happy in finding a safe asylum in his camp. He gave orders for an immediate re-embarkation, and returned to his imperial master overwhelmed with shame and confusion. D'Aubusson, all covered with his own blood, and with that of his enemies, was conveyed by loving hearts and tender hands to his palace, where, after a few weeks, he recovered, and was soon able to go in solemn procession to the Cathedral of St. John, to return public thanks to the God of battles for the restoration of his health, and for the unlooked for deliverance from his enemies.

---

\* Vertot, Vol. II., p. 330.

Such are the chief features of this successful defiance by the Sea-Kings of the whole weight of the vast Ottoman Empire. The proud threat of the Mohammedan conqueror of the fair city of Constantinople was unfulfilled, the avowed object of his life and the darling aim of his ambition were frustrated.

“Unwisely who provokes an abler foe,  
Conquest still flies him, and he strives for woe.”

From first to last, by night or day, by land or water, by bombardment or escalade, the Ottoman attempt had totally failed. The Turkish generals and soldiers were foiled and beaten by the perseverance, valor, and confidence in a righteous cause of D'Aubusson and his companions. Europe, saved by their firmness and encouraged by their example, rang with the praises of the “Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean.”

Mohammed II. did not long survive the defeat of his fleet and army. The keen sense of his disappointment shortened his life. In the feverish dreams of his sick-bed the words, “Rhodes, Rhodes, Rhodes!” were continually on his lips. He died Thursday, May 4th, A. D. 1481. The succession to his throne and power gave rise to a stormy civil war between his two sons, Bajazet and Zizim; so that the fraternity of the Sea-Kings breathed freely in the clear conviction that there would be no second immediate invasion of their home, but that the ambitious schemes of Mohammed II. were



buried with him in his tomb. D'Aubusson, indeed, by a singular coincidence, became the arbiter of the destiny of these two sons of his great enemy and oppressor. Zizim, the younger brother, in his hour of defeat, sought an asylum at Rhodes. The request was granted, but it proved an evil boon, as it led to his being kept, under various pretexts, a prisoner in Europe until his death. Bajazet, in his turn, regarding the Grand Master and his Fraternity with favor, as they were the means of relieving him of the rivalry of his brother, heaped upon them a guerdon of rich gifts and royal munificence.

Among the presents given by Bajazet was one that we should think it strange for a king to give, but which was very differently estimated by all classes in those days, viz., a relic. Pieces of the actual or true cross on which our Saviour suffered, or small parts of the bodies of persons supposed to be remarkable for their sanctity, were treasured up as relics, and were supposed by some persons to possess certain virtues for curing diseases or warding off evil. Hairs from the head of the Blessed Virgin Mary, links, or even filings, from the chain with which St. Peter was bound, part of the pillars tied to which St. Paul was scourged, or the finger, foot, or nail of some early saint or martyr, were thus objects greatly coveted and sought after. It is wise to pay honor where honor is due; but adoration and re-

spect to such relics as these is forbidden, as "a fond or foolish thing, vainly invented, and repugnant to the Word of God." Bajazet gave D'Aubusson, as the most precious gift he could think of to show his gratitude for his services, the hand of John the Baptist. This relic, however, was enclosed in a magnificent casket of cypress-wood, lined with crimson velvet, and enriched with diamonds, rubies, and numerous other precious stones.

There is a legend connected with it, showing how so curious a relic came into the possession of a Mohammedan Sultan. The body of John Baptist, after his beheadal by King Herod, is asserted to have been buried at Sebast, where he died. St. Luke, it is said, opened his tomb, and took away from the dead body the right hand as being the most sacred part, because at the Baptism of our Blessed Lord in the Jordan it had touched His head. He took it to Antioch, and placed it in the church which he founded in that city. Here it remained until Constantine Porphyrogenitus (born in the purple), Emperor of Constantinople, bribed one of the monks to whose care it was intrusted to steal it, and bring it to him at Constantinople. It was placed with all honor in the Church of St. John in that capital, and there it remained till the capture of that city by Mohammed II. The Ottoman conqueror seized it, and for the sake of the costly jewels on its case,

placed it in the public treasury: from which it was transferred by the Sultan Bajazet as a regal token of his regard to D'Aubusson and his brotherhood. There is more about this "hand of John Baptist" before the end of the eventful history of "The Sea-Kings."

This present of Bajazet was not the only gift offered to D'Aubusson. The Christian princes of Europe vied with each other in heaping on him proofs of their admiration and affection. Letters of congratulation and rich rewards were sent by the sovereigns of France and Germany. The Pope, Innocent VIII., raised him to the dignity of a Cardinal of the Roman Church, and entitled him "The Buckler of Christianity." King Henry VII., of England, sent him a letter written with his own hand, and a gift of some high-bred English horses. Thus full of years and honor D'Aubusson lived for thirty-three years after his famous defence of Rhodes. He died upwards of eighty years of age, on Friday, the 30th of June, A. D. 1503. Never was hero more universally lamented, nor graced with a more splendid burial. His body lay in state, dressed in his robes of office, with gloves of silk on his hands, and shoes of golden cloth upon his feet, beneath a rich *catafalque*\* of cloth of gold. On his breast lay a crucifix of gold. At his right

---

\* *Catfalco*, Ital., "a temporary wooden structure decorated with paintings, escutcheons, and feathers, and placed in the middle of the choir, or church, for the greater honor of the bodies of persons of distinction, at their funerals."

hand, upon a table, were the emblems of his Cardinalship; on his left were his arms, his lances, and his sword, which he had used at the defence of the Jews' rampart, still stained with the blood shed upon that memorable day. Around the body stood seven Knights, one of whom bare his Cardinal's hat, another his Legate's cross, for he had been Ambassador or Legate for the Pope on several occasions, a third the standard of the Generalissimo of the Christian League, of which he had been nominated the chief, and the other four carried pennons of the arms of his family and of the Fraternity.

The whole city was moved as their illustrious prince was conveyed to the tomb. The Greek Patriarch and all his clergy, the Archbishop of Rhodes and his priests, two hundred citizens of Rhodes, dressed in mourning and bearing lighted torches, led the sad procession. After these came the Knights bearing his banners, which they now trailed upon the ground. Next to these was the body on the bier, borne upon the shoulders of the Grand Crosses of the Order, none of an inferior grade being admitted to this high privilege. Then followed the Knights Companions in their richest robes. As the revered body was lowered into its last resting-place, the baton of his office and the golden spurs of his Knighthood were broken by the heralds. Thus revered in life and honored in death was Pierre

D'Aubusson, the defiant opponent of the whole power of the Ottomans, the gallant champion of his island home in its hour of direst peril, and one of the noblest, bravest, and greatest of the famous Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean.



## CHAPTER VI.

### DEFEAT AND DEPARTURE.

“Mahommed’s galleys come — the sentinel  
Rang from his steeple tow’r the ’larum bell.”

FABER’S *Knights of St. John*.

WITHIN twenty years of these splendid obsequies of Pierre D’Aubusson, his island home was again invaded by the turbaned hosts of the Moslem. The young Ottoman Sultan Solyman, styled the Magnificent (from the brilliancy of his victories, and from the splendor with which he adorned the city of Constantinople), the great-grandson of Mohammed II., believed himself fated to be the avenger of the defeat of his ancestor, and to be the destroyer of Rhodes. Shortly after his accession to the throne he summoned his Divan, the great Council of the Empire, to discuss the important question of peace or war. The solemn meeting of the Council was fixed for Thursday, the 13th of September, A. D 1520. The morning of that eventful day dawned upon a scene of stir and excitement in the capital of the Sultan. A light breeze played upon the waters of the Hellespont. The sun illuminated with its early

rays the gilded domes and painted minarets situated on its shores. The beautiful harbor of the Golden Horn was gay with the caiques of the high officers of the Serai and of their numerous attendants. The court of the imperial palace was lined on three sides with splendidly accoutred troupes and Janizzaries, while on the fourth side was gathered a grand company of viziers, pachas, generals, and secretaries in the varied and rich robes of ceremony familiar to Eastern courts.

The Council Hall at Constantinople deserves a brief description. It was a splendid chamber, with a vast gilded cupola, adorned around its lower circumference with gorgeous paintings. At its upper end was a sofa covered with costly brocade, and placed on a dais supported by four marble pedestals, and canopied with curtains looped with ropes of fine pearls. In the wall of this magnificent apartment was an orifice or window fronted with a golden lattice, at which the Sultan could sit and hear the debates of his ministers without being seen. This noble room\* was provided with four entrances: one at the upper end, called the "Gate of Felicity," reserved for the exclusive use of the Sultan; another at the lower end formed the ordinary mode of access. The door in one of its sides was named the "Ambassadors' Gate," and was only opened to admit the representatives from foreign countries, who sought

---

\* D'Ottsson's *Tableaux General de l'Empire Ottoman*.

audiences of or brought presents or tribute to the Sultan; while the other side door was called the "Gate of the Condemned," as it was never used except for the sad purpose of receiving those who had incurred the displeasure of their imperial master, and who passed through this door into a courtyard, within which was a fountain and a small mosque, in which the unfortunate victims made the last ablutions required by their religion, and said their last prayers previous to their execution. Below the throne were rich sofas, with handsomely adorned tables or desks before each, arranged in rows on either side for the use of the members of the council.

Within this room the young Sultan, his cheek yet fevered with the flush of successful conquest in his late capture of Belgrade,\* and his soul yet panting for greater renown, in the wresting from the Christian Sea-Kings their maritime dominion, now took his seat to discuss with the noblest, wisest, and bravest of his councillors the future policy of his reign. Amongst those present on this august occasion were Mustapha Pacha, married to the sister of the Sultan; Curtogli, a famous Corsair, Admiral of the Ottoman fleet; Pacha

---

\* Mohammed II. had been repulsed at Belgrade and at Rhodes. Belgrade was captured by Solyman, August 20, 1520; and this conquest increased his desire to wipe away, by the subjugation of Rhodes, the other great disaster of the reign of his predecessor and great-grandfather, Mohammed II.

Achmet, the Captain-General of the Artillery; the chief Aga or Commander of the Janizzaries; the three Caziasters or first Judges in the land; the Natoli and Beglier Beys; Pacha Peri, a brave general, tutor to the Sultan in his youth, and the second in command of his armies; the Sheik Islam or head of the Mufti, the religious teachers of Mohametanism; and several other pachas and viziers entrusted with the control of the finances, the collection of tribute, or the government of distant provinces. The debate was opened by the chief of the Mufti:

“Go,” said he, “most illustrious of thy race, more distinguished than thy ancestors in grace of beauty, and in fortune of war—go, gain ineffable glory; wipe away the former dishonor to our arms. Conquer an island which baffled the might of the illustrious Mohammed. Thy late success over the infidel dogs is an omen of future triumphs. The continued complaints of thy subjects, who, whether as pilgrims to Mecca, or as seafarers on the ocean, are the prey of these Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean, demand their destruction at thy victorious hands. Thy religion requires thee to remove every obstacle in the path to the sacred shrine. We, as the servants of the great Prophet, give thee promise of success. Sultan, go up and prosper.”

The next to address the Divan was an aged Pacha, who served under Mohammed II., and took part in his unsuccessful expedition against Rhodes, A. D. 1480:

“Most illustrious Prince,” said he, “thy servant is but a dog in thy sight that he should lift his voice in council. However grievous it may be to hear without the power to relieve the complaints of thy power, yet discretion is often the best part of valor. Strife once commenced, like water poured out, cannot be controlled. May thine arm ever be victorious, and thy face white; but there are no small difficulties to be overcome. The walls of that detested island are strong, and the brave men behind them are better than strong ramparts. Their own valor, the attachment and patriotism of their people, the remembrance of their former success, will animate their hearts, and make them formidable opponents and foemen. A little spark will cause a great conflagration. An attack on Rhodes will infallibly lead to a league of the Christian powers. The sovereigns of Europe will combine against the distinguished armies of your empire. The Soudan of Egypt and the other tributaries lately conquered by the might of your illustrious father, our late master, Selim (may his shadow never grow less), will revolt and lend their aid to thy foes. The obstacles to a successful issue to thy expedition will be greater than ever thy puissant arm can achieve. Be wise in time, Sultan! Abstain from a conquest which will at the best be but a conquest to thy cost.”

Mustapha Pacha, as brother-in-law of Solyman, cog-



nizant of his secret wishes, and, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, desirous himself of war, replied to this speech with the adroitness of a courtier and the spirit of a soldier. "Most illustrious sovereign and lord! The snows of age, however respected, often accompany a heart too chilled to realize the strong arm or to appreciate the unflinching resolution of the young. Be not deterred, I pray thee, from thy noble purpose by any ignoble considerations. Thine arm has already been victorious. Thy fleets and armies are numerous enough to cover the soil of this cursed isle, and to eat up, as the ox licketh the herb of the field, this handful of knights and soldiers. Nor is there cause to fear the formation of a Christian league or crusade against thy mightiness. These Christian kings hate each other too much to unite in an expedition against thee. Surely thy late capture of Belgrade was a greater grief to this sceptred soldier, Charles V., than any attack on these French knights can be, and yet wagged he not tongue nor moved a foot to impede thee. The voice of the Mufti is the will of fate! Thanks to the good sword of thy father Selim (may his shadow never be less), thy empire now is twice as large as that of thy great ancestor, Mohammed II.; and shall these few Christian rebels continue to beard thy power, to capture thy ships, to molest thy commerce, to interrupt thy path from one

portion of thy dominions to another, to stop thy pilgrims on their sacred mission, to provide a shelter for thy fugitive slaves, to give encouragement to thy disaffected tributaries, and to throw dust on the institutions of Mohammed himself, thy great prophet and precursor! The conquest of this Rhodes has become a necessity for thine empire. It cannot be delayed. Sultan, rise to the greatness of thine own thoughts, to the emulation of thy father's fame, to the wiping away a disgrace yet attached to our armies, and to the just revenge of the injuries done unto thy people. The recollection of past wrongs, the voice of religion, the promised benediction of the Mufti, call thee to obey the noble aspirations of thine own nature, and to revenge thee of thine enemies!"

This speech carried conviction to every heart. The voice of the Divan declared for war. Solyman prepared a mighty army, gathered from the numerous tributary nations of his empire. He mustered 160,000 fighting men, and 60,000 Hungarian peasants for servile works, as laborers in the trenches, or as hewers of wood and drawers of water. He paid the utmost attention to his train of artillery, and collected 66 guns of various sizes and calibre. His fleet and transports made up a flotilla of 400 vessels of all kinds.

The Sea-Kings were fully aware of the true position of affairs. They well knew the increased power and

dominion of their hereditary foemen, which now pressed and hemmed them in on every side. They could expect little or no help from the sovereigns of France and Germany, now engaged in an unhappy internecine warfare among themselves. They did not, however, abate one jot of heart or hope, but resolved to trust to their own good swords and brave deeds for a second effectual deliverance. Their Grand Master, the aged Caretto, the last surviving captain in the former siege, had died in the very year of Solymán's accession to the throne, and a new chief, Villiers de Lisle Adam, had been elected in his place, January 31, A. D. 1521. Equal to their former great leader, Pierre D'Aubusson, in soldierly experience, personal courage, and honest devotion to duty, and superior to him in piety and prudence, Lisle Adam proved himself to be one raised up by a kind providence for this great emergency, and to be worthy of the confidence of his illustrious brotherhood, as a chief well fitted to direct their councils and destinies in this their day of renewed trial and disaster.

A singular series of mishaps befel Lisle Adam on his voyage to assume the functions of his high office. Three out of the four great elements of Nature, according to the philosophy of that day, might have seemed to the superstitious to have conspired for his destruction. First of all, a fire broke out in his ship as he was off the coast of Nice, and burnt the sails and cordage,

and at one time threatened to gain such mastery over the vessel, that the soldiers and sailors on board prepared to throw themselves into the sea that they might swim to the shore, or to the galleys forming the convoy. Lisle Adam, by his presence of mind, saved himself and crew. Peremptorily forbidding any one to leave the ship, he gave orders with such calmness and confidence, that the fire was extinguished. His next peril was by water: a violent storm nearly wrecked his ship. The air, also, seemed equally adverse to him, as, during the storm, lightning struck the ship, and, entering the state cabin, struck his sword without injury to the scabbard. Nor were these his least misfortunes; for, having put into Syracuse to refit, he heard that Curtogli, the Turkish Admiral, was lying off Cape Malea, with a powerful fleet, to intercept him. With a happy mixture of boldness and good fortune, he passed safely through his cruisers during the night.

Lisle Adam, on his arrival at Rhodes, took every precaution for the safety of the city. He carefully looked after his walls, provisions, and magazines. He sent trusty agents to buy corn and wheat in Sicily, then, as of old, the great granery of the Mediterranean towns, to purchase wine in Crete, and, the most important task of all, to hire mercenaries, or to obtain volunteers for his army. The Governor of Crete, though the island was subject to the republic of Venice, through

fear of offending Solyman, issued a proclamation prohibiting the inhabitants from rendering any assistance to the Hospitallers; but Bozio, the agent commissioned by the Grand Master, managed so well that he induced a merchant, Bonaldi by name, to bring to Rhodes a cargo of wine destined for Constantinople, hired 500 men, whom he embarked on board his ship under the disguise of merchants and sailors, and persuaded a celebrated engineer, Gabriel Martenegro, to transfer his service from the flag of the Venetian Republic to the standard of St. John. When the Governor of Crete discovered the trick that had been played on him, and the evasion of his commands, he sent out two ships, with orders to bring Martenegro back, dead or alive. Bozio, finding himself to be hard pressed, escaped by a stratagem. He took down his mast, furled his sails, shipped his oars, and anchored close to the cliffs. He then covered the ship's sides with cloths as near to the color of the cliff as possible, and eventually escaped after sunset. His danger was not yet over; for he fell in with the Ottoman fleet during the night, and only passed through them in safety by his familiarity with the Greek language, by his use of which the captains in command supposed his ship to be one of the convoy under their protection.

Martenegro was received at Rhodes with the greatest enthusiasm. He was admitted to the highest honors of



the Order, and entrusted with the exclusive command of the artillery, and with the superintendence of the siege. He devoted himself at once to his task, and increased the strength of the fortress by new ravelins, fresh openings in the walls, additional casemates, improved scarps and curtains, and by a better arrangement of the points of firing, rendering support to each other throughout the circuit of the fortifications. Lisle Adam, assisted by his counsels and encouraged by his presence, continued his operations. He reviewed his Knights, and found their number to be 600, with 4,500 squires and men-at-arms. To these he allotted the charge of the different bastions and ramparts, according to the old-established custom, which assigned particular posts to the care of each separate nation, and yet reserved from their number five different companies, four of which, under trusty Knights, were to meet any special emergency of attack or defence as it might arise, and the fifth was to act as his own body-guard—a sort of forlorn hope, to assist at posts of pre-eminent danger. The standard of the Church and the banner of the Order were placed in the hands of two French knights, while the chief's own pennon was entrusted to the custody of a young Englishman, Henry Mansel. Lisle Adam further arranged the townsmen of Rhodes into companies of pikeman and archers, and formed the peasants into bands of laborers and pioneers.

The lists on either side being thus set, we may lift the curtain, and exhibit the great drama of the fight to be presented to our view. On Wednesday, the 26th of June, the mighty armament of the Turks appeared in full sight of the inhabitants of Rhodes. Curtogli, the Admiral in command, deemed it prudent to avoid the fortress, and to disembark his troops in a small bay about six miles from the town. The Sea-Kings were too few in number to incur the risk of attacking forces at that distance from their walls. The actual landing was unopposed. The early incidents of the contests were, however, decidedly adverse to the Turks. The cavalry of the Knights, by their bold and frequent charges, materially interrupted the first preparation of the entrenchments and the moving from the ships of the heavier pieces of ordnance; and as the Turkish soldiers were disposed to judge of the final issue of events by the early auguries, the whole host became dispirited and disinclined to proceed with the war. Such, indeed, was their evil plight, from the fire of the fortress, the determined onsets of the Knights, the want of shelter and food, combined with a distrust of their youthful commander, Pacha Mustapha, that several Janizzary regiments broke into open mutiny, and demanded to be led homewards. The tidings of this disastrous turn of affairs were conveyed to Solyman, who hastened to assume the command of his army

in person, and to quell with his presence this spirit of revolt. The arrival of the Sultan was announced by the roar of artillery, and by the clang of drum, gong, cymbal, tambour, and other noisy instruments so pleasant to the ears of Eastern soldiers. On the next day a singular scene was exhibited in the Ottoman camp. Solyman, surrounded by a magnificent array of his splendidly-equipped officers, attended by his body-guard of Mamelukes, and accompanied by the utmost display and lustre of military pomp, proceeded on his charger to a gilded and curtained throne erected for his use. He summoned before him the troops of whose conduct he had reason to complain, and bade them come without their arms or military accoutrements. He then encircled them with the 15,000 new troops which had accompanied him on his landing, and thus addressed them, with a stern and displeased countenance:—

“I would that I could call you soldiers, for I would not then have taken from you your arms. But I cannot. You are only slaves—slaves in fear, and women in cowardice. Think you that your mere presence on these shores will so terrify your foes that they will lift their hands in entreaty, and come out to you with their feet in irons? Know you not that we fight the bravest heroes in Christendom, men of mettle, trained from their youth in arms, bold and fierce as

lions, and thirsty as tigers for Mohammedan blood, not knowing how to yield — the more courageous the more they are attacked? Suppose you, base and degenerate slaves! that you can possibly conquer, if you fly before you have seen your enemy? — as I hear you would have done, had not the sea prevented you. But before I tolerate such disgraceful conduct, I will inflict on you a punishment so severe that the greatest cowards shall henceforth be deterred from following your example!”

Scarcely had he finished this oration, when his armed soldiers, in reply to a signal from him, drew their swords, and pointed them at the breasts of their companions as if they would slay them. The unhappy mutineers, at the sight of the naked scimitars, threw themselves on their knees, and with earnest exclamations implored the compassion of the Sultan. The pachas and viziers also approached the throne, entreated for mercy, and offered to pledge their lives that the imperial clemency would not be bestowed in vain, but that the mutineers, if pardoned, would atone for their offence with their blood. Then said the Sultan, “I grant their lives to your entreaties. Let them go and show their repentance on the bastions and bodies of their foes.”

The presence of Solyman imparted greater energy and system to the attack. He took up his quarters on the north side of the town, in a central position, not

far from St. Stephen's Hill. The whole month of July was devoted to strictly siege operations, in making entrenchments, cutting ditches, erecting batteries for the cannon, and more particularly in constructing two great mounds, or "cavaliers," as they were called, made of earth and rubbish, strong enough to carry large guns, and high enough to dominate over the walls and ramparts of the fortress. One of these mounds was placed opposite the bastion of Italy, in the quarter occupied by the troops of Pacha Peri; and the other was located between the bastions of Spain and Auvergne, in the encampment of Pacha Achmet. The peasants of Hungary and of the provinces assisted in the preparation of these works, and, as they were constructed within the reach of the guns of the fortress, no little carnage was wrought among them. Solyman took no heed of this,

"Nor does he pause with horrent brow to rate,  
What millions die that Cæsar may be great." \*

The only damage done during this month to the besieged was the destruction of the elevated cupola of the Cathedral-church of St. John, which had hitherto served as an excellent post of observation.

The month of September inaugurated an unceasing succession of onsets and assaults, gallantly made, but successfully resisted. The first serious assault was

---

\* Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*.



made in the early part of the month on the English bastion. A portion of this had fallen down from the explosion of a mine. The Turks, in their first onset, gained the breach and planted their ladders, hoping to effect an entrance to the bastion. The Knights, having recovered the surprise occasioned by the suddenness of the explosion, swarmed over the bastion and charged with a grand fusillade from arquebus and grenade. Lisle Adam was in St. John's Church at his devotions, but hearing the noise of the explosion, just as the priest commenced the Psalm, "Deus, in adjutorium meum intende," "Lord, be Thou my helper," he exclaimed, "I accept the omen;" and then, addressing his body-guard, he said, "Come, sirs, we must exchange the service of our praises for the sacrifice of our lives."

"He said: and on the rampart heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors, firm but undismayed;  
Firm-paced and slow a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm." \*

The energy of the attack of Lisle Adam and of his brave warriors was attested by the retreat of his opponents. Pacha Mustapha, who saw from the trenches the sudden flight and consternation of his soldiers, rushed forward, sword in hand, and, in his passion, cut down the foremost fugitives, and tried to impress upon the others that they had no more safety in flight than in the breach. The fight was renewed

---

\* Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*.

under the immediate advance of Mustapha. Both parties seemed equally determined. Fire and sword did their sanguinary work. Man contended with man, and the worse and weaker soldier fell a victim to the poignard of his adversary. The Turks at last, overpowered by the bullets, grenades, stones, and liquid fire of their opponents, turned their backs and fled. This fearful encounter cost Solyman 3,000 men. The Sea-Kings suffered rather in the quality than in the number of their slain, and had to lament on this occasion the deaths of Chevalier D'Argillemont, the chief in command of the galleys, of a brave captain of artillery, and of the youthful and devoted Henry Mansel, the brave standard-bearer to Lisle Adam.

The Turkish generals, regardless of human life, and only anxious to please their imperial master by securing the capture of the fortress, renewed these assaults day by day at this period of the siege. The next great attack was made by Pacha Peri on the bastion and rampart entrusted to the charge and custody of the Knights of Italy. This veteran commander, the most experienced of the Sultan's generals, who had led his troops to victory in many a campaign, and who, in spite of his years, was as active and zealous in his sovereign's cause as any of his younger companions, combined prudence and precaution with his courage. He concealed a large body of soldiers behind the "cavalier," or large

mound which had been erected in the encampment, and led them to an assault at daybreak on Friday, the 13th day of September. The advance of his veteran soldiers was so rapid that he surprised and killed the sentinels, and obtained a footing on the bastion.

“The storm prevails: the bastion yields away;  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay.” \*

But the Knights of Italy, though surprised, were no craven defenders of their post. Enraged at the presence of their enemies, they rushed upon them with the utmost impetuosity. The fight was long and desperate. Peri continually sent forward fresh troops, and while he issued his orders a cannon-ball killed, by his side, the Governor of Negropont, a young pacha of tried valor, and an especial favorite of the Sultan. Burning to avenge his death, Peri led on his veterans in person. Meanwhile Lisle Adam, being informed of the attack, had come with his chosen company of Knights and men-at-arms to support the defenders of the bastion: “Come,” said he to his friends; “drive we back these Paynim; we have no cause to fear men whom we make to fear us every day.” At the same time he suited his action to the word, and rushed forward against the foe, pike in hand. The chivalry of Italy, animated by the presence of their chief, performed prodigies of valor, and drove back the veterans of Peri

---

\* Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*.

in confusion from the walls. The victory was dearly purchased by the loss of many of their nation, but Rhodes was saved for that day by their valor and intrepidity.

The bastion and rampart committed to the special charge of the English soldiery had already been the scene of the severest conflict hitherto endured in the siege, but now they were called upon to resist a far more formidable and organized attack.

Mustapha Pacha, the Commander-in-Chief, whose camp fronted the English wall, determined for a second time to avail himself of the breach made in this part of the defences by the explosion of the mine, and obtain by it an entrance to the fortress. He took Pacha Achmet, who occupied the post next to himself in the leaguer round the city, into his councils, and prepared with him a concerted plan of operations. The two generals agreed that the Grand Vizier Mustapha should assail the English wall, and that at the same time Achmet should on his part attack the neighboring bastions of Spain and Auvergne, opposite his quarters. The 17th day of September was chosen for carrying out these combined operations. Mustapha selected five of his bravest battalions for this duty. Placing himself at their head, he issued from the protection of his trenches, mounted the heaps of rubbish caused by the ruined part of the bastion, gained for the second time the

ascent of the breach, and, in spite of all the grenades and arrows of the besieged, reached the ramparts. They could not, however, hold their advantage: a company of English soldiers, under the command of Sir John Buch,\* rushed from the platform of the rampart, and, supported by Prejan, the Grand Prior of St. Giles, and by a gallant German Knight, Christopher Valdner, and their squires and men-at-arms, made so furious a charge, that the Turks fled panic-stricken from the post. Mustapha, more brave as a soldier than successful as a commander, exerted himself to the utmost. He threw himself into the midst of the *melee*, slew a Knight with his own sword, and if the soldiers had equaled their leader in spirit and determination, the result of the conflict might have been different. This success of the English Knights was dearly purchased: Sir John Buch, Christopher Valdner, and other brave commanders were numbered among the dead.

The Pacha Achmet was equally unsuccessful. The troops selected for the assault found a large body of Spaniards awaiting them, and were met with a murderous fire from the large guns of the fortress, under which they reeled, and fled to the cover of their trenches. The loss of the Turks in these combined attacks exceeded 3,000 soldiers.

The Sultan, alarmed at this slaughter of his troops,

---

\* Porter's *Knight of Malta*, vol. i., p. 457. Vertot, vol. ii., p. 483.



and irritated at the slow progress of his generals, summoned a grand council of war. Various plans were proposed; when at last Mustapha, who had so strongly advocated the war, and who was proportionably the most vexed at its ill success, animated alike by disappointment at his last failure, and by his desire for an opportunity of retrieving his disasters by a glorious success, rose in the council, and thus expressed his opinion:

“It appears to me,” he said, “that we carry on this war just in the way our enemies would most wish. Our generosity makes their forces equal to ours. We attack one post at a time, and so give these Christian Knights the opportunity of concentrating all their strength on one point of defence. If we gave, as we might easily do, since our army environs the whole fortress, the assault in many places at once, and attacked the numerous breaches we have made at one and the same time, then would the besieged be prevented from rendering, as they now do, mutual aid and assistance to each other; and our fair standards of the Crescent would soon float over its walls in triumph, in the place of the hated symbol of the Cross.”

Solyman highly approved of the suggestion, and at once named Tuesday, the 24th of September, as the day for a general assault. A proclamation was made throughout the camp. “To-morrow is the assault

The stones of the fortress and the soil of the land are the Sultan's, the lives and goods of the inhabitants are the soldiers'." This promise of pillage was given to encourage the army. Preparation was made for the assault by a general continuous bombardment of the town and fortress, for the space of two days and nights. The batteries were more particularly pointed at the English, Spanish, and Italian bastions, which had been the theatres of the preceding assaults, and where the breaches in the walls seemed the most practicable. The night before the assault Lisle Adam went round in person to every post on the whole circuit of the walls, and, with a few manly and spirited words of counsel and encouragement, exhorted them to resist to the utmost the meditated attack. Nor were his words in vain. The chevaliers and esquires assured him, by their bright countenances and their burning words, that his confidence in their courage and determination would not be betrayed nor misplaced.

At dawn on the appointed day the whole artillery of the Turks belched forth a general salute, partly to distract the attention of the besieged, and partly to cover with its cloud of smoke the advancing battalions. The attack was made simultaneously on four separate points: the English, Spanish, and Italian bastions, and on the platform and wall held by the Knights of Provence. The Sultan was a witness of the battle

from a lofty scaffold, erected on St. Stephen's Hill, from which he was able to discern the whole movement of his troops. On that day he looked down upon a sight fit to make angels weep; and yet on a spectacle too often renewed since by the pride, ambition, or inhumanity of man. The cannon of the fortress opened on the thick throng of the Turks, and mowed great gaps in their ranks. Their progress is not hindered. Intent only on their prey, and heedless of danger, they heard, but noted not,

"The death-shot hissing from afar,  
The shock, the shout, the groan of war," \*

but rushed onward to the assault with undaunted resolution. They omitted no effort to gain their object. Their bravest Janizzaries mounted the breaches, and contended with their iron maces in hand-to-hand encounters with the Knights, while their arquebusiers fired at any foeman not engaged in the *melee*,

"And, forming far in dusky rows,  
A thousand archers bend their bows." †

The Knights on their part showed the greatest intrepidity, and their men-at-arms, arquebusiers, or bowmen incredible firmness. The battle raged round the bastions of Auvergne, Spain and Italy. But the English post became for the third time the arena of the bloodiest and fiercest fight in all that eventful day. This

---

\* Byron, *Giaour*.

† Bowles, *Siege of Acre*.

bastion was at once the weakest, the most fiercely assailed, and the most desperately defended. The English garrison resorted to every known method of resistance. They threw down in obstinate hand-to-hand combats the scaling-ladders of the assailants, rolled down on them huge masses of stone, fired on them with crossbow and arquebus, poured on them boiling oil and flaming grenade. Lisle Adam was found, as was his wont, in this chief post of danger. His presence imparted new courage to the defenders, while their antagonists proved themselves the bravest of the brave men in that mighty host. In the midst of the conflict, in their desire to gain the bastion so hotly contested, they brought lofty cranes on wheels to the foot of the walls, on which huge baskets were suspended, by which the soldiers of the Sultan tried to throw themselves upon the seething mass of their foes upon the ramparts, only to miss their purpose and to fall, bloody and maimed corpses, to the bottom of the ramparts. The Turks at last gave ground, on which an Aga, much beloved by the soldiers, led them back again to the attack. He succeeded once more in mounting the breach, and in placing a standard on its summit, when a shot from an arquebus killed him on the spot. His death, instead of daunting the ardor of his men, inflamed them with a desire for vengeance.

“Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly:  
Revenge or death, the watchword and reply.” \*

---

\* Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*.

They rushed madly on their opponents, content to die if they killed an enemy. All their impetuosity could not avail. An equal enthusiasm animated the besieged, and at last their perseverance and bull-dog endurance were rewarded in the rout and retreat of the Turks from their wall.

In the meantime, other conflicts of an equally vital and exciting character were being waged round the posts of the French, Spanish, and Italian quarters. On all sides the most spirited contests, marked by the most unforgiving slaughter, prevailed. The courage of the garrison was shared in and supported by the loyalty and enthusiasm of the townsmen and inhabitants. The priests, and women, even, took part in the contest. It is related that one woman, on her husband being slain, arrayed herself in the helmet and tunic stained with his blood, and, armed with his sword, rushed into the thickest of the *melee*, and having revenged her husband by the death of more than one of his foes, died herself from the wounds received in the fight. Against such sentiments and such enthusiasm there was no chance of success; and, after witnessing for six long hours the noble efforts of his soldiers, and the still nobler resistance of their opponents, the Sultan himself gave the signal for the general retreat of his forces. Thus the vast army of 100,000 men, which had moved onward in the morning decked out with all



the pomp and splendor of Eastern chivalry, under a certain conviction that they should that day take possession of Rhodes, defended merely by its broken walls, half-ruined bastions, and gaping breaches occupied by a handful of wearied soldiers, found to its cost that its labor was in vain, and that really brave men never knew when they were beaten, nor how to yield.

The rage of Solyman at this most unexpected disappointment knew no bounds. On the morning subsequent to this disastrous repulse he summoned before him his unfortunate Grand-Vizier Mustapha, and, with the uncontrolled caprice of an Eastern despot, condemned him to instant impalement. The army was drawn out to witness the punishment of their chief, who could not execute the orders of his master. In vain did Mustapha appeal, by his youth and by his nearness of blood, to the mercy of the Sultan. He turned a deaf ear to his supplications. Pacha Peri, presuming on his former influence with the Sultan in his boyhood, also ventured to entreat his compassion and forbearance. Solyman, more angry that any one in his court should be bold enough to thwart his will, and perhaps jealous of the interference of Peri, ordered him also to be impaled\* with his friend. The other

---

\* Impalement was formerly a common Turkish punishment. The victim was fastened to a stake, which was run through his body, and so left to die a horrible lingering death. Lord Byron gives this fearful description of it:—

pachas present, in consternation at this new edict of wrath, devoutly prostrated themselves at the feet of their master, and implored him to forego his purpose. Solyman, moved by their entreaties, recovered himself from his passion, and granted his two generals their lives. He dismissed both from their commands, compelled Mustapha to return to Constantinople, and nominated the Pacha Achmet to be in his stead the Commander-in-Chief.

Pacha Achmet, induced by a sense of professional honor, and fully persuaded that he ought, according to the laws of engineering tactics, to have been successful in his attempt against the bastion held by the Knights of Spain and Auvergne, induced the Sultan to consent to his trying one more assault against this devoted post. On Sunday, the 29th of September, he re-opened a general bombardment, and then led an assault on the seriously damaged rampart in the immediate front of his own quarters. The scenes already described were again renewed. The utmost possible resistance was

---

“To-morrow, yea, to-morrow’s evening sun,  
Will sinking see *impalement’s pangs* begun;  
And, rising with the wonted blush of morn,  
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne—  
*Of torments this the longest and the worst,*  
Which adds all other agony to thirst,  
That day by day Death still forbears to slake,  
While famished vultures flit around the stake.”

*Corsair*, Canto II., stanza 9.

made. The Knights and the bravest Janizzaries met in deadly conflict on the breach. The same murderous efforts for the victory were on both sides persevered in. The final result was the same. The forces of Achmet failed against the fiery courage of the champions of Spain. In this contest the brave Martenegro, who had so well and nobly conducted the operation of the siege, was wounded in his eye by an arquebus ball; and the heroic Lisle Adam added for some weeks to his other duties the superintendence of the artillery, and the actual direction of the defence. He domiciled himself in this Spanish bastion, as the point of most imminent peril; and at one time acting as a soldier, at another as an artillerist, and never under any circumstances omitting the onerous duties of Commander-in-Chief, he was first and foremost in every alarm, attack, and post of danger.

The month of September, which had witnessed so many attempts to take the fortress, and so many repulses from its walls, had now drawn to a close. Both besiegers and besieged were equally wearied and exhausted. The general assault on the 24th of September, so gallantly made and so successfully resisted, was the real turning-point and crisis of the siege. During the months of October and November inactivity prevailed both in the camp and in the city. Achmet Pacha adopted a new course of tactics. The siege was

turned into a blockade. Mines and countermines, subterranean galleries discovered and mined by the foe, were the only actual hostilities. Sorties from within and escalades from without were abandoned, as it were by a tacit understanding and consent. The Sultan, in proof of his determination to persevere and to wait the issues of the blockade, caused a wooden house to be built for himself, and sought to protect his troops from the rains that fall in the late autumn on the coast of the Mediterranean. This resolution of the Sultan was the last thing that Lisle Adam could have wished or have expected. He had fully hoped that, according to his custom, Solyman would have abandoned the expedition and re-embarked his troops at the conclusion of the summer. But now he well knew that there was only one chance left him of success, and that was relief from the efforts of members of the Order dispersed throughout the countries of Christendom. Nor were these hopes entirely unfounded.

Though neither pope nor prince were found through all the breadth of Europe to hold out a helping hand to save this great bulwark of the Christian faith, yet was the Brotherhood true to itself. Three different convoys of vessels were dispatched from France, Spain, and England with forces and ammunition for the gallant heroes in Rhodes, but not one succeeded in reaching the port of their destination. The French ships

were scattered by a tempest; the Spanish were captured by the Turks, after a stubborn resistance, off Rhodes; and the English vessels, under the command of the gallant and experienced mariner Sir Thomas Newport, were shipwrecked off the coast of Corsica; so Lisle Adam, in addition to his trials in the endurance of the siege, had to bear the burden of that hope deferred, which maketh even the heart of the brave man sick.

In the meanwhile Achmet Pacha gradually tightened his hold upon the fortress. He had advanced his mines and galleries so far within the fortress that Lisle Adam was compelled to pull down houses and churches that he might the more effectually defeat his plans and frustrate his preparations. The engineering operations of the two armies came at this time into such close contact in their subterranean arrangement, that often they were only separated by a thin partition of earth-work. The impatience of Solyman could not stand these desultory proceedings of his scientific general; and in obedience to the imperial command, Achmet once more, on the last day of November, gave orders for a second general assault. After a cannonade through the preceding night from all his batteries, the troops at daybreak advanced to the attack. It was unexpected by the garrison; yet at the sound of the bells, which were rung to announce the approach of the Turks, Martenegro, who had now



partially recovered from his wound, led the Knights and their men-at-arms to the rescue, and with the assistance of the inhabitants of the town, animated by rage or despair, drove back their assailants on every side. Their success also on this occasion was promoted by a very heavy rain, which fell in torrents, and rendered useless for a time the Turkish entrenchments.

Pacha Achmet, in spite of this repulse, fully convinced that the battered fortress, however brave its defenders might be, could not possibly hold out much longer, induced the Sultan to give him leave to propose terms of capitulation. For this purpose he caused a quantity of arrows to be shot into the town, calling upon the townsmen to accept the terms which the Sultan was willing to offer. Nor were these missives without effect. The inhabitants, for some time deeply sensitive of the hardships of their situation, now met together to request the Archbishop of Rhodes and the Greek Patriarch to entreat Lisle Adam to come to terms with the enemy. In the meanwhile the Grand Master instituted a strict inquiry into the true condition of the fortress, and was assured on authoritative evidence that its walls, ramparts, and bastions were tottering to their foundations, and that his stock of powder was almost exhausted. Under these circumstances, the decision of his council was, that the time had come in which negotiations for peace should be commenced.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 10th of December, the Grand Sultan made the first effort towards peace, by unfurling a white flag on his entrenchments. This was answered by a like signal from the ramparts. Two Ottoman officers of rank, attended by their suite, approached the walls, and were met by the Prior of St. Giles and the General Martenegro, the Moltke of the siege, as representatives of Lisle Adam. A letter was presented by the Ottoman captains from their lord. Within a few hours, after due deliberation, an answer was returned by a Knight, Antony Grolee, and by a Judge Perruchi, both of whom were acquainted with the language of the Ottoman court. While these negotiations were in progress, an *emeute* of a singular character occurred in the town. That portion of the Rhodian inhabitants who had been remarked for their prudent care of their persons during the siege, now gathered with clamorous shouts before the palace of Lisle Adam, and complained of being handed over to a foreign yoke, declaring their willingness to lose their lives in war rather than to accept the proposed capitulation. Lisle Adam expressed his personal sympathy with their wishes, asserted that their sentiments coincided entirely with his own, and hinted that even yet an opportunity might be afforded them of proving against the battalions of the enemy their new-fledged valor. Nor were his surmises long unfulfilled. Soly-

man, with all the caprice of an Eastern despot, because his proposals were not immediately complied with, broke off the negotiation, and prepared for a third general immediate assault. Lisle Adam at once summoned to his help his late war-disposed petitioners, and on one refusing to fight, handed him over to the provost-marshal for immediate execution.

This final general assault, made on Tuesday, December 17th, like all the preceding ones, was successfully resisted and repulsed. The Turks, in spite of the crumbling walls and greatly reduced numbers, were driven from the walls by their heroic defenders. On the following morning, December 18th, the Grand Master, in compliance with an earnest address from the townsmen, presented by the Latin Archbishop and by the Greek Patriarch, and from his own conviction that further resistance would only result in a needless effusion of human blood in a cause which was beyond human help, sent two ambassadors from himself, and two representatives of the inhabitants, to the camp of Solyman to announce his willingness to accept terms of surrender. The conditions required by Lisle Adam, and granted by Solyman, secured to the inhabitants of Rhodes the continued free exercise of their religion, the preservation of their city, churches, and houses, from injury or pillage, the exemption of their children from Ottoman military service, the free passage of the

Knights and soldiers from the fortress, the reservation of their fleet, with its armaments and provisions, the permission to take with them their property and as many of the townsmen as should wish to accompany them. These proposals savored so little of the 'woe to the conquered!' the common lot of the defeated, and were so different from the usual stern alternatives of the Koran or the sword enforced by the Ottoman sultans on their foes, that even in their surrender the Sea-Kings secured tokens of their triumph. At all events they caused the Sultan, for the sake of obtaining their fortress, to forego all the characteristics of his creed. Conditions of peace so contrary to the sacred traditions of his house and empire might well be considered as terms of an honorable capitulation, rather than as tokens of a veritable conquest.

Such, then, was the termination of the second siege of Rhodes. It forms an episode in human history for which mankind itself is the better. The fact that a handful of European warriors could, for six long months, under the heat of a semi-eastern sun and the deluge of a semi-tropical autumnal rain, with crumbling walls and breached fortifications, withstand the collected might of the most powerful military power then existing in the earth, must influence for good all succeeding generations. The heart of the youth who hears about these glorious results, which could only have

Leen attained by a supreme sense of duty, undeviating obedience to authority, ardent love of liberty, and hatred of tyranny, a solemn conviction of deep responsibility, a loving devotion to the teachings of the Cross, will beat with a purer glow, as he resolves, if opportunity should occur, to emulate their conduct, and to imitate their example. The silver trumpet which sounded out a farewell salutation as Lisle Adam and his noble companions proceeded for the last time from their ramparts to their fleet, is still preserved among the treasured relics of the Order.\* With the last tones of its clarion notes the reputation, riches, and glory of Rhodes sank for ever in a dark relapse on the departure from its shores of the "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean."

---

\* This silver trumpet is preserved (with other relics of the Order) under a glass case in the armory of the Palace of the English Governors of Malta.



## CHAPTER VII.

### WANDERINGS.

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head."

MILTON, *Lycidas*, 168.

LISLE ADAM, for the sake of a good omen, fixed on January 1st, A. D. 1523, as the day of his final embarkation. That New Year's day saw as sad and touching a sight as the world ever witnessed. Never did a more mournful or more varied procession pass out of the gates of a city. In it were to be seen men, women, and children of every age, rank, and condition: the tottering grandsire, the babe at the breast, the stalwart father of the household, surrounded by his wife and little ones. Here, mingled in one continuous throng, were soldiers clad in their panoply of mail, Asiatic merchants with flowing robes and costly turbans, Greek sailors in striped shirts and gay-colored caps, serge-dressed monks, cassocked priests, white-coifed nuns from Europe, dark-colored slaves with long unkempt hair and ancles bound in fetters. Here, too, was many a litter borne on men's shoulders,

conveying a wounded knight or soldier to the berth prepared for him, and many a rude wagon, dragged by mule or ox, carrying the household goods of the wealthier citizens to the ships, while the hand-truck or goat-carriage helped to move the poor man's chattels. In the hinder part of the procession a train of priests, arrayed in their rich officiating vestments, bore on their shoulders, in gilded reliquaries uplifted on costly biers, the sacred treasures of the Church of St. John, among which were the Image of the Virgin of Philermos,\* and the gift of the Sultan Bajazet, the right hand of John Baptist. As the day began to wane, Lisle Adam, attended by the small company of Knights, the survivors of the late stubborn conflict, and followed by a guard of squires and men-at-arms in their coat armor, and

---

\* Sir George Bowyer, in the *Tablet* of May 23d, 1868 (No. 1467), and Dr. Paolo Pullicino, Canon of the Church at Malta, in a little book published in the year 1868, have given a minute account of this image. It was made of wood, and is said to have been painted by St. Luke. It was ornamented with all kinds of rich jewels, and encased in a most costly tabernacle. It was originally brought by a gentleman from Jerusalem to Rhodes, in which place many wonders were reported of it. Many of these are related by Sir George Bowyer and by Canon Pullicino. They, however, omit one narrative gravely recorded in the *Martyrologium* of the Order of St. John, contained in the Public Registry of Malta, viz., "that on one occasion, on the approach of the image, evil spirits, in the shape of frogs, leapt out from the stomach of a sick woman who had not tasted of any other food for twelve months." Although this is omitted by the two learned historians of the Madonna of Philermos, yet it is a fair specimen of the wonders attributed to this image in their respective narratives.

equipped with sword, or pike, or battle-axe, left his palace, entered for the last time the Cathedral of St. John to invoke a blessing on his voyage, and thence, amidst the tolling of all the bells of the city, and the flourish of many trumpets, marched through the Strada dei Cavalieri, lined on both sides with the mansions of the Langues, under the picturesque arch of the Cosquino gate, along the great mole leading to the tower of St. Nicholas, and there entered his state barge, and was rowed to the carrack or great galley in waiting for him. In that last hour of departure, in the breaking-up of families, in the separation of friends, in the dividing forever those who had been hitherto associated in the strongest ties of blood, country, and religion, there were

“Hurryings to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tokens of distress,  
And sad and sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs.” \*

Every heart was weighed down with sad recollections of the past, and with gloomiest anticipations for the future. Behind them was the fortified city, with its pleasant environs of olive-groves, orchards, gardens, and perpetual streams, which they had loved so well and suffered so much to save. Before them were the perils of the sea, the search for a distant and as yet unknown resting-place, the uncertainty of ever finding a haven of

---

\* Byron's *Childe Harold*.

safety, or a voice of welcome. No sooner was the Grand Master on board than the signal was given for leaving the harbor, and he put to sea, accompanied by fifty vessels of various kinds, carracks, galleys, galiots, brigantines, and feluccas. Never, in all the chequered circumstances of his eventful life, had Lisle Adam greater need of high resolve and firm faith than at this moment. He had now, if it were possible, a mightier task to achieve than the repulse of the Ottoman army. To his care and counsels was committed at this moment the preservation of that wonderful Brotherhood which, deriving strength from all Christian countries, and yet owing allegiance to none, had been for centuries, under a superintending Providence, the

“Bulwark of the Christian creed,  
Fair Europe’s shield in hour of need.”

While the sovereigns of Christendom, forgetful of their higher duties, were at this period quarreling among themselves on puny and petty questions of dynastic ambition, the Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean were, in their expulsion from their island home at Rhodes, mindful of the sacred obligations imposed on them by their original institution. Lisle Adam, in all his plans and projects, was ever deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibilities imposed upon him as the foremost of Christian Knights. The record of his noble conduct and patriotic exertions may be an Iliad of

woes, but his efforts, after a lengthened course of trial and disaster, were crowned with an eventual success.

The fleet that now carried within its wooden chambers this precious freight of the heroes of our story was in a very crank and unseaworthy condition. It had been necessarily prepared in haste, and was ill-found and badly provisioned. It wanted, too, its proper complement of rowers, as the Sultan had either released or taken to his own use the slaves from all parts of his dominions who had been in the service of the Order for this work. The vessels were for the most part overcrowded with passengers and overladen with the goods and chattels carried off from the town and fortress. Lisle Adam decided on bending his course, in the first distance, to Crete, an island about 200 miles distant, under the government of the republic of Venice. Before he could reach the port a violent storm arose, and caused much damage to his ships. Many vessels were dismasted, others were wrecked and all hands lost, and the remainder reached Crete only by making a sacrifice of the bales and goods with which they were overfreighted.

The Venetian Governor of Crete, Paul Justinien, acted like a brave and compassionate man. He not only complied with the request of Lisle Adam to land and refit, but exerted himself to supply the wants and to alleviate the sufferings of the unhappy refugees,



and, with a chivalrous courtesy worthy of his high position, received the Grand Master on his landing with all the accustomed salutes and honors. Lisle Adam remained in this friendly asylum for three months. His first care was to superintend the disembarkation of his much-trying and afflicted followers: and what a weight of human woe was then revealed! There were not only the wounded Knights and soldiers to demand the tender ministrations of his services, but the greater part of his people were in a most miserable plight; the large majority being ill from scarcity of food and badness of provisions, while some, through the loss of their goods in the storm, were half naked, and without even a change of linen. Lisle Adam devoted himself to the relief of their wants, and, assisted by the charity and good-will of the inhabitants of Crete, provided to the utmost for their comfort and accommodation. During his sojourn in Crete he was joined by an additional number of his friends. Among these were the members of the Fraternity in command of Lango, Syma, and the other petty dependencies of Rhodes, to whom he had sent orders to abandon their posts, and the Archbishop of Rhodes, Leonard Balestino, dismissed by the Sultan from his high office in the island.

In the month of April, after the vernal equinox was past, Lisle Adam resumed his wanderings, and

named Messina, in Sicily, as the next place of rendezvous. With a noble disinterestedness, and with a characteristic disregard of his own personal comfort, he sent his sick and wounded in his own carrack, under the care and pilotage of an English Knight-commander, Sir Thomas Weston; while he embarked in one of the small galleys which, being unfitted for the bolder passage across the sea, was compelled to proceed from harbor to harbor along the coast. On his arrival at Messina, at the beginning of May, two pleasant incidents occurred to mitigate his anxiety. In the first place, he found a letter awaiting him from Pope Adrian VI., inviting him to his court, and offering the city of Viterbo, a few miles from Rome, as a temporary home for himself and followers. The Pope still more encouraged him by expressing a hope that arrangements might be made by which another independent seat and sovereignty might be found for his noble Brotherhood, so that they might be enabled to resume their ancient vocation, in fronting the Moslem, and in vindicating the honors of the Christian faith and flag in a manner worthy of the former fame of the Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean. In the next place, the reception accorded him by the numerous Knights assembled at Messina was peculiarly gratifying. They received him on his arrival with the most loyal and affectionate devotion. As he disembarked from his shattered vessel,

they met him bareheaded, and preceded him, two and two, in solemn procession through the streets, amidst the acclamations of the people, to the palace allotted to his use, where they renewed, in his presence, within the council-chamber, their vows and protestations of obedience, and proved that, though they had lost for a time their home, yet they had no intention of abandoning the duties of Brotherhood, or of withholding from their chief in this hour of humiliation their former tokens of homage, allegiance, and fidelity.

The sufferings of Lisle Adam, however, were not yet at an end. Weakened by severe privations, hard fare, and unavoidable overcrowding, his people were fit subjects for disease. Shortly after his disembarkation at Messina, a fatal pestilence broke out and claimed a holocaust of victims. Lisle Adam at once determined to depart, and conveyed his fleet, crews, and people to the beautiful bay of Baiæ, in which he obtained leave to land, and was soon relieved from anxiety by the rapid recovery of his numerous invalids. Within a few days he resumed his voyage, and reached Civita Vecchia, the nearest port alike to Viterbo and to Rome, in safety.

Here he made arrangements for a temporary sojourn of his followers, until he could learn from Pope Adrian's own lips his ultimate pleasure and will concerning them. The tidings of his arrival were soon

conveyed to the supreme Pontiff, when an early day was named for his admission to an audience. A most splendid reception was accorded him. His great-nephew, Anne de Montmorency, a marshal of France, met him with a superb cortege at some distance from the city. When he approached the walls of Rome, the Master of the Ceremonies to the Papal Court, with the Swiss Guard and some cavalry soldiers, attended him; and, just within the gates, the gilded and red coaches of the Cardinals and of the Duc de Sesse, the ambassador of Charles V., joined the procession, and accompanied him to the Vatican. The whole city was *en fete*. As he passed over the bridge across the Tiber, at the foot of the Castle St. Angelo, a salute of artillery was fired. On his entrance to the hall of audience, Adrian VI., although very ill, advanced some steps to meet him, and when he would have stooped to kiss his foot, raised him up, and embraced him tenderly. He then made him sit in the very centre of the Cardinals, and after assuring him that he would do all he could for a fraternity so useful and dear to Christendom, called him "The Hero of Rhodes, and the Defender of the Faith."

Pope Adrian VI. died within a few days of this interview, on Monday, September 14th, 1523. His successor, Clement VII., as soon as the ceremonies of his election and enthronement were over, sent for Lisle

Adam, and assured him of the continuance of the favors shown to him by his predecessor. His interviews with the new Pope, however, were no longer merely complimentary, but were devoted to a solution of the difficulties of his position, as seeking a permanent home within the compass of the Mediterranean, for resuscitation of the Institution over which he ruled. Clement VII., at the suggestion of Andre Vendrimiano, Archbishop of Corfu, proposed the choice of three islands, Cerigo, Elba, or Malta. To the first Lisle Adam objected, as, Cerigo being under the government of Venice, its cession might expose that republic to the enmity and resentment of Solyman; the second he declined, because Elba was part of the kingdom of Spain, and the possession of that island might render the Brotherhood too subservient to the influence of one single European sovereign, and so endanger their accustomed neutrality and independence; the third offer, more specially recommended by the Pope, was accepted and approved by the Grand Master, on the condition that the Emperor Charles V., the Suzerain of Malta, would include in his grant a surrender of the full and exclusive sovereignty of the island. Lisle Adam, with Clement's approval, sent eight commissioners to inspect and to make a report upon Malta, and an embassy of three Knights, including the Prior of St. Giles, Martenegro, and Bosie, three of the heroes of the late



siege, to arrange with the Emperor Charles V. the terms for the transfer of the island. In the meanwhile the Grand Master and his train of followers located themselves at Viterbo, a city in the Papal States, there to await the issues of these different negotiations.

The wheels of diplomacy moved but slowly; and after a twelvemonth of waiting, Lisle Adam, wearied with the delays and difficulties in his path, determined to seek, in a personal interview with the Emperor, the final settlement of the pending arrangements. A complimentary request, made to him at this time by the Regent of France, the mother of Francis I., confirmed him in this resolution. The beautiful Duchess D'Alencon, sister of Francis, resolved to go to Madrid, to appeal in her own person to the magnanimity of Charles V. to release her gallant but unfortunate brother, then a prisoner of war in his capital; and Lisle Adam was entreated to come to Marseilles with his carrack and galleys, and to convoy this spirited lady in her loving and romantic errand. His chivalry was not appealed to in vain. The royal wish conveyed to him corresponded with his previously-formed intention. He set sail from Civita Vecchia, and reached Marseilles in the middle of June, A. D. 1525;\* and, having re-

---

\* The battle of Pavia was fought on Saturday, February 25th, 1525. Francis I., at its close, is said to have made the memorable but melancholy declaration, "I have lost all but honor!"

ceived the fair Duchess, accompanied by a splendid suite, on board his flag-ship, piloted her in safety to Spain.

We are now to see the present hero of our story in a new character, worthy of his high position as a Sea-King of the Mediterranean. He was no longer the brave defender of a fortress, or the gallant chief of a military Order, but appeared as the companion of kings, the Nestor of politics, the arbiter in a degree of the destinies of Europe. Charles V. received him with particular distinction, and paid him those honors with which a brave man delights to show his regard for the brave. He lodged him in his own palace, admitted him to his council, and made him sit on the same dias as himself;

“Courtèd and caressed,  
High plac’d in hall, a welcome guest.” \*

He conferred on him a still greater mark of his esteem, and employed his mediation for the peaceful settlement of the complications of Europe. With all his respect and gratitude to his imperial host, Lisle Adam did not forget that he was a Knight of France, and that, as such, his allegiance was due to his own sovereign lord, even though a captive. He obtained leave, therefore, to pay his devoirs to Francis I., and so far ingratiated himself in his favor, that he consulted him on

---

\* *Scott's Minstrel.*

his affairs, and placed himself in his hand. Lisle Adam, thus trusted by both monarchs, was enabled to bring them to a reconciliation. Within a few weeks of his coming to Madrid, Francis I. obtained his deliverance, and a restoration to his kingdom. An interesting anecdote illustrates the intimacy of the intercourse with which the two sovereigns honored Lisle Adam. As Francis I. and Charles V. were walking in the gardens of the palace they came to a gate, at the entrance to which each refused to advance, and courteously sought to give precedence to the other. The Emperor turned suddenly, and bade Lisle Adam settle the dispute. "I would to God," said the veteran chief, "that your Majesties might never differ on a more important matter; but, Sire," addressing his own sovereign, "I think the very first prince in Christendom may be allowed, in his own palace, to pay any honor he pleases to the greatest king in Europe." This reply, so courtier-like and appropriate, contented both sovereigns, and put them in good humor with themselves, and with each other.\* Lisle Adam, on his departure from Madrid, might have entered at once on the possession of Malta, but he did not think that the time had yet arrived for

---

\* There is a somewhat similar story told of a later French king and an English ambassador. The Earl of Stair waited for Louis XIV. to enter first into his carriage. The king bade the earl to enter himself first, who instantly obeyed; whereon the king declared that he was the best bred man in Europe.

so open and decided a renunciation of his former home. He yet entertained secret hopes of being restored to Rhodes, either by the treacherous betrayal of the island to his troops, or by the union of the sovereigns of Europe in one common Christian league for the forcible expulsion of its Moslem conquerors. Buoyed up with these hopes he determined to visit Francis I., now restored to his throne, and also to wait in person on Henry VIII., that he might invoke his sympathy and co-operation, and protest against the spoliation of his Fraternity, which seemed at this time to be contemplated in England. For these purposes he again sailed to Marseilles, and thence, after paying his homage to Francis at Paris, reached London in February, A. D. 1527. The Grand Master, during his sojourn in England, took up his abode at the Grand Priory of his Order, St. John's, Clerkenwell.

A few days after his arrival he proceeded to pay his visit of ceremony to Henry VIII., then resident in his palace at Westminster. Seldom had a more splendid cavalcade passed through the streets of London. Many great lords connected with the Court, with their footmen, yeomen of the guard, beefeaters, and halberdiers, were sent by the King to do honor to his illustrious visitor. Then came a long array of Knights, who attended, as in duty bound, on their heroic chief on this memorable occasion. The Grand Prior of England, Sir

William Weston, the Prior of Clerkenwell, several grand crosses and commanders, mounted on horseback and habited in the robes of the Order, waited on by a long train of esquires and men-at-arms, and accompanied by trumpeters, who occasionally sounded forth a salute, preceded the Grand Master. Last of all rode Lisle Adam himself, with his gray hairs, noble mien, and martial bearing, the observed of all observers. Never did citizen raise his cap, nor his nosier apprentice lift his voice, in welcome of a worthier visitor to Old England. Henry VIII.—and no monarch in Europe could be more courtly and gracious than he, when it pleased him—received his guest with every consideration of respect. His nature was chivalrous enough to appreciate noble heroism, and to admire deeds of valor; and he now congratulated his guest on his conduct, declaring that he was more to be envied for his defence of Rhodes than for the conquest of a province. Henry VIII. admitted him to many subsequent interviews, encouraged his designs by a large supply of cannon and ammunition, and presented him, on the eve of his departure, with a mazar bowl, enriched with gold and precious stones, as a final proof of his esteem.

Shortly after his safe return to Viterbo, Lisle Adam experienced a severe disappointment of his fondly-cherished hopes. Instead of the cessation of personal ambition and the withdrawal of dynastic differences be-



tween the powers of Europe, he had the mortification of hearing of a renewal of war between the Emperor Charles V. and the Pope Clement VII., which led to the cruel devastation of Rome by the Imperial general, the Grand Constable Bourbon. This melancholy and unexpected event at last brought conviction to the mind of the Grand Master that if he was in his lifetime to see his beloved Fraternity replaced in a new home, where they might again exercise a sovereign independent authority and devote themselves in renewed strength and ardor to their former onerous and honorable duties as the foremost soldiers of Christendom, then the occupation of Malta was the only course left open for his adoption and acceptance.

Once satisfied of the wisdom and necessity of this policy, Lisle Adam set himself seriously to the task of bringing the long-standing negotiations to a successful termination. He summoned a Grand Council of the Order to meet in Viterbo in the spring of A. D. 1529. The unanimous voice of the Council approved the island of Malta as the future home of the Hospitallers, if it could be obtained with the full acknowledgment of their sovereign and exclusive possession. Charles V. acquiesced in these conditions, and conferred, by a grant signed March 24, 1530, the sovereignty of the island of Malta on Lisle Adam and his successors, on the single condition of presenting to the Imperial

Viceroy in Sicily a falcon on every return of All Souls' Day, November 2nd.

Thus Lisle Adam, after many perils successfully escaped, many exertions courageously carried out, many rewards and honors righteously won, found at last a safe and permanent home, to which he removed his band of faithful Knights, and the remnant of his Rhodian followers who yet survived the dangers of their melancholy exodus and the strange vicissitudes of their wanderings. His closing years, neither robed in sadness nor clouded with obscurity, were graced with the brighter glory of the declining sun. With the chief wish of his heart gratified: with the inward conviction that his new island home was admirably fitted, by its creeks, bays and harbors, for the resumption by his Fraternity of their high vocation as opponents of the Crescent: with a life prolonged to see the well-laid foundations of the prosperity of his people, Lisle Adam may have departed in peace, in a sure anticipation of the future triumphs of the Order he loved so much and ruled so well. The wisdom of his choice in the selection of his final asylum has been amply vindicated. Succeeding generations have witnessed, in the gallant exploits, noble achievements, and glorious victories of his descendants, the best credentials of their rightful claim to the inheritance of his fame, and to the maintenance of his sceptre, as one of the greatest of the "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FAME AND HEROISM.

“There is something of pride in the perilous hour,  
Whate’er be the shape in which Death may lower;  
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,  
And Honor’s eye on daring deeds.”

BYRON, *Siege of Corinth*.

LISLE ADAM and his successors, mindful of their duties as the franc-tireurs of the ocean, devoted themselves with the utmost assiduity in their new home to the resuscitation and improvement of their navy. Animated by a remembrance of their wrongs, by an intense hatred of the Crescent, and, it must in candor be added, by an insatiable thirst for booty, the Hospitallers of St. John so multiplied their vessels during the first forty years of their occupation of Malta, that they had again become a source of annoyance and terror to the Turkish fleets. Never had they possessed a more undoubted maritime supremacy in the palmiest days of their glory at Rhodes, and never had they numbered at any previous time among the members of their Order so many zealous, able, and experienced sea-

captains. One of the most famous of these was the Commander De Romegas. A sailor from his youth, he knew every bay, creek, current, and wind of the great ocean which encircled his Sea-King home, and was as bold in daring as he was rich in experience. Romegas, while coasting in his galley along the shore of Sicily, in the spring, 1563, fell in with an enormous ship-of-war, commanded by Ysyf Cominey, a famous Ottoman admiral, notorious for his cruelties to his Christian prisoners. His vessel carried 200 sailors and 250 fighting men. Although Romegas was inferior alike in the size of his ship and in the number of his crew, he determined to try and capture his opponent. The two vessels fired at each other with their cannon for some time, when a few men were killed and wounded, and damage was done to spars and rigging. Romegas after a while boldly rowed against his adversary, and having dashed against her side with a crash, seized hold with a tight embrace of his grappling-irons. The combat now raged with the intensest fury. The crews pushed, and smote, and assaulted each other with pike, spontoon, sword, and halberd. The victory was long in doubt, when Romegas, supported by his officers, made a desperate leap on board his antagonist, and, sword in hand, established his hold on the forecastle of the ship. Cominey flew to the post of danger, and being wounded in a personal encounter

by Romegas, fell down into the hold of the rowers. These slaves, in bitter retaliation for the cruelties inflicted on them, seized and passed him on with violent blows from one bench to another till he fell down dead. The conqueror released eighty Christian slaves found among the rowing-crew, supplied their places with as many Turkish sailors, and conveyed his prize across the Malta channel, to the harbor of Valetta.

Within a few weeks De Romegas was again at sea, and achieved a more notable victory. Accompanied by a second galley, under the command of his lieutenant, Chevalier de la Motte, he met off Scarpenta, an island between Crete and Rhodes, with another huge Turkish vessel, a veritable floating castle compared with his own little galleys. Incensed by the presence of his foemen, and ignorant alike of prudence or of fear, he resolved to attack. On a near examination of his antagonist, he found the ship to be so large, and so well provided with artillery and musketeers, that his only chance was the superiority of his guns, and the greater speed of his ships. He sent a boat to order his lieutenant, La Motte, to conform to his tactics, and to advance on one side, fire, and then retreat to a safe distance to reload, while he did the same on the other side. A profound calm favored these manœuvres. The two galleys drew near, discharged their cannon, and then,



by their superior swiftness, moved out of reach and range of the enemy.

This artillery combat lasted some hours, when at last, without any attempt at boarding or close combat, the huge ship struck its colors to the two little galleys. Romegas and La Motte quickly manned their boats, and mounted her deck and received the swords of her admiral and officers. They were no less astonished than delighted with their victory. The prize was rich beyond their expectations. It was laden with much costly merchandise and with nearly 600 slaves from Egypt and Mauritania, destined for the market at Constantinople. It had also on board an illustrious ruler, a Sangiac by rank, on his route from Cairo to pay his allegiance to the Sultan Solyman. The triumph of Romegas was the greater, as this ship was commanded by Rais Ygli, a gallant captain of the Imperial Ottoman navy, who had never yet known a defeat at sea, and who had with him a veteran crew of sailors and soldiers accustomed to naval conflict. Scarcely, however, had the Christian commanders realized the certainty of their success, before the conquered floating castle began to founder from the great injuries inflicted on her by the cannonade, and thus an unexpected testimony was afforded to the valor of its defenders in holding out to the last extremity. The victors were able with difficulty to save the lives of Ygli and his

people, and, with their two vessels dangerously overcrowded, hastened homewards. They thus lost their reward, except the ransom to be obtained for the release of the captive ruler of Cairo, and of Rais Ygli.

One other naval fight and victory of Romegas eclipsed all his former exploits. In the next summer, A. D. 1564, he was ordered to join, with his two galleys, the five other vessels of the Order sailing under the flag of the Admiral of the fleet, Chevalier Guion. The united squadron, while sailing quietly along between Zante and Cephalonia, fell in with the largest vessel in the Turkish navy. This great caracca was the property of Kuster Aga, the chief Chamberlain of Solyman. Many ladies of the seraglio, and persons of influence at the Ottoman court, had a share in its venture. It was commanded by the Rais Bairam-Ogli, and armed with twenty large cannon, with several others of smaller calibre. It was manned by a picked crew, and protected, in addition to its artillerists, by two hundred chosen Janizzaries. Admiral Guion, on his part, being in command of so numerous a fleet, imagined in the first instance that the vessel, large as it was, would offer no resistance, and fired an unshotted cannon across its bows as a summons to surrender.

"A flash is seen; the ball beyond their bow  
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below." \*

Bairam-Ogli, in answer to this salute, proudly flew all his colors, and replied with a broadside, aimed at the Admiral's ship, as a proof of his courage and determination. Guion and Romegas, convinced that they must either fight or allow the enemy to escape, arranged a precise order of battle. They agreed that the two vessels bearing their own flags should first advance on either side, and approach as near as they could with safety, and fire their cannon; and then, while they retired to reload, the two next vessels under their respective flags should in like manner advance, fire their broadsides, and retire; and their places should be supplied after a similar manner by the three remaining ships. Thus the seven vessels were to take part in the fight, and to fire by relays in as rapid a succession as they could. This well-designed plan was at first frustrated by the jealous rivalry of the two Admirals. Each, alike impetuous in courage, and impressed with a contempt of the enemy, only thought of obtaining single-handed the exclusive glory of the victory. Guion, instead of acting on the plan agreed upon, came at once to close quarters, and placed his galley under the poop of his opponents. By this bold but imprudent manœuvre his vessel was placed at the greatest disadvantage. The Turkish Janizzaries, from the superior height of their ship, were enabled to use their firearms with the utmost effect, and enveloped the flag-ship in a sheet of

flame, crushing the crew with masses of stone, and killing them with their musketry. The cannon, too, discharged point-blank,\* did great damage, so that the Admiral-in-Chief was quickly compelled to retire from the unequal contest. Romegas, on the other side, came also after the example of his chief at once to close quarters, and attempted to board, with his usual intrepidity; but a large gun, fired point-blank, broke the stays of his vessel, and at one stroke killed or disabled twenty-two of his crew; others, to avoid the shot, leapt into the water, and caused him to retire most reluctantly to a safe distance. The two next galleys in the line, witnessing the disasters of their consorts, took up their positions as originally appointed, on either side of their huge opponent: and, discharging their cannon at a distance, at the same moment, poured so effective a fire that they killed or wounded many of the Janizzaries. The three remaining galleys in their turn advanced and delivered their broadsides, and though they inflicted loss on their enemies, yet they also received injuries at their hands.

As these three last galleys retired, Guion and Romegas were again ready for the attack: Taught by the experience of their former failure, and compelled to respect the bravery of their foe, they put aside all per-

---

\* *Point-blank*, directly, as an arrow is shot to the point-blank, or white mark.

sonal feeling, and resorted to their original tactics. For five long hours did the seven galleys, in their successive turns, advance and retreat after firing on their antagonist. During that period the combat was persevered in with uncertain results. The resolute Turkish soldiers knew the value of their cargo, and the power of its courtly owners to repay with rich rewards their obstinate resistance; and, conscious that the galleys of the Sea-Kings, in spite of their continuance of the contest, had been severely wounded, refused to yield. At last a perceptible slackening was manifested in the fire of the Turks, and the seven galleys of the united squadron, boldly placing themselves in close quarters on both the sides, poop, and forecastle of their giant antagonist, effected a boarding in several places. Bairam-Ogli, finding that a resistance any further prolonged would be useless, hauled down his colors in token of surrender. So fierce and determined had been the contest of the Turks, that the conquerors paid dearly for their success in the deaths of 120 of their companions, among whom were some of the noblest names and of the best blood in their Order. The loss of the conquered only amounted to eighty slain.

This important capture of so rich and well-protected a prize created no small stir at Constantinople. The same imperious ruler, Solyman the Magnificent, whom we have seen in his youth as the conqueror of



Rhodes, still sat on the Ottoman throne. The interval of forty years had neither chilled his blood, moderated his ambition, nor mollified his hatred of his former traditinary foes. He had heard, with the utmost anger, of the revival of the power of the Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean, and of their continued depredations on his ships and subjects; and now, stirred up by the exasperation and remonstrances of his habitual attendants, he was led to regard this last bold enterprise of the capture of Bairam-Ogli as a personal insult to himself and to his court. The cup of his indignation was full, and he swore a right royal oath, *by his own head*, that he would destroy and exterminate the whole detested Brotherhood.

Nor was he long in deciding upon his schemes. Supported by the unanimous voice of his Divan; impelled to his design by the expostulations of his Mufti, who urged him as a good Mussulman, by his veneration for the Prophet, to secure for his subjects a safe access \* to the sacred shrines at Mecca and Medina, the tomb and birthplace of Mahomet; encouraged by the zeal and willingness of his generals to undertake the war; and more especially persuaded by the glowing prospects

---

\* The Mufti, in his speech in the Divan preparatory to the war, stated that during the five years preceding the great capture of Bairam-Ogli's carrack, the loss of the Turks had amounted to fifty vessels of war, besides smaller merchant vessels innumerable. Vertot, Book XII., vol. iii., p. 423.

of success, and the splendid promises of help, both by troops and ships, made him by Dragut, a famous chieftain of Tripoli, in Africa, renowned at once for his naval exploits and for his numerous engagements with the navies of Malta, Solyman determined that the ensuing spring should see the destruction of his ancient foes, and the total expulsion of the Christian Sea-Kings from the home of their adoption. The Sultan, probably through increasing age and infirmities, and by reason of the greater length of the voyage, did not undertake, as in his last conflict with the Hospitallers, the personal command of the expedition; but entrusted its superintendence and direction to his two Pachas, Piali and Mustapha. The first had the charge of the fleet, and the second of the army. Pacha Piali's history affords an example of Eastern romance. Solyman, on his retreat from Hungary, found him as an infant bound up in swaddling clothes, and left by his frightened parents on the sock of a ploughshare. Pleased with his smiling upon him, he ordered the babe to be taken and cared for, and educated in his seraglio. Piali repaid his kindness by becoming one of the most famous Ottoman admirals. Some five years previously, in A. D. 1560, he obtained a great naval victory over a Christian fleet, under the command of the Venetian Admiral Doria, and was rewarded with the hand of a daughter of the Sultan; and now, in the full energy of his man-

hood, and in the blossom of his success, he was appointed chief in supreme command of the Ottoman fleet designed for the conquest of Malta. Pacha Mustapha, on the other hand, was a contemporary in years of his imperial master, and was passing like him into the sere and yellow autumn of life. He was the general of whom we have already read as the unsuccessful invader of Rhodes. He had, since that event, learned experience in many a tented field, and still at the age of sixty-five years, retained the favor and confidence of the Sultan, who made him the Commander-in-Chief of his army. These two able viziers carried out, with the utmost alacrity and hearty will, the intentions of their sovereign. They collected ships or soldiers from Alexandria, Rhodes, the coasts of Asia Minor, the various seaports of Africa, Greece, and the Black Sea, and from all quarters of the huge Turkish Empire, so that by the spring of A. D. 1565, 30,000 chosen troops, and 150 vessels, with a large fleet of transports, were prepared to accomplish the will of the Sultan.

These important preparations were neither unknown to, nor unmarked by, those against whom they were prepared. It has frequently been observed that Divine Providence raises up great men fitted for great occasions. No one could be better adapted to meet the exigencies of the present crisis than the heroic man who at this time presided over the destinies of the Knights

of Malta. John de Valette, equal to his famous predecessor, D'Aubusson, in his lofty courage, and to Lisle Adam in his spirit of devotion, surpassed them both in the fervor of his enthusiasm, and in his undeviating trust in a Divine protection. As a personal witness of all the circumstances of the final siege of Rhodes, he was fully conscious of the magnitude of the peril, and of the puissance and perseverance of his foe; yet he never gave place for a moment to idle fears, nor to a doubt of his power to make an effectual resistance. He succeeded in hiring, chiefly by the means of Count Toledo, the Viceroy of Charles V. in Sicily, 2,000 mercenaries, and sent trusty messengers to all the Houses of his Fraternity in the different countries of Europe to excite the sympathy and to demand the presence and assistance of his knightly companions. By vast exertions he collected, by the spring of A. D. 1565, an army of 700 knights, and 8,000 men-at-arms. To these he allotted the different posts of his fortress according to their nationalities. The Spanish Chevalier Garzeranvos, with fifty knights and 500 soldiers, was entrusted with the custody of St. Angelo. The Borgo itself, containing the palace of the Grand Master, and the residences of the "Langues," was defended by the chivalry of France, Provence, and Auvergne. The space of rampart from the Borgo to St. Michael's was answered for by the chevaliers of Germany, Portu-

gal, and Arragon. Monte and his Italians were responsible for the castle on Point Sanglea. The experienced and resolute De Romegas was charged with the defence of the entrance to the Great Harbor; while the defence of the Port of the Galleys was committed to a Castilian engineer, Gurial, who erected a battery of nine guns to defend the chain thrown across the entrance from Sanglea to St. Angelo. The important star-shaped fort situated at St. Elmo, the furthestmost extremity of Mount Sceberras, was committed to the charge of two valiant veteran officers, D'Eguerras, Bailiff of Negropont, and Broglio, a Knight of Piedmont. Chevalier Copier, of the "nation" Auvergne, with 200 cavalry and 600 Turkopoliers, were appointed to watch the landing of the enemy, and to act as skirmishers, or as a corps of observation.\*

On the morning of Friday, May 18th, a gun fired

---

\* An inspection of the diagram prefixed to the next chapter will best explain these positions. The chief feature of the scene of the contest to be recorded in this chapter was the bold promontory of Mount Sceberras, a long tongue of land dividing the two harbors called the Great and Quarantine Harbors, from Marsà Muscetto Harbor. This promontory is now the site of the city of Valetta, but was at this time a bare rock, with the star-fort of St. Elmo at its extremity. The Great Harbor is on the east side, parcelled out into separate bays or creeks by two other rocky peninsulas, which were the scenes of the contest recorded in the succeeding chapter. They are now occupied by the large towns of Vittoriosa, Sanglea, Cospicua, and Burmola. Notabile, since called Citta Vecchia, is in the center of the island, about six miles from Valetta.



from St. Elmo announced the appearance of the great Ottoman armament. A strong gregale\*- wind was blowing, and the sea was exceedingly rough. The Knights then witnessed a sight which, under other circumstances, would have excited all their sympathy and admiration, as sailors and Sea-Kings: the whole magnificent fleet of the Turks, after passing St. Elmo, tacked, and sailed before the breeze along the coast to the small island of Filfola,† on the southeast side, where they obtained shelter in the Bay of Magiarra. An incident occurred during its brief stay here which illustrates the heroism of the Hospitallers. A party of Janizzaries having landed during the night, concealed themselves in the hollows of the rocks, and at dawn fell suddenly upon a knight named Riviera, who was on the watch with a small escort. The brave hero was conveyed as a prisoner to Piali's ship, and was put to the torture to elicit from him information about the fortress, but all that he could be made to say amidst his agony was this, "If they wanted to attack

---

\* Eight winds are recognized at Malta, and are opposed to each other in these four separate pairs:—Notina, S., and Tramontana, N.; Lebeche, S. W., and Gregale, N. E.; Levant, E., and Ponente, W.; Syrocco, S. E., and Mistrale, N. W.

† *Filfola*. From an Arabic word, *selfel*, a pepper-seed; meaning that the island is as small as a pepper-corn. It is only a habitation for birds.

the weakest part they must begin with the bastion of Arragon."

"Still in his stern and self-conceited mien,  
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen." \*

On the same evening the wind changed, and the whole fleet, lighted by lanterns at their mast-heads, retraced their course, and entered the Marsa Sirocco Harbor. The disembarkation commenced at dawn. In the later part of the day Pachas Mustapha and Piali, accompanied by their suites and escorts, rode as far as the Mount Corrodino, a hill about a mile and a-half from Valetta, from which they could see the Borgo, fortress, and harbors stretched before them as a map. They brought with them Riviera heavily ironed, and required him to name the various posts and fortifications. On his pointing to the bastion of Arragon, which he had described as the weakest part, Pacha Mustapha, observing its deep ditches, lofty walls, and strong casemates, struck Riviera with a cane, and ordered him, in his rage, to be hewed in pieces by his soldiers. This self-sacrifice of Riviera is to this day commemorated by his figure being painted among the most worthy heroes of the Order in the clerestory of St. John's Cathedral at Valetta.

"Vulgar minds

Refuse or crouch beneath their load; the brave

Bear theirs without repining." \*

---

\* Thomson.

On the next day, Saturday, May 21st, a grand council of war was held, at which it was resolved that the first step should be the capture of St. Elmo. The Turks, by the help of oxen taken from the villagers, dragged their cannon to the promontory of Sceberras, commenced their lines, and set up an immense framework which they had brought from Constantinople, in huge separate pieces of timber, for the more speedy preparation of the batteries. The Turkish engineers at first contented themselves with weakening, with their heavy basilisks and field-pieces, the external defences of the fort, or with repulsing the frequent sorties and attacks of the besieged. The arrival of Dragut, with his auxiliary army, about the first week in June, imparted new life and vigor to the operations. Pacha Piali was laid on one side, and confined to his ship, by a severe wound received in a skirmish, and Mustapha, according to the orders received from the Sultan, entrusted to his experienced and energetic ally the chief direction of the siege. Dragut was worthy of this confidence. The son of an Algerine chieftain, who for his own safety acknowledged the suzerainty of and paid tribute to the Sultan, and was yet supreme in his own dominions, he had been from his youth a rover on the seas. He had seen, too, many vicissitudes of fortune, having been often a victor in the fight, and yet doomed to know the worst bondage of the rowing-

bench. On one occasion the Admiral of the Venetian fleet, Doria, took him prisoner, and chained him among the rowers of his galley, where he toiled amongst the slaves for many a weary month, until he was released in consequence of an attack threatened by the Ottoman Admiral, Barbarossa, if his release had not been conceded. These changes of fortune, and his heroic endurance of them, had wonderfully increased his power over his troops. Like the Corsair described by Lord Byron, Canto VIII,—

“His name appals the fiercest of his crew,  
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow hue;  
Still sways their souls with that commanding art  
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.”

Dragut condemned the proposal to attack St. Elmo, but, as that step had been decided on, stirred up Mustapha to a greater animation in the conduct of the siege. He advanced the batteries nearer to the fort, erected a new entrenchment, supplied with four guns, on the further side of the Marsa Muscetto Harbor, on the point still known by his name, and made other arrangements to increase the efficiency of the attack. While these operations were in progress, the fort had nearly been taken by a *coup de main*. Some Turkish artillerymen, surprised at daybreak one morning to find that their approach to one of the outer works was not met by the usual show of resistance, crept cautious-

ly forward, and, mounting on each others' shoulders as a ladder, looked into the interior, and saw all the sentinels lying down fast asleep. They returned quietly to their trenches, and reported to their commander, who immediately despatched troops with scaling-ladders. The Turks obtained possession of the outpost without being discovered, killed some of the soldiers, and put the rest into such a panic that many threw themselves off the walls into the deep trenches and were killed by the fall. The Turks rushed across a narrow bridge leading from the outpost to the fort, but the alarm had been given, and their course was successfully opposed by the Knights.

The combat became general. The Turks, reinforced by fresh troops, made good their occupation of the outpost, and so crowded upon and drove back the garrison, that they reached the very entrance of the fort itself. Here, however, they became so exposed to the fire of the musketeers, the point-blank range of the cannon, and to the massive stones hurled from the walls, that they were compelled to return, foiled, baffled, and disappointed of their hope. The combat thus commenced by an accident at sunrise, became in its progress so important and hotly contested, that it cost the Turks the lives of a thousand men, while the Knights lost twenty of their Brethren and a hundred soldiers. A touching anecdote, illustrating the chival-



rous temper of our heroes, is connected with this episode in the siege. A Frenchman, the Chevalier de Bridiers, having been wounded by a musket ball, when one of his companions came to remove him from the spot where he had fallen, entreated that he would not for his sake relinquish his post of duty. "Consider me," said he, "as one already dead. My wound is mortal. Go and help your Brethren in their need." De Bridiers had just strength enough to drag himself to the chapel, and was found lying dead before the altar.

The additional means of attack inaugurated by Dragut were hastened to their completion under his own daily energetic and personal inspection. On Wednesday, the 13th of June, the new entrenchment on Point Dragut, the huge basilisks on Mount Sceberras, and the guns placed in position on the ravelin or outpost gained in their *coup de main* by the Turks, opened on the devoted Fort of St. Elmo. Their united fire caused such a destruction of the external defences, and such breaches in the walls, that Mustapha and Dragut determined on an immediate general assault. Tidings to this effect were proclaimed throughout the camp, and Saturday, the 16th of June, was named as the day of the attack. The gallant defenders of St. Elmo had kept up their communication with Valetta and their brethren in the Borgo and St. Angelo. They had

thus been enabled during the night to remove their sick and wounded, and to receive fresh relays of commanders and soldiers, with supplies of ammunition and provisions. So unselfish was their conduct, and so lively the sense of obligation to their vows prevalent among the members of the Order, that although they knew that certain death was the penalty of joining the forlorn hope in St. Elmo, yet so many volunteered for the hazardous though honorable service, that Valette's chief difficulty was to decide whom he could make choice of. Where every one thus deemed the post of danger to be the post of honor, a universal determination prevailed that every man would do his duty even to the sacrifice of his life.

The dawn of June 16th was ushered in by the booming of a single gun. It was the signal for a general assault. Scarcely had its echoes ceased before the Turkish host moved forward to the exhilarating sounds of cymbals and other instruments of military music.

“War music, bursting out from time to time,  
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime.” \*

Four thousand arquebusiers were told off, in the first place, to shoot at any soldier who might show himself on the walls. The bold advance of the troops appointed for the assault, and their rapid ascent of the breach to come to close encounter with their foes, soon

---

\* *Lalla Rookh*, Canto II., *sub fine*.

superseded this office of the sharpshooters. They ceased their fire, lest friend and foe should be involved in one indistinguishable slaughter. Then commenced a very agony of contention. Christian and Turk, having exchanged shots with each other, and having shattered their swords and broken their pikes in the fury of the *melee*, seized each other by the body and tried, at the point of the poignard, which had the claim to be the stronger. The Knights, too, had prepared in expectation of this assault a special weapon of offence. They cast down upon their assailants large iron circular hollow hoops filled with liquid fire, which being of a considerable diameter, enclosed three or four soldiers at a time in their fiery embrace, burning their limbs, and setting on fire their long flowing cotton robes and silken turbans. They threw also small earthenware globes filled with fire, which had a train attached to them, something after the manner of a modern fusee, and which exploded with a terrible effect in the thick of the troops, and caused much detriment to the besiegers. Hour after hour rolled by, and the conflict was continued without the Turks gaining or the Christians losing an inch of ground.

While this main attack was thus obstinately contested at the extremity of Mount Sceberras, a minor assault was made on another and different part of the fortification. This fort was on one side washed by the sea.

"Its varying circle did combine  
Bulwark and bartizan and line,  
And bastion, tower, and vantage coign—  
Above the booming ocean leant  
The far projecting battlement." \*

Thirty Turkish sailors, seeing from their galleys a rampart on the sea-face which they imagined to be feebly defended through its guards being summoned to take part in resistance to the general assault, bound themselves by an oath to get possession of it. They landed from a large boat, and with the aid of their ladders climbed up the face of the rock. This rock, however, was within reach of the cannon of St. Angelo, and Valette forthwith fired a well-directed shot which killed several of the sailors, and caused the remainder to desist from their undertaking. The Grand Master and his companions occupied a most unenviable and tantalizing position during this conflict of their brethren and friends. They were near enough to hear the very shouts of the combatants, the thunder of the cannon, the volleys of the musketry, and all the confused and multiplied noises of the battle. They could tell by the sounds the various alternations of the fight, and to which side befel the temporary success or temporary disaster; but they were impotent to help, and except on this one solitary occasion, were unable to lend any decisive aid or co-operation. At the expiration of six

hours, the Knights, though they were most of them wounded, burnt by the heat of the noonday sun, and worn out by fatigue, had the happiness of hearing the trumpet sounding a retreat, and of seeing their enemies abandon their attack. The night of the Moslem recoiled in wonder and perplexity from that rock-hewn, sea-washed fortress, defeated and driven back by the stern prowess and unflinching courage of the Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean. The termination of the combat was announced to their companions in the Borgo by the shouts of the victors, and the air brought back to them the echoes of their sympathetic acclamations and rejoicings. Three thousand Turks fell in this great struggle, while three hundred men-at-arms and seventeen Knights was the price of victory to the conquerors.

On the following day, June 17th, a council of war was held by Mustapha and Dragut. The Algerine Admiral insisted that no surrender of Fort St. Elmo can be looked for so long as fresh troops could be sent by Valette for the reinforcement of its garrison. For the future prevention of any such communication, he summoned his fleet of galleys to set a close watch upon the short space of coast between St. Elmo and the Great Harbor, lined the cliff with marksmen, under strict orders to keep an unerring watch, and erected a new battery close to the margin of the sea and able to



rake with its fire the entrance to the harbor. While, however, in the act of tracing the exact position for his new entrenchment, a cannon ball fired from St. Angelo killed his chief engineer by his side and wounded him severely in his right ear. He fell suddenly, and blood flowed rapidly from his nose and mouth. Mustapha Pacha, who was with him, ordered that a cloak should be thrown over him to conceal his wound from the soldiers, and that he should be borne to his tent; and thus, as we shall see, Dragut received his death-wound in the act of suggesting measures which secured a victory in which he had no participation.

After an interval of five days' rest, Mustapha Pacha, well assured that those active and energetic plans of his colleague had prevented any introduction of fresh troops into St. Elmo, determined, on Friday the 22nd of June, to lead his army to another general assault. Confident, however, as he felt of victory, he learnt to his cost that the victory was not on that day to be won. Three several times did his bravest Janizzaries mount to the assault, and three separate times were they driven back by the impregnable living barriers of the resolute defenders of the fortress. The Knights, however, knew too well that without renewed help from their chief there must be an end to their exertions, and they were one and all resolved what that end should be — a hard fight and honorable death in combat with the

foe. At nightfall on this eventful day they determined to make one last effort to communicate with Valette, to state to him their intentions and to receive his orders. They entrusted a letter to a strong swimmer, who cleverly escaped the many dangers of his perilous and spirited attempt, and reached St. Angelo in safety.

Valette and his companions could not resist so urgent and pathetic an appeal from friends so dear and brave. He determined to hope against hope, and without delay, under cover of the night, attempted to reach St. Elmo, to remove or to reinforce its garrison. He despatched five large transports filled with his bravest and trustiest commanders and soldiers. His intention was quickly discovered. The new battery designed by Dragut sounded out the loud note of warning. The whole cliff was at once alive with the musketry of the arquebusiers. The guns of the cordon of ships opened upon his crews, and so great was the opposition to his venture, that his transports were driven back with their noble enterprise unaccomplished. The attempt at rescue, and its failure, were quickly known at St. Elmo, and the Sea-Kings, defenders of the fort, acknowledged to each other that their last days on earth were numbered. They determined to spend them like Christian men. Seldom has a more solemn and affecting scene been recorded in the long annals of human history. These last survivors of a band of

heroes, wounded in limb, scarred in face, wan and pale with days of care and nights of watching, met for the last time for the sacred offices of religion in a small but picturesque vaulted chapel within the fort. Abandoning all expectation of deliverance, surrendering every hope of life, they prepared themselves with calm confidence for their mournful but inevitable fate. Mutually confessing their faults, and saluting each other with sad and affectionate embraces, they communicated together in the office of the mass, and interchanged their vows to accept no conditions of surrender, but to die together in defence of their Faith and Order. At the conclusion of that touching ceremony, there was yet another duty almost more affecting to be fulfilled. Many in this band of surviving warriors were so blinded or otherwise injured by their wounds that they could not walk by themselves. Others were so weak that they could only be moved on chairs or litters, yet all these insisted on being so placed that they might take a part, however small, in this last final defence of their citadel; and it was the trying task of the uninjured to convey their sick companions to the breach, that each might there meet his end in harness, and lie down at the last on his bed of honor.

“Though few their numbers, theirs the strife  
That neither spares nor speaks for life.” \*

With the morning's early dawn of Saturday, June 23rd, the Turkish host again rushed to the assault with a reckless impetuosity which betokened an assurance of victory. The Christian band of heroes, too reduced in numbers to maintain the outworks, awaited the attack in a collected body at the breach. Each and all defended themselves with a marvelous courage only inspired by a contempt of life and a wish for death. Some opposed their foes by hurling on them masses of stone, with jets and circlets of fire. Others rushed forward into the serried ranks of the masses, as if assured of another victory. Others, who could not stand or walk, fired with their muskets, while some whose powder failed obtained a supply from the pouches of their slain companions. At last, after a contest sustained against immensely disproportionate numbers for the almost incredible space of four hours, the defenders found themselves reduced to the small band of sixty persons. But even this little company, inflamed with a despair of life, made their enemies fear them. Chevalier La Mirande, the chief commander of the Knights of Spain, the highest officer left in the fort, who had distinguished himself throughout the whole protracted siege, seeing that the breach was about to be forced, rallied his soldiers, and encouraged them to exert themselves, and to prolong the defence. They, in obedience to his wish,

“Within a narrower ring compressed, beset,  
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet.  
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
Hemm’d in, cut off, cleft down, and trampled o’er;  
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,  
And sinks outwearied rather than o’ercome;  
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,  
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death.” \*

Pacha Mustapha, finding the breach so nobly held by the small band of surviving warriors, and dreading the effects of their furious courage, recalled by sound of trumpet his men from the attack, and thus paid a final compliment to the heroism of his opponents. It might have been supposed that the Ottoman leader, overcome by the manliness of his foe, might have offered such terms as honorable men could have accepted. No such thoughts entered into his mind. The purpose of his temporary cessation of the conflict was soon apparent. He had withdrawn his troops for no chivalrous purpose, but that he might place his marksmen on every ravelin, bastion, rampart, and coign of vantage he had gained, so that his arquebusiers at a safe distance might fire upon their prey. Many of the survivors thus fell under the distant fire of their enemy. At the hour of eleven, five hours after the commencement of this last struggle, the Turkish host again renewed the attack, with frantic cries of gratified hatred and revenge. La Mirande, D'Eguerras, and their few remaining soldiers, over-



whelmed with the multitude of their assailants, died boldly at their posts; and that terrible final assault was only ended by the want of combatants, and by the death in the breach of the last Christian soldier.\*

This dearly-bought triumph was celebrated by the Moslem with firing of cannon, the loud fanfarons of the trumpet, and the tumultuous acclamations of the host. Pacha Mustapha sent some officers of high rank to announce to Dragut the capture of the fort. They found the chieftain in the last agony of death. A momentary gleam of satisfaction on his countenance, and the raising of his hands towards heaven, as in token of gratitude, were the only signs he gave of his consciousness of the glad tidings brought to him, and then with one sigh expired. This possession of St. Elmo, the weakest, most isolated, and unprotected of the forts of Malta, was dearly purchased, by the wound of Piali, the death of Dragut, who had the wisest head and the boldest heart of all in that mighty host, and in the loss of 8,000 of the best soldiers of the Sultan. The Knights and their men-at-arms who perished in the conflict were numbered at 1,300. These brave men died nobly in the performance

---

\* This fearful assault only came to an end for want of combatants, and by the death of the very last Knight. Such are the words of Vertot, the historian of the Order, Lib. XII., *sub fine*. Some accounts state that a few soldiers escaped by swimming to Fort St. Angelo, and that nine were captured by the galleys set to watch the coast from St. Elmo to the Great Harbor. The narrative of Vertot seems most worthy of credit.

of their duty. Their heroic resolution and disinterested self-sacrifice secured the safety of their island and the eventual defeat of the Ottoman expedition. They encouraged their companions to an emulation of their virtues, and have left to the end of all time a memorable example of patient suffering, of high-souled patriotism, and of the rewards and honors ever rendered to a steadfast perseverance in the known path of duty.

“How blest are they who sink to rest,  
With all their country’s wishes blest!” \*

Many sad reprisals accompanied the termination of this first act in the drama of which Malta was now the scene. Pacha Mustaphā is reported to have gashed the bodies of the Knights in the form of a cross, and to have fastened them headless upon wooden crosses nailed to heavy planks, and so to have floated them into the Great Harbor, to be seen by Valette and his Brotherhood.

“With barb’rous blows they gash the dead,  
And lop th’ already lifeless head.” †

The Grand Master is said, in his turn, under an exasperation at witnessing these cruelties, to have murdered his Turkish prisoners and to have fired their heads from his cannon into the Moslem entrenchments on Mount Sceberras. The dictates of charity suggest a hope that there is no truth in these stories, so revolting

---

\* Collins.

† Byron, *Siege of Corinth*.

alike to humanity and civilization. There is more reason to believe the saying attributed to Mustapha as he stood in saddened triumph on the ramparts so dearly gained, and as he probably called to mind the hard-won possession of Rhodes, "How much will the parent cost, when the child which is so little, has lost me so many brave soldiers!" What greater compliment could be paid than this melancholy panegyric of the conqueror to the heroism of the "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean"?

## CHAPTER IX.

### VALOR AND VICTORY.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure;  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure."

*Sir Galahad*—TENNYSON.

THE fall of St. Elmo changed the whole tactics of the siege. John de la Valette called together at once a council of his friends, and addressed them in language worthy of a Christian soldier. "They who have died so nobly at St. Elmo have attained to that which a good knight should most long for, a glorious death in behalf of his faith and country. If need be, we will imitate their example. But there is no cause for despair. The number of the enemy is diminished. Their army loses day by day from disease. Their commissariat and ammunition are being exhausted. The capture of St. Elmo will help them but little in their attack on our forts. We may expect reinforcements from Sicily and Europe, against which they will make no effectual resistance." This address of their leader was received

with enthusiasm, and the members of the Brotherhood renewed their mutual vows to defend their home with their lives. Valette did not only deal in brave words, but performed bold acts of defiance and defence. He called in a portion of his troops from Notabile, appointed four Knights, with the title "Captains of Succor," to render help wherever it might be most needed; united the two sides of the fortress by a floating bridge thrown across the Port of the Galleys; and commanded his soldiers to grant no quarter, partly in reprisal for the cruelties exercised at St. Elmo, and partly in precaution, lest the provisions laid up in store should fail. Valette was further strengthened by the timely arrival, in this crisis, of 250 gallant soldiers from Sicily, who made up to some slight extent for his losses at St. Elmo, and encouraged him and his brave companions in the hope of further European assistance. Among these new-comers were two English cavaliers, whose names have been recorded as Sir John Smith and Edward Stanley.\*

---

\* These were not the only Britons present at the siege. Sir Oliver Starkey, private secretary to Valette, and present throughout all the events recorded in these chapters, was an Englishman. He survived his noble friend and patron, and wrote this epitaph for his tomb:—

"Ille Asiæ Lybiæque pavor, tutelaque quondam  
Europæ, edomitæ sacra per arma Getis—  
Primus in hac alma quam condidit urbe sepultus  
Valette æterno dignus honore jacet."

"The terror of Asia and Africa, the shield of Europe, the conqueror of the



Pacha Mustapha, fully conscious of the peril of his situation, and fearful alike of the failure of his own resources at that distance from his country, and of the reinforcements promised by the Viceroy of Sicily to his opponents, was anxious, on his part, without procrastination or delay, to commence further operations. He marked out a line of trenches completely round the two great fingers of land occupied by the main fortress of his opponents, and, because he could not dig into the rock, protected them with parapets of earth and stone. He compelled his slaves and sailors to plant his sixty-six great siege pieces in nine different batteries, in a continuous chain, from Corrodino, by Burmolt and St. Margaret's Hill, to Bighi. By the advice of his engineers he chose the Castle of St. Michael, at the extremity of Point Sanglea, and the proximate bastion of Castile, as the first points of his attack. To assist in the reduction of the fort of St Michael, he placed two batteries opposite to it; one on the upper cliff of the Mount Sceberras, the promontory between the two harbors; and the other below, on the margin of the water. For the possession of the bastion he depended on his batteries on the steeps of Corrodino and Bur-

---

Turks, Valette, worthy of eternal fame, was the first buried in this famous city, which he built."

Sir Oliver Starkey is buried by the side of Valette, in the catacombs of St. John's Con-Cathedral Church, in the city of Valetta.

mola. He resorted to another expedient worthy of particular mention. He made a smooth road of planks,\* and, by the assistance of the crews, soldiers, and slave-rowers, under the lash of their severe task-masters, hauled eighty galleys for nearly two miles, across the neck of land which separated the ports; and thus obtained, without breaking through the chains and palisades guarding its entrance, a perfectly safe access for his vessels into the Great Harbor, and the important aid of the co-operation of his galleys in his contemplated attacks on the sea-defences at the fortress at Point Sanglea. Valette obtained early information of this latter design in a somewhat remarkable manner. One day a Knight named Saroguerra, in the command of Fort St. Michael, observed a man, clad in the rich dress of a superior officer of the Turkish army, making signs to him as if anxious to join him. He reported the matter to Valette, and asked his leave to venture across the harbor, attended by his esquire, to inquire what was meant. In the meanwhile the Turkish sentinel had observed the signals, and had communicated with his captain, who suspecting treachery, sent a band of soldiers to bring the man in as a prisoner. On perceiving their

---

\* A similar expedient was adopted by Mohammed II. at the siege of Constantinople. He made "a smooth road of planks along the five miles of land which intervened between the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and a large division of the Turkish galleys was hauled along it, and safely launched in the harbor."—Creasy's *History of the Ottoman Empire*, vol. i., p. 130.





approach he jumped into the water, and commenced swimming across, when three Maltese sailors immediately dived off Saroguerra's boat to his assistance, and, with their aid, in spite of the shots of the Turks, he reached in safety the opposite bank. On being brought before the Grand Master he told his romantic history.

“My name is Lascaris. I was born a Greek, of a noble Christian family. I was captured as a boy at the siege of Patras. On account of my noble birth I was educated with care, and trained as a Janizzary, in which corps I am now a spahi or captain. I have, however, never forgotten nor forgiven the wrongs done to my parents and my country. I have always determined, if opportunity permitted, to return to the faith of my fathers and of my baptism. If you will accept me into your ranks, I will fight by your side, and serve you with fidelity as long as I live.” Valette received him after this speech with open arms, admitted him to the order of knighthood, and found him a brave soldier and wise counsellor throughout the remainder of the siege. In consequence of the important tidings which Lascaris brought, Valette adopted additional methods of defence. He strengthened the ramparts of St. Michael's Fort, barricaded the entrance of the Port of the Galleys by a strong chain stretched from St. Angelo to Sanglea, and protected with a battery on either side; and constructed a huge stockade of masts, an-



chors, and massive beams, bristling with long iron spikes, from Sanglea Point to the Point of Corrodino, to prevent all approach of the vessels to the foot of his walls and fortifications. These vast defensive operations, conducted with the greatest secrecy, and only worked at during the hours of darkness, were after nine nights effectually completed.

This huge stockade gave rise to the first actual conflict in this second stage of the siege. Mustapha, enraged at finding his projects thus anticipated, and the purpose of his vast effort in bringing his galleys into the Great Harbor rendered comparatively useless, determined to remove this formidable impediment. He ordered the best swimmers in his fleet to arm themselves with hatchets, and to remove during the night this obstacle to his manœuvres. The noise of their blows and strokes soon made their movements known to the besieged. The guns of St. Michael's Fort, and the fire from the bastion, opened upon them, but they could not be made to reach so low a level. The Maltese sailors, on this being known, leapt at once naked into the water, with their short swords in their mouths, and attacked the hatchet-men with the utmost impetuosity. This singular episode in naval warfare — this unique contest of naked men in the water by moonlight — lasted but a short time. The hatchet-men, after a brief but desperate struggle, were obliged to yield to the

skill and superior swimming of their opponents, and the stockade was saved.

Mustapha attempted on the following night to affect, by cunning, what he had failed to do by force. He again sent his swimmers in the darkness to fasten strong ropes and cables to the stockade, in the hope of destroying it piecemeal by tearing away separate portions of it without noise and without discovery. The watchfulness of the sentinels quickly gave the alarm, and the Maltese swimmers again challenged their opponents, and cut away the ropes and cables with swords and knives.

Four full weeks had now passed since the fall of St. Elmo, and towards the end of July Mustapha opened fire from his batteries in the first general bombardment of the fortress. From all the neighboring heights, Corrodino, Burmola, St. Margaret, and Calcara, one intermittent circle of fire blazed around the forts and town. Some damage was done to the walls, but not enough, in Mustapha's opinion, to justify an immediate assault. In this position of affairs, the Turkish camp and general were greatly enlivened and encouraged by the arrival of a powerful ally. Hassein, the young ruler of Algiers, son of the famous Corsair Barbarossa, and son-in-law of Dragut, sailed into Marsa Muscetto Harbor with a contingent of 2,500 veteran troops, who had by their valor in many a hard-fought naval battle earned

for themselves the honorable appellation of “the brave Algerines.” Both they and their youthful leader were inflamed with the most vehement desire to wrest from their rivals the supreme dominion in the Mediterranean, and more especially to avenge the death of Dragut. Hassein, shortly after his disembarkation, entreated Mustapha to grant him permission to make an assault upon the fortress, and confidently assured him of the certainty of his success. The Pacha complied with his request, and entrusted him with 4,000 soldiers of the Sultan in addition to his own Algerines. Hassein arranged for a twofold attack. He appointed Canelissa, his chief Admiral, to conduct the marine troops against Fort St. Michael, while he himself led an assault from the mainland against the other extremity of Sanglea, the bastion of Castile.

No circumstance nor ceremony was omitted which could give dignity to this occasion, or increase the confidence or indignation of the soldiers. The vessels conveyed across the neck of Mount Sceberras were now for the first time brought into use. This fleet of eighty galleys moved at the break of dawn from its moorings, and made ready for its part in the conflict. Its advance was conducted with all the solemnity of a religious procession, as if the warriors on board were about to perform an act of pious duty in avenging on their enemies the loss of their chief. A long low

barge was rowed first, which conveyed a large company of Mufti and Marabouts, Mahometan ministers of religion. These men, arrayed in their rich sacred robes, were divided into two lines of several ranks along each side of the vessel. With loud alternate voices they chanted their prayers and invocations for a blessing on the standards of their countrymen, or read from the Koran imprecations on the Christians. On the cessation of these litanies there next arose from all parts of that splendid armament a mighty swell of military music. Drums, cymbals, fifes, and trumpets joined in the loud alarum, and stirred with inspiring strains the hearts of the assailants. Then arose the wild shout of the soldiers :—

“ Vengeance was the word :

From man to man and rank to rank it passed,

By every heart enforced, by every voice

Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.” \*

Canelissa, in the first place, drove his foremost galleys, with all the collected strength of his rowers, against the stockade between Sanglea and Corrodino, as if the might of his will must command and enforce a passage. His effort was in vain. He next endeavored to turn this stockade to his advantage, and, by planking it over with boards and beams, to use it as a bridge by which he might lead his soldiers to the foot of the ramparts. This device, though cleverly designed,

---

\* *Rhoderick*, 714.

and courageously attempted, was also unsuccessful. The boards were too short to reach the required distance, and the *chevaux de frise* were so unevenly made that they could not be balanced, and, in addition to this, the troops were exposed to so fierce a fusillade that no hardihood could stand against it. Canelissa, however, as if inspired by the very breath of the battle, had discovered, with an eagle glance, that there was a space between the fort and stockade at which it was possible to obtain a footing for himself and troops. He boldly advanced to the spot, effected a landing with a body of his Algerines, and then, either in a spirit of vain glory or presumptuous courage, or in a moment of infatuation, ordered his boats to retreat, and to leave him and his men upon the shore. The African Corsairs, thoroughly habituated to this mode of warfare, and animated by the presence and example of their chief, with their scimitars in the one hand, and their scaling ladders in the other, exerted themselves to the utmost to climb the ramparts. The contest in this close conflict with their adversaries was long and sanguinary,

“The crags are red they’ve clambered o’er,  
The rock-weed’s dripping with their gore;” \*

but in the end the mad fury of the Algerines overcame all resistance, and for a time they were masters of the

---

\* Moore’s *Fire Worshipers*.



lower platform of the fort, and planted their standards in triumph on the wall of St. Michael's.

Pacha Mustapha, who had anxiously watched the progress of his ally, despatched ten galleys laden with fresh troops to his assistance. These boats never reached their destination. By some mismanagement they were steered within point-blank range of the cannon of St. Angelo, and the commander of that fort, by a well-directed discharge of his guns, sank the larger part of the vessels, and destroyed their crews. This incident imparted encouragement to the Knights, and struck dismay into the hearts of their opponents. The gallant Monte, the commander of Fort St. Michael, being strengthened by the presence of Valette, and of some of his Captains of Succors, with their soldiers, turned upon Canelissa and his Algerines with redoubled determination, and, after a severe struggle, drove them headlong from the platform. The chieftain, who was foremost in the attack, was the first in flight. Afraid of falling into the hands of adversaries who gave no quarter, he retreated with the utmost precipitation, and leaped into the water to save his life. The Algerines followed in pell-mell confusion. Each strove in his panic to outstrip his companion in the quickness of his flight. Without boats, shelter, or means of resistance, they were slain by the sharp knives and poignards of the Maltese swimmers, who pursued them in the water,

or were destroyed by the arrows of the cross-bowmen, or shot by the musketry from the ramparts. In vain did they plead for mercy, and clasp, in their agony, the hands of their foemen. The only answer was the death-stroke, with the stern words of indignant retribution, "St. Elmo! St. Elmo! the pay of St. Elmo!" The host on which that morning sun had shone, gay in its panoply of war, mad in its anticipation of revenge, reckless in its taunting challenge to its foes, was driven back at noon a baffled, broken, and disordered rabble. The terrible carnage may well be described in the burning words of the poet, recounting the discomfiture of the Gheber soldiery by the bands of Hafed —

"What ruin glares! what carnage swims!  
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs;  
Lost swords that ~~drest~~ from many a hand  
In that thick pool of slaughter stand.  
Wretches who wading, half on fire,  
From the tossed brands that round them fly;  
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;  
And some, who, grasp'd by those that die,  
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er  
In their dead brethren's gushing gore." \*

While this fierce contest was waged by Canelissa on the shore, a no less furious assault was made by Hassein on the mainland. He did not fare better at the bastion than his lieutenant on the beach. Supported

---

\* Moore's *Fire Worshipers*, 274.

by his bold Algerines, he gained the summit of the breach, but could advance no further. The serried ranks of warriors, who defended the gaping chasms in their walls, proved a barrier of mail he could not pass. In vain were his prayers, menaces, and promises. In vain his appeal to the memory of Dragut, and to the vengeance due to his wrongs. His experienced veterans found an opposition with which they were hitherto unacquainted. Time after time they rushed to the assault, time after time were they driven back, till at last they retreated, with thinned and disordered ranks, and confessed their inability to wrest the coveted stronghold from the foe.

The events of this exciting day were not concluded with this two-fold defeat of the invaders by sea and land. Mustapha, desirous to achieve a triumph where his allies had failed, and anxious to strike a blow before his enemies had recovered from the fatigue and weariness consequent on their unparalleled exertions, determined to make a third immediate attack, and hoped, by the numbers of his troops not hitherto engaged, to prevail in the assault. In the afternoon heat of that midsummer day, within five hours of the retreat of Hassein and Canelissa, he marshalled his Janizzaries, and led them in person to the breach. Prodigious efforts were made on either side. The Sultan's soldiers, emulous of success where their Algerine auxiliaries had failed, re-

newed the attack again and again. Combatant met combatant in single contest, and the point of the dagger was the final arbiter of the fight; yet the Sea-Kings, in their serried ranks and brazen panoply, careless alike of hunger or thirst, sealed by a sense of duty against weariness or complaining, persevered in holding their own with untiring intrepidity. At last, with the lengthening shades of evening, the Turks retired from the struggle, repulsed for the third time on that hard-fought day. The fiery valor of Valette, the concentrated courage of his companions, the vigorous co-operation of the unarmed inhabitants of the town, who assisted their brave defenders by bringing them refreshments in the strife, and by preparing ammunition, and all those fiery projectiles of offensive warfare rendered so familiar in the narrative of the capture of St. Elmo, had again prevailed. Who can realize the mixed feelings which, at the close of that long day, must have prevailed in the mind of the victorious Grand Master? Which most preponderated — satisfaction at his resistance, still successfully maintained, regret at the loss of so many valiant and beloved companions, or fearful anticipations about the future? In the midst of his perplexities he must have experienced one source of unmixed consolation, that on that day he had nobly done his duty.

"Example is a living law, whose sway  
Men more than all the written laws obey." \*

The next few days after this great effort were passed in comparative inaction. Mustapha, in the hope of bringing his battery nearer to the Castile bastion, erected on Burmola the large wooden framework which he had brought from the arsenals at Constantinople. Valette, alarmed at the near proximity of this monster apparatus to his walls, sent out on two successive nights a band of trusty soldiers to destroy it. His attempts were on each occasion frustrated by the vigilance and numbers of the Turks. At last he determined to overturn it with the advantage of daylight, and appointed to this service his own nephew, Henry de Valette, a most gallant and spirited Sea-King, and his brave friend and companion, Chevalier Polastra. These two noble youths succeeded in reaching the works of the battery, and in placing their ropes and grappling-hooks on the wooden framework, but, being unsupported by their musqueteers and men-at-arms, were both killed. Then ensued a brief but most desperate struggle. The Janizzaries, anxious to secure the reward set by their general on the head of every Knight, and the men-at-arms, stung to the quick at the death, by their remissness and fault, of two brave and beloved leaders, were equally determined to gain possession of the bodies. The Christian soldiers prevailed in the contest, and carried away in honorable safety the corpses of the heroes. Valette, watching from the ram-



part the result of the sortie, was well aware of the fate of his nephew, and went forth to meet the sad procession bearing the lifeless burdens to the walls. Although the brave old man loved his nephew as the apple of his eye, he shed no tear nor uttered any voice of lamentation. He calmly replied in these majestic words to the sympathy of his companions: "Believe me, all my Knights are equally dear to me. They are all my children. I grieve for Polastra as much as for Henry. And after all, I have no cause for sorrow. I shall probably be as they are in a few days. If succors do not soon come, I shall not live. Should the fortress fall, I shall rush sword in hand upon the thickest of the foe, and find my sepulchre in its ruins." The Grand Master that night avenged his nephew by a successful destruction of the apparatus, in attempting to overturn which he so gallantly sacrificed his life.

Pacha Mustapha, after consultation with Hassein, Canelissa, and Piali, who had now recovered of his wound, determined on making a general and simultaneous assault on every side of the fortress. Tuesday, the 7th day of August, was fixed upon for this momentous undertaking. On the morning of that day extreme life and excitement pervaded the Moslem camp. The whole army was astir. The gathered companies of the Turkish marines, under the command of Piali, made an attack upon Borgo and its neighboring

ramparts, defended by the Knights of France, Provence, and Auvergne. The previously attempted bastion of Castile was again assaulted by Prince Hassein and the thinned ranks of his veteran Algerines.

These onsets, however, though designed as portions of the general assault to occupy the attention of the besieged, were only false and feigned issues of the operations. The real design aimed at was the possession of Fort St. Michael. Against this castle Mustapha led in person the best of his troops. Rank upon rank of Janizzaries, arrayed in their brilliantly-colored turbans and rich robes, and divided into their companies of archers, arquebusiers, and swordsmen, with pennons waving and trumpets braying, rushed impetuously, with frantic shouts, towards the fort. The leading columns were broken by a discharge of the large guns and by the musketry from the walls. Heedless of the fall of their companions, the soldiers continued their advance, and gained possession of the breach; and here they were brought into immediate collision with the stalwart phalanx of the Knights and of their mailed chivalry. For four long hours the combat raged with various alternations of success. Large numbers of the townsmen and of the women took part in the contest, and hurled from the ramparts burning oil and hoops of fire. The Turks, enraged at the injuries inflicted on them, hacked, hewed, and killed, without distinction of sex,

all whom they could reach. Mustapha, with sword in hand, persevered in maintaining his hold upon the breach, and being manfully supported by his soldiers (who fought with an enthusiastic resolution, as if the victory depended on the exertion of each single arm), was just on the point of driving back his opponents, worn out by the agony of a contest maintained by so few against so many, when a shout of despair, heard above all the tumult of the battle, fell upon his ear. Fugitives from his camp rushed in the madness of panic-fear among his troops, and announced evil tidings of defeat and massacre from a new and unlooked-for army. Mustapha sounded a retreat, and called back his soldiers in the very blossom and assurance of their triumphant possession of Fort St. Michael. He soon found that there was no occasion for alarm,

“And blushes o’er his error, as he eyes  
The ruin wrought by terror and surprise.” \*

The stampedo of his people was quickly accounted for. A few soldiers from Notabile had attacked his tents and slain the sentinels during the absence of the troops, and this simple incident had been magnified into a new army of European reinforcements. This diversion of their friends saved the brave Sea-Kings in this hour of extremity. Mustapha never again found himself so near the goal of his hopes and the accomplishment of his ambition.

The failure of this great effort had an injurious effect upon the Moslem soldiery. Fatalist in their opinions, apt to judge of the final issue of events by the temporary omens of a present good or evil, short of provisions, visited with disease, encamped upon a bare rock without shade or shelter, they began to despair of success. Nor was Mustapha, on his part, desirous to incur at once the chance of another repulse. His real hope lay in his superiority of numbers. His policy was to weary out his opponents, and to exhaust their strength, so that they should become too weak and weary to continue their resistance. He did not in most cases allow his soldiers to proceed to the assault, nor to mount the breach, nor to engage in actual conflict, but he made them keep their opponents in a constant state of alarm, by frequent cannonades from the batteries, by pretended assaults, by cries of threatened onset, and thus compelled them to an incessant watchfulness by night and by day.

On two occasions only were these feigned encounters changed into real ones. On Saturday, the 18th of August, precisely at noon, in the very hottest part of the day, when it was known that the brave champions of the Cross would be, according to the custom of the country, at their midday meal, or resting from their fatigue beneath the shade of their walls, a sudden assault was made on the two weak points, Fort St. Mi-

chael and the bastion of Castile. The garrison was for once fairly surprised. Valette was in the Church of the Borgo, kneeling in prayer, as was his wont at this hour, when the great bell of the building tolled out the well-known signal announcing an attack. So rapid and unlooked-for was the onset of the Turks, that they had reached the summit of the breach in the Castile bastion without resistance. An ecclesiastic of the Church of San Lorenzo, where Valette was kneeling, rushed in with the evil tidings that the bastion was taken, and cried to the Grand Master to secure his safety in the Castle of St. Angelo, not far from the church. Valette, not stopping to examine the truth of this story, but taking in haste his sword and hat from the pages in attendance, summoning his "Captains of the Succors" to the rescue, and collecting, as he passed, as many followers as he could, set upon the foe with so much vehemence, that he drove them from the rampart, and once more secured the continued safety of the fortress.\*

Some kindly hand in the Ottoman camp gave timely warning of the second of these assaults. An arrow shot into the fortress, inscribed with the word "Thursday," caused Valette to believe that another attack was to be made on that day. The rumor of this intended

---

\*This very hat and sword of Valette are still preserved in this church of St. Lawrence, in the Borgo, in Vittoriosa.



onset spread with the rapidity of wild-fire throughout the garrison, and reached the Knights and soldiers in the Infirmary, whereupon these sick and wounded men, emulous of the fame and fate of their brethren at St. Elmo, insisted, one and all, in being at their posts of duty upon the ramparts, declaring that they preferred to die in the breach, rather than to be murdered in their beds by a victorious and vindictive foe.

The anticipations of Valette were verified. On Thursday, August 23rd, the fortress was again exposed to the fury of a second general simultaneous assault. From the Castle of St. Angelo, by the Borgo, St. Margaret's, Burmola, the bastion of Castile, down to St. Michael's Fort, at the extremity of Sanglea, along the whole circuit of the walls, every practicable breach was attempted by the Moslem. Many an act of daring signalized that memorable day. One is worthy of particular mention: a Turkish chieftain, named Chedar, a Sangiac in Africa, in his richest dress, adorned with glittering jewels, advanced with his men to the breach of the bastion of Castile, and insisted on his standard-bearer holding aloft his ensign during the attack, as if in defiance of the enemy. Soldier after soldier, entrusted with this dangerous but honorable office, was cut down; when his last man was slain, Chedar, taking his standard in his own left hand, and his scimiter in his right hand, rushed upon his foes, and "foremost

fighting fell." But every effort of valor, or of foolhardiness, was in vain. The defenders of the ramparts, strong in the conviction that in victory was their only safety, hesitated not, at the cost of their lives, to resist their assailants. In no one place on that day of trial did the marines of Piali at the Borgo, or the Algerines of Hassein at the Castile bastion, or the Janizzaries of Mustapha at Fort St. Michael prevail, until at last once more the Ottoman trumpets sounded a retreat, and the Turkish battalions returned to their entrenchments baffled, beaten, and discomfited; in fact, the issue of this day's struggle was favorable to the defenders, for in a sortie on the retreating foe a redoubt was captured from the Turks, and was permanently secured for the better protection of the besieged.

The failure of this second great attempt at a general assault proved to be the beginning of the end. The struggle had been now protracted through more than three months. Turks and Europeans were equally exhausted. The gallant Sea-Kings, wearied and worn, with skeleton frames, shrunken visage, unkempt locks, unwashed faces, and maimed limbs, with their walls mined, their forts scarcely manned, their resources crippled, were seriously discussing the necessity of relinquishing the fortifications on the Sanglea promontory, and of concentrating their efforts and their remaining soldiers in the defence of the Borgo, and the stronger

citadel of St. Angelo. Nothing but the brave heart, honest eloquence, and personal authority of Valette prevented so disastrous and unworthy a conclusion to such a gallant and honorable defence.

The besiegers, in their turn, were in an equally desperate condition. Finding that they could not get possession of the fortress by night or by day, by open assault or secret attacks, by covert sap or dauntless escalade; fearing too that their ammunitions and provisions were alike deficient, yet not willing to return to their imperial master without some spoils or retinue of slaves to testify their partial triumph, Mustapha and Piali resolved to watch the fortress while they attacked Notabile,\* and carry back to Solyman a report of the capture of the capital of the island. Notabile lay within six miles of their entrenchments, and could not fail, they thought, to become an easy prize to their yet numerous and well-appointed army.

The Chevalier Le Masquita, the Governor of Notabile, was a gallant and trustworthy soldier, who well

---

\* Notabile, now more commonly called Citta Vecchia, was for many centuries the only town in Malta. It has borne in the lapse of ages several different names. First it was called Melita, the same name as the island. Then it was designated by the Saracens Medina, or the Great City. Next it received the name of Notabile, from Alphonso the Magnanimous, King of Spain, who in a State paper, A. D. 1423, spoke of Malta as "the most precious jewel in the crown." Lastly, on the completion of Valetta, the islanders called Notabile, by way of distinction, the Old City, or Citta Vecchia.—*Townsend's English Guide to Churches of Malta*, p 41.

knew his duty. He had already proved his energy and spirit on his well-timed march upon the deserted camp of the Ottomans, and now he was not to be persuaded into betraying his post, or yielding his town without a struggle into the hand of foes whom his brethren at St. Elmo and the Borgo had resisted so successfully and so long. Although really conscious of his own weakness and inability to maintain a siege, as his garrison had been mostly withdrawn to supply the places of the slain heroes of St. Elmo, yet, on the approach of the Ottomans, he assumed a bold front, and showed no sign of fear or weakness. He returned a defiant answer to Mustapha's summons to surrender. Dressing up the townsmen and women as soldiers, and placing them on every bastion, ravelin, and rampart, he fired his cannon from all his batteries, so that, on Mustapha consulting his engineers, they declared there could be no immediate hope of succeeding by escalade or assault against a town so well fortified and defended. Mustapha gave up his intention in despair, and returned to his camp dispirited and deceived.

He had not, however, much time to brood over his misfortunes. The long-expected succors from Europe were at hand. On Thursday, the sixth of September, a flotilla from Sicily sailed into Melliha Bay laden with troops. As soon as authentic knowledge of this fact reached the Turkish camp, a general panic ensued.

The siege guns were left in the batteries. The galleys brought into the Great Harbor at so much cost of human labor were relinquished, and, amidst a general consternation, soldier and general, sutler and sailor, slave and chieftain, vied with each other who should be the foremost to gain the ships yet left either on the open sea, or in the Marsa Muscetto Harbor. These tidings of deliverance had not yet reached the defenders of the fortress, and great was their surprise at sunrise on Friday, September 7th, to find an unusual silence everywhere prevailing. No cries of the Turks nor echoes of the cannon saluted their ears. What did it mean? The trumpets of the Janizzaries clamorously summoning the galleys, the battalions hastening in disorder to the sea-shore, quickly revealed the truth. The foes who had so long harassed them like hungry wolves thirsting for their blood, and who were on several occasions on the very verge of attaining their desires, were now leaving their walls in ignominy and defeat. The hour of their deliverance had arrived,

“And, far and wide as eye can reach,  
The turbaned cohorts throng the beach.” \*

Valette, in his righteous rejoicings, did not forget his duty as a soldier. He sent forth his men-at-arms to level the entrenchments and to destroy the siege-works of the Turks. Then women and little children, priests,

---

\* Byron, *Siege of Corinth*.



and populace, hastened in their glad freedom from restraint to assist in a work so congenial to their feelings. The long labors of weeks were in a few hours frustrated and demolished.

Such was the termination of this great contest, famous alike in its duration and in its results. The successful exertions of Valette and his brave companions marked the turn in the ever since receding tide of Mohammedan conquest. The defenders of Malta in this crisis were the protectors of Christendom.

Sorrow and joy, tears and laughter, are fountains of emotion diverse in character, yet very close beside each other in the human heart. How deep must have been the joy, how pure the thanksgivings, which arose within the heart of Valette as, yet pale, wan, and wearied, he went up amidst the congratulations of his brave soldiers, and the grateful acclamations of his people, to return thanks in the Church of San Lorenzo, the Cathedral of the Borgo, for his great deliverance! How severe must have been the grief, and bitter the mortification, of his foes, as, before their galleys had left the shores of Malta, they saw again elevated in all its ancient pride, upon the fortress of St. Elmo, the standard of the White Cross, the flag of the Order they detested, the symbol of the Christian Faith, the token of the victory of the "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean"!

## CHAPTER X.

### MERIDIAN GLORY.

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human kind pass by."

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*.

THE Sea-Kings, after this baptism of fire, were left in peaceful possession of their island home. The noble hero of the siege and his brave companions transferred their residence from the battered walls of the Borgo and Sanglea to the promontory of Mount Sceberras, where they built a noble city, adorned with palaces, auberges, and hotels, and strengthened with massive ramparts, deep and broad trenches, and strong fortifications, and named it Valetta. The fortunes of the Order from this period grew brighter and brighter. The Grand Master of the Hospitallers occupied a proud position among the potentates of Europe. As in England the Archbishopric of Canterbury, with its rank next to the blood-royal, and with its princely income, is a prize said to be within the reach of the son of every peasant in the land, so the Grand Mastership of the Order of St. John appealed to the aspirations of the

chivalry of Christendom, in placing within the sight of every individual member of its community the possible possession of a throne. The chiefs of the Sea-Kings assumed on their election all the distinctions and prerogatives of sovereign princes. They had a mint, fleets, and soldiers; ambassador representatives at the courts of Europe, guards of honor, high officers of their household, salutes, carpets to walk on for state occasions, letters addressed in royal style, and the observance towards them of all the august ceremonies accorded to royal personages.

The navy during this period, as in their earlier history, was the chief source of their glory. It won the great naval battle of Lepanto, October 7th, 1571; captured the town of Patras, A. D. 1601; fought with and defeated, on several occasions during the seventeenth century, large Turkish armaments off the coast of Greece, Barbary, Candia, and other places in the Mediterranean. These famous sea-captains of Malta attained a greater reputation than at any preceding time, and rendered valuable assistance to the commerce and general interests of all European countries. The English sovereigns, Charles II., James II., and Queen Anne, owned, in autograph letters yet extant, their acknowledgments to the Sea-Kings for their efforts to liberate from hostile incursions the waters of their great inland ocean. This chapter will be devoted

to the narrative of some of the exploits of these great naval captains during this era of their meridian glory.

The first of whom I shall speak will be a young and illustrious Sea-King, Jean Baptist Spinola. His career commenced in disaster and misfortune, but ended with reputation and honor. Appointed to the chief command of the squadron of Malta, in the early spring of A. D. 1700, his first voyage was remarkable for the loss of his flag-ship in a contest with a Tripoline cruiser considerably larger than his own vessel. He sailed from the Grand Harbor, Valetta, on Thursday, the 15th day of February.

“The crew with many shouts their anchors weigh,  
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea.” \*

On the next morning he found himself off Cape Passero, in Sicily, with a heavy sea in the channel, and a freshening wind. Shortly after daybreak he sighted a ship about two leagues S. E. The stranger soon descried the Malta galleys, and, putting out more canvas, made off to the eastward, showing Tripoline colors. Spinola immediately signalled for a general chase, and his vessels pursued the enemy with a press of sail, and with the utmost exertions of the rowers. The wind increased to a gale, but the young and sanguine leader refused to reduce his canvas, and met with his first disaster in the splitting of his main-sail. The damage

---

\* Dryden.

was quickly repaired by a new and smaller sail, and his consort vessels reduced their sails to keep company with the flag-ship. In about an hour after this accident the "Capitana" came abreast within musket-shot of her opponent, who instantly saluted her with a fusillade of musketry. The "Capitana" replied with a similar fire, for, as it happened, neither of the vessels could use their larger guns,—the Tripoline through her decks being overcrowded with merchandise, the flag-ship through having no cannon at her sides. The "Capitana," being much lighter than her antagonist, was driven by the wind far ahead to the leeward, and was compelled to make a long tack to recover the weather-gage. Having made his tack, Spinola signalled to his consort to follow his example, and to prepare to grapple and board as soon as he should set them the example. The galleys bore well down on the Tripoline, the flag-ship leading; but as she again approached, the Corsair opened for the second time a well-sustained musketry fire, by which the Admiral's brother, Dominic Spinola, several Knights, and many rowers were wounded. The flag-ship, in spite of the havoc caused by this discharge, held on her course, with the design of steering so as to get beside her foe. But just as she was about to accomplish this bold manœuvre, a huge sea broke and caused her to swerve, so that the Tripoline, borne along under courses and topsail, struck her



with great force, and fairly staved in her bow, so that she instantly foundered. Her consort vessels hastened to her aid; and their crews made every effort to rescue their companions, but so high was the sea, and so rapid the sinking of the ship, that very few escaped. Spinola himself was among the number. Fully dressed in his knightly cuirass and armor he leapt into the sea, and with difficulty reached his consort galley, the "St. Paolo." The Tripoline crusier made off in the confusion, and, with every sail set to the wind, escaped.

The most intense grief afflicted the Sea-Kings on this unusual event—the loss of their flag-ship at sea; Raymond de Perellos, however, the Grand Master at this crisis, would not allow Spinola to be blamed or called in question. He manfully declared that it was his misfortune more than his fault—that he had nobly done his duty, without rashness and without cowardice—and reappointed him to his supreme command of the squadron. Spinola a second time left Valetta, in the month of May, with a fleet of six vessels, and though animated with the keenest desire to repair his late misfortune and to vindicate his fame, was again doomed to encounter only danger and calamity. His galleys were shaken and dispersed by a violent tempest, and he was compelled to conduct them home to careen and to refit. On this second trouble he was looked upon by many as fated not to succeed; but still Perellos

stood his friend, and resolved to continue him in his high office of Admiral-in-Chief for the remainder of the cruising season, and so afford him a third chance of retrieving his destiny.

Spinola did not himself despair of success, and most ardently desired an opportunity of meeting once more an enemy on the seas. In the month of September a rumor reached him of a large vessel of war being employed in conveying a rich cargo of merchandise from Alexandria to Tripoli, and he determined to leave the harbor and to keep a strict look-out in the course probably to be taken by this ship. Early in the morning of Monday, October 7th, a large square-rigged vessel was reported some seven leagues off, E. N. E. The signal for chase was immediately given, but although every exertion was made, by spreading every stitch of canvas, and by plying each oar with might and main, the ship was not overhauled till past three o'clock in the afternoon, and then by only three galleys, the rest being still far astern. Spinola commenced the combat with his own bow guns as he came within the requisite distance, to which his adversary replied with the guns in her stern; but quickly coming up breast to breast with his opponent, he let fly a broadside from his flag-ship, to which a like reply was made with much spirit and confidence. This mutual interchange of cannonades enabled Spinola's two foremost galleys to get also

abreast on the other side of his huge antagonist, and the Commander-in-Chief, impatient of achieving a victory, and fearful of his foe's escape in the approaching gloom of evening, made signals to his consorts of his intention to attempt to board the enemy, and of his desire for their co-operatoin. The three galleys were at once rowed simultaneously to the attack, the flag-ship being a little in advance, when just as the flag-galley, propelled by the full force of her oars, was on the point of striking with her prow, the Algerine pilot shifted his helm so opportunely that Spinola's vessel missed her stroke, and shot by under her adversary's stern to leeward. The flag-ship thus became exposed to the Alexandrine's starboard broadside; and if the guns had not been pointed too high, then had the Admiral-in-Chief paid with his life and with the destruction of his ship the penalty of his boldness. In the meanwhile the next Maltese galley placed herself alongside the enemy, in the exact spot where her consort was to have been located, and succeeded in grappling and throwing some of her crew into the ship. Spinola quickly returned to the attack, and fastened his vessel to the stern of his opponent, and soon succeeded, in his turn, in boarding her.

At this moment the three Maltese were thus placed: the flag-ship was grappled to her adversary's stern; her next consort had lain herself alongside on the larboard

quarter, at the third port-hole from the stern; and on the same side, further forward, the third galley had also grappled her antagonist. The crew of the Algerine having been driven, after a stout resistance, from the lower decks, crowded upon the forecastle, resolved to perish rather than surrender. Chevalier de Millard, Lieutenant of the flag-ship, rallied a band of Turkopoliers and led them to the attack. A desperate encounter ensued. The Mohammedans, in frantic excitement, fought with the recklessness of madmen; but at last the cool, determined valor of the Sea-Kings prevailed, and the Algerines gave tokens of submission. A small band of desperadoes made good their retreat to the powder-magazine, and, with lighted matches in their hands, threatened to blow up the vessel unless the Admiral, whom they addressed as the Capitaine Pacha, would come in person and promise them life and liberty. Spinola complied with their demand, and came forward in person to treat with them. When, however, they saw so young and beardless a man, they could scarcely be persuaded that he was the Capitaine Pacha, and suspected that some trick was being practised on them. At last, being convinced of the truth, these desperadoes came out of the hold and presented their lighted matches to the Admiral, who at once cast them into the sea.

Spinola, however, did not terminate his danger on

this occasion with this gallant capture of his prize. "If," he writes in his report of his victory, presented to Perellos, "I had to exert myself to save the ship from fire, I had to work equally hard to prevent her being swallowed up by the greedy sea; for I was some time in doubt whether we should be able to secure her from foundering. Her lower-deck ports had been carelessly left open, though there was a heavy sea running, consequently the water was rushing in on her lower deck. As those whose duty it should have been to assist me in remedying this evil were only intent on looking out for booty for themselves, and as in a moment of general confusion it is always difficult to get people to act together, I was placed in a situation of most anxious embarrassment. At length, with the zealous assistance of the Commander Vimercati, I collected a few good hands, and we closed the port-lids, making all safe."

The night was far spent before the Admiral left his prize to return to his own galley. His first act on reaching his own deck was to kneel down and return thanks to God for the victory he had gained, and next, to adopt measures for the care of the wounded, the disposal of the dead, and for the safe convoy of the captured ship to Malta. The prize thus so gallantly won proved to be the Alexandrine sloop the "Beningshami," pierced for eighty guns, but having only sixty-



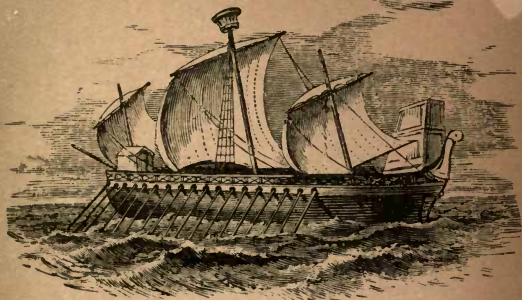
six mounted, and sixteen swivel guns, with a crew of 155 Turks. She was laden with wheat, barley, oil, and other provisions, and had on board several merchants bound from Alexandria to Tripoli. Her cargo was sold at Malta for 20,238 scudi. Of her crew only 120 were found alive, of whom thirty-three were wounded. The loss on board the galleys was very considerable. Five Caravanserists were killed and five wounded. Nine of the crew were killed and fifty-seven wounded; and of the rowing-crews three were killed and twenty-two wounded. Vimercati, who had already done such good service, was intrusted with the command of the prize; and on the 11th October the "Beninghami," escorted by her conquerors, entered with safety the Great Harbor of Valetta. Thus did the gallant Spinola retrieve his character, and he, who on his departure had been regarded as fore-doomed to misfortune, was now hailed as a successful commander, to whom, after the capture of so large a vessel as the "Beninghami," no achievement would be too great. On Tuesday, October 15th, the Grand Master and his Council attended in state the Con-Cathedral of St. John, when a "Te Deum" was sung for the victory; and a picture, representing the action at sea, was ordered to be painted on the wall in the gallery of the palace, where it is to be seen to this day.

Raymond de Perellos, who at this time ruled in

Malta, was a great naval reformer. Convinced by the untoward loss of the "Capitana," and by the generally dilapidated condition of the galleys, that the time was come when his fleet should be entirely reconstructed, he undertook the task with all the energy of his individual character, and with all the weight of his official authority. He took active steps to provide the necessary funds, and ordered four large ships of war for strengthening and refurnishing his navy. Two of these, named the "St. Catherine" and the "St. Joseph," he intrusted to his own shipwrights in the dockyards of Valetta, and directed that they be pierced for fifty-six and forty-six guns respectively, while he defrayed from his own purse all the charges of the smaller vessel. He obtained the permission of Louis XIV. to have two ships, named the "St. John" and the "St. James," constructed in the royal arsenals at Toulon, and pierced to carry sixty guns each, from the designs and under the personal superintendence of the *Sieur Columbo*, naval architect to the king. The cost of each of these two vessels was estimated at 150,000 scudi, or about £12,500. The "St. Joseph" was the first finished of these four new ships in the month of December, A. D. 1702. On its being launched, it presented a curious instance of mal-administration; for though built to carry forty-six guns, only eighteen of that number were available, the rest being placed too near the water to

be used except in the calmest sea. The two Toulon ships were finished in May, A. D. 1704, when the "St. Joseph," escorted by some galleys, sailed for that arsenal, and brought them in safety to Valetta. A twelve-month was consumed in furnishing the new ships with their effective complement of provision and of guns, so that the spring of A. D. 1705 had arrived before the whole new squadron was ready for sea. Perellos entrusted the supreme command to a French Knight, a famous Admiral in Louis XIV.'s navy, the Chevalier Francis Anthony de Castel St. Pierre, and gave him for his lieutenants the Chevalier Francis de Cintray, Captain of the "St. John;" Commander De Mareuile, Captain of the "St. James;" Commander De Lanyon, Captain of the "St. Catherine." The Grand Master, resolved to do the utmost honor to so memorable an occasion, personally invested the new Admiral with his command. On the day appointed his Eminence proceeded, with a suite of Grand Crosses, Commanders, and Knights, to the Marina, opposite to which the four new ships were anchored, dressed with all their ensigns, flags, pendants, and quarter-cloths. The Commander-in-Chief had laid down a stage or bridge, richly carpeted, adorned with banners and with a triumphal arch.

At the moment the Grand Master put his foot on deck the whole squadron saluted with salvos of artillery







and of musketry. His Excellency was then introduced into the state cabin under the poop, which was hung with crimson damask. In the centre was placed his magisterial chair of state, on a magnificent carpet, with simple chairs on each side for the Grand Crosses. His Excellency courteously declined to take his seat, and remained standing before the chair of state, having the Admiral-elect on his left, and the Grand Crosses on his right hand, arranged according to their priority of rank. The officers of the squadron were then introduced, and the Grand Master Perellos thus addressed them: "We have elected an illustrious Knight, a famous sea-captain under our cousin the King of France, to be the chief commander of our fleet, and we desire you to obey him as if he were ourself in person." This done, all the officers, on bended knee, kissed his Excellency's hand. At the conclusion of this ceremony, refreshments of various kinds were handed round by the Caravanserists\*

---

\* The expeditions against the Turks were called "caravans." Every Knight entitled to command a vessel was compelled to serve in four caravans, and those who had so served were called "Caravanserists." One year's continuous service on ship-board counted for two caravans.

This may be a suitable opportunity to give a brief account of the ships in ordinary use in the Mediterranean at this time. Each naval state of importance had one large ship or caracca, which was the flag-ship of the state, and reserved for the passage of kings, ambassadors, or persons of high distinction, and used on special occasions for warlike purposes, or for the transit of cargoes of special value. These caraccas had three fixed masts, and were from 162 feet in length above the deck, to 133 feet by the keel, and 32 feet

and other Knights, after which the Grand Master went all over the vessels, and inspected their rowing-crews.

These rowing-crews deserve a passing notice. They were for the most part negroes, or men originally peasants, fishermen, or sailors, taken from the vessels of the Turks in their numerous naval conflicts. Sometimes merchants or traders were found among them, though persons in this condition of life generally ransomed themselves, by the payment of money, from captivity. If they failed to do so, their unhappy fate was a bondage lasting their life. These rowing-crews, when on shore during the winter, were lodged in the two slave

---

wide. They had thirty-two or more banks of oars, with six men to each oar. They carried three batteries of cannon, the lowest of which were thirty-six; middle, twenty-four; and highest, two-pounders. The complement, including rowers, mustered 1,000 men.

The ordinary fighting-ship by which the naval triumphs of the Sea-Kings were achieved was a smaller vessel—the galley. These were low-built vessels, navigated with oars and sails. They were from 120 to 130 feet long, 15 feet broad, and 9 to 10 feet deep. They had two masts, with lateen sails, which might be elevated or lowered at pleasure. They carried from three to five pieces of artillery, one of which was a large bow-chaser. They had from twenty-five to thirty banks of oars, each of which had two or three rowers chained to the bench. These were worked by slaves; but, failing these, freemen were hired, who were known under the name of *Buonavoglia*. The crew amounted to 250 men, over and above the rowing-crew.

There were also in frequent use another kind of galley, called galiots, and half-galleys, light and swift, with seldom more than fifteen to twenty banks of oars, used chiefly by Barbary Corsairs. There were several kinds of vessels in common use on the Mediterranean at the early part of the eighteenth century:—

prisons, one in the Borgo close to the dockyard, in the Port of the Galleys, and the other in the Strada Christophero, Valetta.

The chief prison of the Borgo consisted of a series of low vaulted chambers, hewn in the solid rock, with small windows for the admission of light, protected with huge iron bars. The poor sufferers wandered at their will through these chambers, in which, in retired corners, were small chapels or mosques, and apartments devoted to the use of the sick. The prison in Valetta was a large brick building, divided into small rooms; and while the slaves in the Borgo were employed during the winter in working by gangs in the dockyard,

**Tartanes:** a craft having one mast, carrying a large lateen sail, a small mizzen mast, with a kind of ring-tail slide, and a bowsprit with jib sails.

**Londra:** a low barge-like craft, with oars and sails, used as a market-boat.

**Pink:** a lateen-sailed three-masted craft, with a high and very narrow stern, and flat deck.

**Xebec:** a vessel with three masts, the mainmast inclined forward; a strong prow; at end of stern a raised platform with narrow floor, and convex to throw off water, with a platform for crew to work the guns, generally from fourteen to twenty-four in number.

**Speronara:** with one sail well forward, undecked, and movable mast, and rather flat-bottomed.

**Felucca:** a long, light, narrow craft, with oars and sails, two lateen-rigged masts bending forward. Formerly their rudders could be used at either stern or bow, as both ends were provided with the necessary googings.

**Brigantines:** not like English and American brigs, but light undecked vessels, with oars and sails. They carried twenty-four oars, rowed by one man; much used by Corsairs, the crew acting as rowers, and keeping their arms under the thwarts ready for immediate use.

arsenals, and fortifications, those confined in Valetta were more specially employed in making blankets, woollen cloths, and the clothing worn by themselves and by their companions in misery. Every man was obliged to wear a cap, on which was fixed a tin plate bearing a number, by which alone he was known and entered on the list. These caps, according to their color, marked the character of the wearer—gray, green, or red distinguishing the idler, deserter, or thief. The cruelties exercised by the taskmasters upon these poor victims were almost beyond belief. Howard the philanthropist relates that he saw the wounds of a slave, which had begun to mortify, relentlessly rubbed with bark, in spite of the excruciating cries of the sufferer. On another occasion, when he noticed the rings and pulleys fastened in the wall for the punishment of the slaves, he declares that a jailer told him that he had seen drops of bloody sweat on the breasts of those submitted to the torture.\* The most severe service of all imposed upon the slave was the bench of the galley, for not only was the labor the hardest, and the fare the poorest, but there was also the frequent peril of the combat, and almost certain death if the vessel were to founder while they were fastened by their ironed ankles to the floor. Some few of the more favored of these poor creatures were admitted to the easier yoke of

---

\* Howard's *Lazarettos of Europe*, p. 53.

domestic bondage, and waited at the banquet, and lived in the households of their masters. This license, however, proved to be a source of danger; for the slaves were so numerous, and so united and bound to each other, that on more than one occasion they had planned a revolt, and would more than once, except for a timely discovery of their design, have perpetrated on their lords a dire vengeance and effectual extermination.

The new fleet, reconstructed at so much cost, and inaugurated with so splendid a ceremonial, gained in its first yearly cruise but few and barren honors. The only prize during the whole summer was a small Tripoline galiot. The squadron caught sight of her off Pantellaria, on Friday, June 15th, and immediately gave chase. The sea was perfectly still,—one of those dead, motionless calms frequent in the Mediterranean, when the surface of the water seems to be solid as a polished mirror, undisturbed by breath of air or ripple of ocean. There was no hope of approaching the flying vessel, except by superiority in rowing. For eleven long hours, without rest or intermission, did the rowing-crews, throughout the heat of that cloudless midsummer's day, toil at their oars. So great were their exertions that several slaves, over-taxed in strength, expired on their benches under the lash of their taskmasters. At midnight the "St. Joseph" came up first



with the fugitive, which, seeing so numerous a fleet, surrendered without resistance. The crew only consisted of thirty-six Turkish sailors, so that the squadron reaped from their conquest little either of profit or of reputation.

The proceedings of the second year were more satisfactory. On the morning of Wednesday, May 1st, A. D. 1706, the squadron was off the island of Staffenda, when three large square-rigged vessels hove in sight. A pursuit was at once ordered. The hostile ships, when first seen, were heading in shore, but quickly tacked out to seaward, and set their canvas to the wind. The chase continued throughout the whole day and the following night; but at the dawn of Thursday, May 2nd, the "St. Joseph," the fastest sailer in the fleet, having considerably outstripped her consorts, found herself within gun-range of the strangers. As soon as the light permitted she hoisted her ensign. In answer to this the pursued ships exhibited English colors, although their build, sails, and general appearance showed plainly that they had not unfurled their proper flag. De Cintray, in the hope of inducing his foes to fly their own colors, ran up the large standard of Malta at his mast's head. The commanders of the three foreign vessels at once, in reply to this challenge, hauled down the English, and ran up the Turkish flag, and, as if in proud defiance, or in the scorn of hereditary hate, fired a gun from every ship.

The Maltese Admiral, having discovered for certain the presence of foemen, would not commence the combat against so greatly superior a force without support. He was content to continue the pursuit throughout the whole of a second day. The sea was calm as a lake, and with the daybreak the wind fell, so that the chase depended entirely on the rowers. In the evening, at sunset, a favorable wind again sprang up, which brought the Maltese squadron so well forward during the night, that, as the morning of the third day lightened, De Cintray again found himself to be within gunshot of the enemy. Without further delay, he determined to commence the action by firing upon the vessel nearest to his ship. While her commander courageously accepted the challenge, the two foremost of the hostile fleet, putting on all the canvas they could carry, deserted their consort, and left her to fight alone. The commander and crew of the remaining ship fought most gallantly, for when their masts and sails had been destroyed by the guns of the "St. Joseph" they boldly plied their oars, and drove with all their force against their foe, in the hope of sinking or of boarding her, and of yet wresting the victory from their conquerors by the greater superiority of their soldiers in numbers and in musketry. This brave manœuvre was attempted in vain. The pilot of De Cintray was enabled to frustrate the movement by his skill in steering. The contest

was, however, still persevered in by the Turks; and the combat was only decided by the coming up, at the end of two hours, of the remaining slower vessels of the Maltese fleet, when the Turkish commander, seeing that all chance of a successful resistance was over, drew down his ensign in token of surrender. The prize proved to be the "Rose of Tunis," mounting 43 guns, with a crew of 400 men, of whom 300 were trained soldiers. The conflict was most disastrous to the Turks, who numbered 70 killed and 40 wounded, while her antagonist had only one killed and six wounded. Fifteen Christian sailors found among the rowers were at once released, while the Turks were assigned as slaves. The squadron after this victory set sail homewards, and entered the Great Harbor with their prize on Tuesday, May 7th, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants. The "Rose of Tunis" was so well found and serviceable a vessel, that she was allotted a store-ship to the fleet, under the new name of the "Santa Croce." The commander, De Cintray, was shortly after this brave exploit sent in his ship, the "St. Joseph," to Civita Vecchia, to attend as the representative of Perellos at the court of Pope Clement XI. In his letters to the Grand Master he records the following interesting circumstances in connection with this visit to Rome:—

"The Chevalier Rospiglioni gave a musical entertain-

ment, called an 'oratoria,' to all the principal personages in Rome, the splendor of which can hardly be imagined, and would be impossible to describe. The orchestra, placed in a sort of amphitheatre erected for the occasion, was composed of eighty instruments, in the hands of the best professors of Rome, under the direction of the famous violinist Corelli,\* and the vocalists were some of the most celebrated in Italy: among whom was the Musico Quiquini, so renowned for the beauty of his voice. Exquisite refreshments added to the charms of the evening. It would have been scarcely possible to enjoy an equally brilliant fete in any other city of the world."

This brief extract from De Cintray's correspondence reveals the true character of the man. He was not a mere rough sailor, familiar with the fury of the battle or the coarseness of the deck; but a polished knight, fitted to adorn, and able to appreciate the amenities and refinements of, a court.

In the year 1709 A. D., Perellos and his Council made some important changes in the organization of their fleet. The four largest galleys, named the "Capitana," "St. Louis," "St. Mary," and "Petrona," were associated with the four ships of war in the operations of their summer cruise. The combined fleet of eight vessels, while coasting, under the command of

---

\* Corelli Arcangelo, born in Italy, 1653. He died at Rome, Jan. 18, 1713.

Chevalier de Fleuringy as Chief Admiral, along the shores of Italy, met, on Friday, June 24th, an English merchant-ship, the master of which reported that he had spoken on the preceding day with the flag-ship of the Algerine navy, in company with a tartane, a smaller vessel of war, and pointed out the direction in which they were sailing. De Fleuringy instantly ordered his united squadron to give chase; and on the morrow, Saturday, June 25th, the two vessels were discovered with their sails furled, waiting at the entrance to the Adriatic for any vessel they might be strong enough to attack. The wind being light, De Fleuringy ordered the four galleys to tow the flag-ship "St. John," which happened to be a long way ahead of her consorts, and to press on in pursuit. The Tripoline cruisers, when they found themselves in danger of an attack from a superior force, crowded sail and encouraged their rowers, and made every effort to escape. The attempt was useless. At the end of four hours "St. John" came within gun-range, and her adversary, seeing that there was no escape from the conflict, prepared for action. The tartane took no part in the fight, but lashed herself to the side of her consort, not exposed to the fire of her opponent. The "St. John," being kept steady and in a good position by hawsers attached to the galleys, two of which held her by the bow and two by the stern, let fly broadside



after broadside in long succession with terrible effect on the hull, mast, rigging, and sails of both vessels; until the Admiral, observing that the Tripoline ships were becoming unmanageable, and that the breeze had freshened, signalled to the galleys to cast off the ship, and then, trimming his sails to the wind, speedily laid his vessel closer abreast of his larger adversary, and poured in his broadsides at a shorter distance.

“The linstocks touch, the ponderous ball expires;  
The vig’rous seaman every port-hole plies,  
And adds his heart to every gun he fires.” \*

In a short time the Tripoline flag-ship was seen to be on fire, which quickly spread to the tartane lashed to her side, and both vessels were quickly wrapped in flames. The crews in tumultuous haste leaped from the decks into the sea. The “St. John” at once ceased firing, and removed to a safer distance; while, at a signal from De Fleuringy, every galley lowered her boats for the blessed work of mercy and rescue. The hands which a moment since had been raised in hostile fury against foemen, were now clasped by those very opponents in closest friendship as friends, saviours, and deliverers.

“For however their duty bold tars may delight in,  
And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam;  
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,  
He’ll feel more by compassion when turn’d to a lamb.” †

---

\* Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*.

† Dibdin.

The flag-ship thus vanquished carried 56 guns, and a crew of 500 men; while the tartane mounted 10 cannon, with a crew of 150 men. Out of these more than 400 were saved from their double peril of fire and water by the exertions of their conquerors.

The annual cruise of the Maltese fleet in the next year, A. D. 1710, was inaugurated by changes in the vessels and in the officers in command. The flag-ship, the "St. Joseph," was found to have been so much injured in her contest with the Tripoline flag-ship that she was no longer fit for service. Her place was supplied by the "Santa Croce," lately the "Rose of Tunis," which was transferred from a store-ship to the higher honor of a vessel of war, and being armed with 40 guns and provided with a crew of 250 men, became henceforth a permanent addition to the war squadron. The gallant De Cintray was appointed to the command-in-chief, and the brave and experienced Adrian de Lanyon was made his vice-admiral. Never did the navy of the Sea-Kings achieve, through all the annals of its history, a higher reputation, or reach a higher pinnacle of glory, than during the leadership of these two illustrious sea-captains, De Cintray and De Lanyon. They gained, in the course of the summer, many costly prizes; but the chief adventure of the year was a prolonged and sanguinary contest conducted against a vastly superior force by three vessels of the squadron

off the coast of Africa. On Thursday, the 6th of June, six ships, sailing under Algerine colors, were sighted at daybreak off Cape Bon. The Sea-King Admirals, undismayed at their inferiority of numbers, immediately gave chase. The spirit of the two antagonists may be described in the famous English sea-song —

“We ne’er see our foes but we wish them to stay;  
They ne’er see us but they wish us away;  
If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore,  
For if they won’t fight us, we cannot do more.” \*

The Algerines, recognizing the white cross at the mast-heads, scudded away before the wind as fast as they could, and directed their course for a strong and friendly fort on the island of Galatea. After a run of four hours they were compelled to tack, that they might make the harbor. This manœuvre brought them within the range of the guns of the flag-ship, the “St. James,” when De Cintray fired on them with his upper-deck guns. The Algerines, without altering their course, replied with their stern guns, but failed to strike the Admiral’s ship, which pressed so closely upon the fugitives that they could not venture on a second tack required to gain the port, but were obliged to run by it. They passed, however, so near the fortress protecting its entrance, that five guns were fired at De Cintray’s ship, but without effect. The Admiral, however,

---

\* David Garrick.

almost immediately experienced a worse disaster. In his anxiety to overtake the runaways, he put out so much canvas that his mainmast was carried away and his topmast was badly sprung by the wind. This misadventure gave the "St. Catherine," the Vice-Admiral's ship, the foremost position in the chase. At nine A. M. she overhauled the hindermost vessel of the Algerines, named the "Cavallo Bianco."

"She bears her down majestically near,  
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier." \*

After a short and hot encounter, the "St. Catherine" shot down the sling, chain, and foretopsail yards of her antagonist, and otherwise did much damage to her rigging; and having thus disabled her from pursuit, or from further present mischief, pushed on in the chase with an eager desire to overtake the remaining fugitives. At noon, about eight hours from the commencement of the chase, the "St. Catherine" fairly came abreast of the enemy's ships, when her gallant commander, heedless of the number of his foes, steered his ship right into the midst of them, thus placing two on his starboard and three on his port side. The sea being tolerably smooth, the "St. Catherine" approached close to one of the ships named the "Beecher," and firing a well sustained simultaneous broadside, brought down her mizenmast and foretop sails. The

Algerine Admiral, with a laudable desire to help his consort, tried to place his ship between the "St. Catherine" and her antagonist; but hardly had he commenced the necessary manœuvre before De Lanyon discovered his intention, and so cleverly luffed his ship that he was enabled to pour his other starboard broadside into the Algerine flag-ship, and shot down her mizen topmast also, whereupon the Admiral, with his three remaining ships, crowded all sail, and left his gallant comrade, as he had already relinquished the "Bianco Cavallo," to his fate.

On perceiving the flight of these vessels, De Lanyon, instead of resuming the action with the "Beecher," devoted himself to the repairs of his own ship. The Algerine commander-in-chief, supposing in his turn that the "St. Catherine" was disabled, and would fall an easy prey to his arms, returned to the attack, but was met by the "St. James," which had now arrived on the scene of conflict, and poured her broadside with so good effect on the Algerine flag-ship that her commander, with his three uninjured vessels, finally took flight. It was now seven o'clock, and the night set in with such thick darkness and rain that there was no alternative left but to discontinue the conflict. When the morning dawned, the disabled "Bianco Cavallo" and the four other Algerine vessels had entirely disappeared. The "St. James," "St. Catherine," and



"Beecher," were alone in sight, and widely separated. The two Maltese ships succeeded in joining each other about noon, and about two o'clock in the afternoon bore down together upon their bold antagonist of yesterday's fight. Then ensued a running fight for two long hours. The leading ship, the "St. James," discharged her guns on her adversary as frequently as she could do so with any chance of reaching her, and the "Beecher," without staying her course, replied with her swivel and stern guns. About four o'clock, the course of the "Beecher" was sufficiently slackened to allow the "St. Catherine" to come up with her consort and to join in the fight. By a well-directed fire the "St. Catherine" shot away the mainmast and fore-castle foreyard of the "Beecher," while a well-directed shot from the "St. James" cut away part of her poop and flag-staff.

The intrepid captain and crew, nothing daunted at the dismantled state of their vessel, or at the diminution of their numbers, but encouraged by the nearness of Rasin Gibel, their proposed place of refuge, persevered in their course, and plied their oars with the utmost resolution and perseverance. De Lanyon, determined if possible to sink his adversary rather than see her escape, approached as near as he could, and poured in a broadside at close quarters. The storm of iron, hurtling and crushing through her timbers, knocked

two or three port-holes of the "Beecher" into one;—

"Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,  
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels;"

yet she remained afloat, and quickly resumed her course to the friendly shore, favored by wind and current, and still impelled by the energetic strokes of her rowers, who were seen working at their oars, stripped of every rag of clothes, in momentary expectation of being obliged to swim for their lives by the ship sinking under their feet. These herculean efforts were at last rewarded with a well-merited success; for they had arrived so near the shore and port that the Maltese admirals, in spite of their desire to capture so brave an antagonist, deemed discretion to be the better part of valor, and gave up the chase.

There is a curious fact recorded in connection with this contest. At the time it commenced, a malignant fever prevailed on board the "St. Catherine," causing severe illness and mortality among the crew; but as soon as the combat began, it ceased. De Cintray, from whose journal these details are obtained, attributed this sudden cessation of illness to the disinfectant power of gunpowder. It is more probably to be accounted for by the force of mental influences and of intense physical excitement.

In this protracted encounter the "St. Catherine" fired 607, and the "St. James" 465, cannon balls; and

the two ships together discharged 3,550 rounds of musketry. The "St. Catherine" received during the fight 143 cannon shot into her hull, while the masts, sails, and rigging in each vessel were very much injured. They were both incapacitated for further present service, and made their way as speedily as they could to the island of Lampedusa, for refitting and repairs. The incidents of this memorable contest are to be recognized to this day among the illustrations of the sea-fights painted on the walls of the palace at Valetta.

De Cintray and his gallant Vice-Admiral, De Lanyon, were again entrusted with the command of the fleet in the next summer, A. D. 1711. They made their first cruise towards the African coast. On Wednesday, April 16th, their squadron, consisting of the four ships of war, the "St. James," "St. John," "St. Catherine," and "Santa Croce," sighted at the distance of four leagues a large vessel carrying the Algerine flag. At about 3.30 P. M., the wind blowing fresh from the west, the "St. Catherine" got within range on the enemy's starboard beam, and opened fire. The Algerine at once returned her shot, and thus the two ships continued to interchange their fiery compliments for more than an hour, at the expiration of which time the Algerine's sails and rigging had been greatly cut up, while she had in her turn shot away her antagonist's main topsail yard, and effected other serious damage.

The "St. John" came up at the end of this first hour of the fight, and placing herself at the enemy's port side, let fly a broadside and a volley of musketry. The Algerine, in no way daunted by this double onset, replied to each vessel by her alternate broadsides, and poured a thick fusillade of small arms and swivel guns on both her foes. In one of these volleys the brave De Lanyon was slain, being shot by a bullet through his heart. Just at the moment of his death, the "St. James" and the "Santa Croce" joined in the fray, and opened fire on the devoted Algerine. The commander of the vessel, in the face of these fearful odds, persevered in his resistance for three hours, and only hoisted the white flag at 6.30, when his ship was dismantled and unmanageable, and many of his crew slain. At the moment of his striking his colors, the "St. John" was crossing the bow of the vessel, and, whether by accident or design, a volley was fired from the Algerine right among her crew, whereupon she poured in at close quarters another broadside. On this the slave rowers on board the Algerine began shouting for mercy, calling out that the ship had surrendered and struck its flag.

The prize on this occasion proved to be a gigantic ship which the Ottoman Sultan had presented to the Dey of Algiers on his receiving from him the keys of the fortress of Oran, and which had been made

by the Algerines the flag-ship in their navy. She was pierced for 46 guns, but had only 36 mounted, so that her defence against the united squadron opposed to her was gallant and desperate. She carried a crew of 400 men, of whom a fourth part were killed or wounded in this attack. The loss of the assailants was disproportionately small, only three men killed and six wounded; but the death of the brave captain of the "St. Catherine" dimmed the laurels of victory, and cast a gloom over the whole fleet.

After a delay of two days for the necessary repairs, the four ships, with their prize in company, towed by the "St. John," made sail for Carthage, for the more honorable interment of the body of the Chevalier De Lanyon. A little naval episode occurred on the voyage. On Tuesday, April 22nd, the united squadron, being twelve leagues south of Cape de Ferro, fell in with a French frigate, the "Adelaide," under the command of M. Capitaine Pallas, who was in chase of a Turkish galiot, one of the famous Salie rovers, who preyed indiscriminately on all Christian vessels. The galiot, finding there was no chance of escape, and preferring rather to fall into the hands of the Sea-Kings than of the French, steered straight for the vessels of the squadron. M. Pallas, however, contrived to cut her off, and compelled her to surrender when within a league of the nearest Maltese vessel, the "St Cather-



ine." After the capture, the "Adelaide" edged down to the squadron, and having saluted with seven guns, took boat and paid the Admiral a visit of ceremony. De Cintray demanded a share of the prize, asserting that the squadron was entitled to it, as having assisted at the capture. The commander of the "Adelaide" refused to acknowledge the claim, declaring that his ship had been engaged in the chase for five hours, and that the "St. Catherine" had contributed nothing to his success. De Cintray was obliged to content himself with a protest, as he could not resort to force against a frigate bearing the flag of so illustrious an ally and of so powerful a Christian monarch as Louis XIV. The squadron reached Carthagena in safety without further adventure on Thursday, April 24th.

Immediate preparations were made for the solemn ceremonial for which they had landed at this place. At eight o'clock A. M. on the next morning, Friday, April 25th, the coffin containing the body of the brave De Lanyon was conveyed in the launch of the "St. Catherine" to the Mole at Carthagena. De Cintray, with a retinue of Knights, commanders, and officers, and with a guard of honor, composed of 120 mariners of the squadron, accompanied the launch in several boats, with oars muffled. The funeral cortege was received on the Mole by Don Francis de Monocon, the governor of the fortress, attended by the chief officers

of the garrison. A solemn procession having been formed of the clergy of the Cathedral, of the monks and friars of the different convents, of the chief residents in the town, and of the captain and officers of the French frigate the "Adelaide," the coffin was carried from the Mole to the Cathedral on a bier borne by six knights. The Governor De Monocon, De Cintray, with the captains of the "St. John" and of the "Santa Croce," acted as pall-bearers. Soldiers lined the streets, and fired a volley from their muskets as the procession entered the square of the Cathedral. They then joined ranks, and fired a second time as the body was carried into the church. The coffin was placed under a splendid catafalque, with 160 wax candles burning around it, and was finally deposited in front of the high altar, a spot generally reserved for the bishops of the church, or the governor of the fortress. During the whole time, from the body being placed in the launch to the conclusion of the ceremony, each ship fired a gun every seventh minute. When the funeral was over, De Cintray presented to the Cathedral authorities, in memory of the deceased Vice-Admiral, a large silk Turkish ensign, captured in the Algerine vessel, in attacking which he had lost his life. Such was the respect in which the Knights of St. John were held in these palmy days of their power! Such were the high honors paid even in their deaths to these Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean.

The English had frequent occasion, during this period of their naval glory, to acknowledge the courtesy and good services of the Maltese war-squadron. Although the sovereign of England had no personal connection with the Order, and the English "Langue" had long ceased to be an integral portion of their Fraternity, yet English admirals were permitted to resort to the harbors, and to make use of the arsenals and dock-yards of Malta. The ships of England, too, at all times received assistance from their fleet in moments of emergency or distress. One remarkable instance of aid thus opportunely rendered occurred about this time. On Saturday, May 30th, A. D. 1713, an English man-of-war, carrying sixty guns, named the "Monk," and commanded by Captain Cummoche,\* R. N., was drifting, without mast or rudder, after a fearful storm in the waters of Noli. The Maltese squadron, under the flag of De Cintray, discerned her in the offing soon after daybreak, and, hastening to her relief, commanded two vessels to take her in tow, and to accompany her in safety into the harbor of Genoa. This vessel, the "Monk," was called after the

---

\* Captain Cummoche was dismissed from the English navy on the accession of George I., in 1715, as a Jacobite. He took service under the Spanish flag, and fought off Cape Passaro, on the 11th of August, 1718, against Admiral Byng, and took refuge with three ships at Malta. He was there blockaded by Byng, and eventually escaped to Messina. He was, on this defeat, dismissed from the Spanish service.

celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was the chief instrument in the restoration of Charles II. to the throne. She was laden with a very valuable cargo of 1,500,000 Mexican dollars, which she was conveying from Cadiz to Marseilles, and was also honored by the presence of Monsignor Spinola, the Nuncio from the Pope to the court of France. In the month of August, in the same year, the fleet of De Cintray conferred another favor on the English crown by conveying the Earl of Peterborough from Leghorn to Palermo, whither he was sent as the ambassador of Queen Anne to congratulate Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, on his coronation as King of Sicily.\* De Cintray was also bound to the same court as the representative of the Grand Master Perellos on the same auspicious occasion. His embassy, in its splendor and numbers, far outshone the more modest pretensions of the English courtier. He was accompanied by the large number of 120 Knights, who were conveyed from their respective lodgings to the royal palace with much state and ceremony, in twenty-three of the King's carriages. This large number of "Sea-Kings," associated in this honorable and auspicious mission, may seem to be en-

---

\* The Duke of Savoy became King of Sicily by the arrangement of the Treaty of Utrecht. Charles Mordaunt, called the eccentric Earl of Peterborough, was in command of English troops which were defeated in the battle of Almanza, fought April 14th, 1707; he was afterwards sent as ambassador to Palermo and Vienna; he died 1735.

tirely out of proportion to the small extent of the dominion of the Grand Master, so that Victor Amadeus and his consort might have been excused, even if they had besought Perellos

“A little to disquantity his train.” \*

The position and importance of the Grand Master were not, however, estimated by the mere extent of his fief at Malta, but by his headship in, and by his government over, a Fraternity co-extensive with Christian Europe. A contemporary witness describes the court of Perellos, at this its zenith of glory, “as presenting a most brilliant appearance. No less than 1,500 Knights, many of them general officers in every army in Christendom, formed the main ornament of the residence of the Order.” † These, no doubt, might all have been described as

“Men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in most exact regard support  
The worship of their name.” ‡

It is related that De Cintray, after all the display and retinue with which his embassy was accompanied, could not be induced to attend in person at the coronation. The proud old knight was required by the

---

\* Shakspeare's *King Lear*, Act I., sc. 4.

† Porter's *Knights of Malta*, Vol. II., p. 405.

‡ Shakspeare, *King Lear*, Act I., sc. 4.



custom of the court to leave his sword behind him; and rather than do so, he abstained from attending the ceremony. The Knight De Chambray, attached to this embassy, has left this account of his visit to Palermo: "Their Majesties held, on two evenings in the week, a public reception in a magnificent gallery in the palace. At these parties it was the custom for the King and Queen to sit playing at cards at two different tables, while her Majesty's maids of honor and the younger portion of the guests amused themselves by dancing to the music of a brilliant orchestra, refreshments being handed round by the King's pages. At eleven o'clock their Majesties always rose from their tables, and their guests retired." Such, then, were the employments, temper, and demeanor of our heroes in this period of their maritime glory and dominion. Their war-vessels were ever on the seas on errands of chastisement, mercy, or deliverance.

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes,  
Her white wings flying—never from her foes!"\*

Their great sea-captains were always ready to perform their duties as the champions of the ocean. In every diversity of occasion, in calm or storm, by night or day, in single encounters or in fights against superior numbers, in protracted running contests, or in decisive

---

\* Byron's *Corsair*.

attempts at boarding, in the perils of the deep, or in the enjoyments of home, they ever exhibited

“The chance and change of a sailor’s life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife.” \*

They were, however, more than mere sailors, or leaders of quasi-buccaneering expeditions. They were men of refinement, statesmen, and diplomatists, fitted to shine in the chamber of a court, and to be companions to kings. Acts of self-sacrifice and noble deeds were the true sources of the honor, the perpetual fresh-springs of the glory of the “Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean.”

---

\* Longfellow’s *Building of the Ship*.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DECLINE AND FALL.

"Shrine of the Mighty! Can it be  
That this is all remains of Thee?"

BYRON'S *Giaour*.

THE Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean at the close of the eighteenth century had outlived the circumstances which for so long a duration had imparted life to their Order and vigor to their achievements. Turkish aggression had ceased. The Ottoman Empire was impotent to harm; and as soon as the active services of their great sea-captains were uncalled for, the high purposes of their famous institution were lost sight of, their noble traditions forgotten, and their chivalry, hitherto "sans peur et sans reproache," superseded by idleness, dissipation, and general unworthiness.

"Yes, self-abasement paved the way  
To villain bonds, and despot's sway." \*

The first French Revolution was the proximate cause of the abolition of the Order. The leaders of this great democratic outbreak, burning with hatred

---

\* Byron's *Giaour*.

against kings, princes, and nobles, made no exception from their designs of universal proscription of established authorities in favor of the elective sovereigns of Malta. Emanuel de Rohan, the then reigning Grand Master, a gallant and loyal Frenchman, had given pretexts and provocations for their enmity. He had manifested sympathy with the French Refugees, and lent 500,000 crowns to the unfortunate King Louis XVI. The French Directory, in retaliation for these acts, enacted that every Frenchman who continued to be the member of an Order which required proofs of nobility for admission to its ranks, should forfeit all the rights of French citizenship. This proclamation was followed by a decree, dated 17th September, A. D. 1792, entirely annulling "the Order of Malta," and annexing to the national demesnes all its Priories, Commanderies, and fiefs in France. The three "Langues" of Provence, Auvergne, and France, paid 240,000 crowns out of the 500,000 crowns received from all countries into the public treasury; so that this confiscation was a grievous blow, and despoiled the Fraternity at a stroke of one-half of its whole revenues. As France in the next few years overwhelmed the other nations on the continent with the wave of conquest, the same policy was persisted in, and the possessions of the Order in Italy and other countries were in like manner alienated and despoiled.

This decree of confiscation was only the beginning of sorrows. A sorer trial was at hand. The virgin fortress, which had never yielded to a foe, and which had so gloriously repulsed the concentrated power of the proudest ruler of Islam, was now to lose its former fame and ancient pride of place. To render the disgrace more flagrant, the cup of humiliation was prepared by Christian hands. The young General of the French Republic, Napoleon Buonaparte, appeared before the fortifications of Valetta with the whole French fleet, consisting of thirteen ships of the line, eight frigates, and six transports, on the 9th day of June, 1798, and demanded the unconditional surrender of its ships, guns, and forts. The reigning chief, Ferdinand Hompesch, if he had only had the will and courage, might have offered an effectual resistance to this proud demand. The chances in his favor were vastly greater than those under which his heroic predecessors, Peter D'Aubusson and John de la Valette, had made their defence. He had 5,000 trained soldiers in his garrison, 1,200 cannon, with abundant ammunition, impregnable forts and trenches, a population zealous in their determination to resist, an ample supply of provisions for the troops and the inhabitants. He had only to shut his gates in order to be safe. He well knew that Napoleon could not delay his voyage, nor postpone for the capture of Malta the more important purpose



of his expedition, the invasion of Egypt; and even if he had remained to invest the fortress, help from England and from Sicily, then at war with France, would certainly and speedily reach him. But Hom-pesh, and a great portion of his companions in command, were already bought with French gold; and in the face of all his advantages,—in spite of the protest of the leading native residents, in forgetfulness of his knightly vows never to surrender a military post, in defiance of the treaties, especially the Treaty of Utrecht, by which he was bound to Europe to allow no more than four ships of war of any nation at one time to enter his harbors, and with a pusillanimity scarcely equalled in the annals of history,—he complied with the young General's demand, and resigned, without an attempt at resistance, his forts, ships, city, and island into his hands. Thus the “shrine of the mighty,” the rock-bound home of the Sea-Kings, which for centuries had been the foremost bulwark of Christendom against the Paynim, was captured by Christian soldiers. On Wednesday, June 13th, Buonaparte entered the harbor amidst salvos of artillery from his fleet, and a salute from all the guns of the fortress, and marched at the head of his Guards, with the utmost display of military pomp, to occupy the ramparts surrendered into his hands. So intense was the surprise and wonder of the conqueror at the strength and

magnitude of the trenches and fortifications, that on one of the officers of his staff remarking on the small number of the garrison, he said, "It is well that there were enough to open the gates, for otherwise I should have been perplexed to find my way in."

Buonaparte, on his landing, acted with all the license of a conqueror. He changed the names of the gates, calling the Porta Reale the Porta Nationale, streets, piazzas, and public buildings; and established the laws of France and the decrees of the French Directory. He banished Hompesch, and compelled his companions to join his expedition or to leave the island. He compelled the Maltese sailors to join his fleet with their two largest vessels, and imposed a heavy fine upon the inhabitants. He robbed the palace, the auberges, churches, and convents of their plate, and of their vessels of gold, silver, and precious stones. Even the sacred relics,—the hand of John the Baptist, presented by Sultan Bajazet, and the image of the Virgin of Philermos, found no favor in his sight, nor exemption from his rapacity. He took from each their rich caskets laden with diamonds, rubies, and other costly gifts, and left nothing beyond the mere relics themselves to the entreaties of Hompesch, who took them with him from the island.

On Friday, the 15th of June, Buonaparte resumed his voyage to Egypt, and left General Vaubois, one

of his trustiest officers, in charge of Malta with a force of 4,000 men. The new Governor, in accordance with the necessities of his position, established strict military law, and yet sought to secure the sympathies of the native population by the celebration of a great national fete in honor of the French Republic. This proposed solemnity was regarded by Vaubois with childish affection, and vast preparations were made to impart to it dignity and importance, as the inaugural ceremony of a new government of the island. A vast pyramid, ornamented from summit to base with tricolored flags, approached by seven steps, and emblazoned on its four sides with pictures representing the disembarkation of the French army, the departure of Hompesch, slaves with their chains broken, and an hieroglyphic depicting the freedom of commerce, was erected in the inner court of the ancient palace. Dowries were promised to four young Maltese women who should marry sailors in the fleet; and a decree was issued requiring all persons to bring their patents of nobility and to burn them at the base of this pyramid, in token that a new period of universal equality and fraternity was to be commenced.\*

---

\* This decree is given in Azzopardi's *Giornale della Presa di Malta*, p. 50:—

“Tutti i titoli onorifici suranno abbrugiati il giorno della festa nazionale delli 14 Luglio, 1798; e tutti' i cittadini che ne sono possessori sono invitati a fortarli ai piedi dell' alber della liberta.

“BOSREDON RANSIJAT,

“Presidente della Commissione di Governo.”

Saturday, July 14th, was fixed for this august ceremony. Its dawn was announced by loud salvos of artillery from fortress and fleet. At ten o'clock the four destined brides, attired in white dresses, and attended by their accepted bridegrooms, waited on General Vaubois at the palace, who himself placed a garland of pink roses on the head of each, and accompanied them to the piazza of his palace. Here, in the square in front of the National Pyramid, were assembled M. Labini, the Bishop of Malta, with his clergy, and a vast crowd of people and of soldiers, in the presence of whom the marriage service was completed, and the address of the Bishop spoken. At two o'clock a splendid procession was marshalled in the following order, and proceeded from the palace to the Admiral's flag-ship stationed in the Great Harbor, and pavilioned with flags from bow to stern. A company of French Guards with drums and trumpets led the way; and next to them a regiment of the native Maltese with band and military music. Then appeared a large number of the Civil Commission of the Government, in their official costumes of black coats, white waistcoats, cocked hats, and rich tricolored sashes crossing their breasts, and reaching to their knees, accompanied by the judges,

---

"All titles of honor are to be burnt on the day of the national fete, the 14th of July, 1798; and all citizens who possess them are invited to lay them at the foot of the Tree of Liberty.

"BOSREDON RANSIJAT,

"President of the Commission of the Government."

and other high officials. Next to them came a company of French sailors, followed by the Maltese sailors in training for the French service, and succeeded by another regiment of French Guards. Close after them walked the brides and bridegrooms, the Bishop and clergy, and the members of the conventual establishments. To these succeeded Vaubois himself with a brilliant staff, while the whole was closed by a French regiment. On the return of the procession to the palace a Tree of Liberty was planted by Vaubois in front of the Pyramid, and a simultaneous salute was fired from every gun in the fleet and fortress. The patents of honor were next laid on the steps of the pedestal by the knights and nobles, and were publicly committed to the flames. The whole city was illuminated. Wine and refreshments were distributed, and the assembled populace, without distinction of sex, rank, or position, danced in the momentary excitement of a passing popular delirium around the Pyramid and Tree of Liberty.

• This spell of wild delight soon exhausted itself. The iron of a foreign rule quickly entered into the soul of the people. Vaubois served no easy task-master. However humane in his own intentions, he had to supply the necessities of Buonaparte, and to meet the exactions of the French Directory. At the end of August a French ship of the line, the "Guillaume



Tell," and two frigates, the "Diane" and "La Justice," arrived with the news of the destruction of the French fleet at the battle of the Nile,\* and Vaubois was at once obliged to resort to measures which soon turned the late convulsive merriment of the populace into the most bitter sentiments of determined exasperation. He closed all the convents, except one in each of the capital cities,—Valetta, Notabile, and Rabbato in Gozo,—and confiscated their property to the Government. He caused all the natives above fifty years of age to enrol themselves in veteran companies for military home service, and all men below that age to prepare for foreign service either in the army or fleet. He laid violent hands on all the property of value pledged at the Monte de Pieta,† and imposed new taxes upon the inhabitants, both of the towns and country. Last of all, he gave most offense by seizing the sacred vessels and furniture yet left in the churches, or in the custody of the ecclesiastics.

These various oppressions excited to the utmost

---

\* Fought by Lord Nelson on Thursday, August 1, 1798, on which occasion the "L'Orient," the flag-ship of Admiral Bruyere, was blown to pieces by an explosion of its powder magazine. The battle lost Egypt to Napoleon.

† The Monte de Pieta was a gigantic pawnshop, in which the natives borrowed money on small articles of property. It is still retained to this day as a Government institution. Its managers advance two-thirds of their value on diamonds, and three-fourths on articles of gold and silver. No applicant can be refused, however small the value of his pledge. Interest is charged at 5 per cent., and the pledge is sold unless redeemed within three years.

the passions, prejudices, and hatred of the Maltese, when a sudden, unpremeditated, but successful outburst of indignation gave birth to a spark which kindled a general conflagration, and led to the most unlooked-for and most momentous consequences. The guard of French soldiers at Notabile, on entering the Cathedral to take down some rich damask hangings from its walls, were resisted in the very act of spoliation, and killed by the angry and infuriated population without the escape of a single man. On the following day, Monday, September 3rd, 200 soldiers, despatched by Vaubois from Valetta to Notabile, were attacked and fired upon by some peasants from behind the walls which abound everywhere in the island in the place of fences, and were driven back to the fortress. From that moment the tocsin of a general insurrection was sounded. The Maltese peasants rose as one man against their oppressors. Then a sight was exhibited unparalleled in the annals of history.\* The invaders were invaded. The foreign general and soldiers, who had been admitted into Valetta by the unknighly connivance of its legitimate defenders, were henceforth confined to the precincts of its walls, as sure prisoners as mice within the iron girdings of their trap. No

---

\* "L'istoria non presente un piu sorprendenti esempio" — "History does not present so surprising an example" — were the words of General Graham's address to the Maltese on his entering upon the command of the island.—*Azzopardi*.

army with banners, no might of the Moslem, no serried rank of mailed and plumed host hemmed them in. They were the victims of their own tyranny. A hitherto despised, unarmed, dispirited population, impelled by a sense of outraged humanity, and stimulated by the promptings of a national instinct, rose in their might, and commenced a protracted, determined, and eventually successful resistance. They lacked neither wise heads to devise, nor strong hands and hearts to execute, their plans. They sent out vessels to implore the aid of the British and Sicilian fleets, obtained cannon from Notabile, and from the outlying forts in the island; and it will ever stand on record as a remarkable fact, that when the "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean" were false to their ancient fame, the peasantry of the island, under their own chosen leaders, the chief of whom were Xavier Caruana, an ecclesiastic of Notabile, and Vincenzo Borg, a herdsman of Bircarcara, by their own unaided pluck, and in their fiery indignation, succeeded in driving the invading French soldiery from every inland post, and in confining Vaubois and his troops within the close limits of their fortifications.

These noble and unlooked-for exertions were within a short time materially helped by foreign co-operation. Lord Nelson, the Admiral-in-Chief of the English fleet in the Mediterranean, as soon as these tidings reached

him, despatched four Portuguese ships of the line, which entered the Marsa Sirocco harbor on Tuesday, the 18th of September. On the following 25th of October Lord Nelson arrived before Valetta with fourteen ships-of-war, and summoned Vaubois to surrender, with the permission to leave the island with the full honors of war. The demand was refused. Malta was at once declared to be in a state of siege, which was protracted for two years. Neither combatant was sufficiently strong to obtain, throughout this long interval, a decided triumph over the other. The French army, with the crews of the three ships from the battle of the Nile, only numbered 6,000 men, while a hostile population inside their walls required the presence of the garrison to restrain them from rebellion and revolt. The Maltese militia with the sailors of the Portuguese and English ships, barely reached 5,000 men, and had an immense circuit to invest from Fort Tigne to Ricasoli, while the English fleet prevented all ingress to, or egress from, the harbor.\* This siege, consequently, from its commencement to its end, was a blockade rather than an attack. There was the occasional fire or the sustained bombardment from the batteries or

---

\* So effectually did the English fleet discharge this duty, that, however tempestuous the wind, or stormy the sea, the ships were never away from their position for two days together. Only fifteen vessels succeeded in reaching the harbor during the first, and still fewer in the second, year of the siege.—*Azzopardi*.

ramparts by night or by day ; the shot ever ready for the too bold or too careless sentinel who should expose his person on the walls or entrenchments ; the endurance alike by besiegers and besieged of hard fare, short commons, scanty pay, severe sicknesses. But the spirited sorties, the hand-to-hand encounters, the brilliant conflicts, the bold attempts at escalade, the personal combats, such as breathed a soul and spirit into the stern resistances to the Moslem invasions previously recorded in this history, were entirely wanting.

An English sailor, Captain John Alexander Ball, was the hero of the siege. Appointed by Lord Nelson, in November, 1798, to the command of the sailors landed to help the Maltese, he soon became the life and soul of the revolt, and the darling idol of the natives. Equally wise in council and active in camp, Ball suggested the revival of the *Consilio Populare*, or the popular council, which formed the Government of Malta previous to its occupation by its Sea-King rulers. This assembly was admirably adapted to give adhesion and confidence to the native population. It was composed of ecclesiastics, the representatives of the cathedral and parochial clergy, of some Maltese nobility who had escaped a confinement in the city of Valetta, and of representative delegates elected by their countrymen from each of the twenty-two casals or districts into which the island was divided. This congress, when



constituted, chose Ball as its President, and under his direction and authority ably discharged all the functions of government: arranging finances, imposing taxes, borrowing money, providing hospitals, food, and shelter, promoting commerce, and negotiating with foreign courts.

At the end of the first six months of the siege, a bold attempt was made by the native insurgents to gain the fortress by a *coup de main*. They contrived a plot by which some residents within the walls were to kill, at midnight, the sentinels at the landing-place of the Marsa Muscetto Harbor, and to admit a band of 300 armed Maltese, who were to seize during the night the palace, barracks, and arsenals, and to be assisted by a general rising of the disaffected population. This conspiracy was discovered by a slight circumstance, which had not been foreseen by its projectors. Vaubois, out of respect for the prejudices of the Maltese, allowed the public theater\* to be closed on a Friday; but on this particular evening he had ordered a French comedy for the amusement of his officers. The commander of Fort Manoel, General Baudard, accompanied by his adjutant, Captain Roussel, were present, and took boat about ten o'clock in the evening at the Marsa Muscetto landing to cross to their own quarters. They imagined

---

\* This was the Theater Manoel, in the Strada Teatro, not far from the Marsa Muscetto landing-place.

that they had seen a number of men hiding below the walls, and, on reaching the fort, sent boats across filled with soldiers, who, after a bloody struggle, seized thirty-six of the band, and put to flight the others. The friends of the plot within the walls were discovered, and paid for their attempt with the forfeiture of their lives.

The native residents in the fortress felt at this time the severest pressure of the siege. Every article of food had enormously increased in value. Pork and cheese, which sold at four to six sous a pound, were now with difficulty purchased at three francs and eight sous the pound. Pigeons and rabbits and chickens, which cost a franc each, had now risen to six, seven, and twenty-four francs each. Eggs, which were worth a sou, were now worth eight sous each; and a bottle of common wine sold for two and three francs. Wood had become exceedingly scarce—so much so that, to secure fuel for his bake-house, Vaubois was compelled to break up and to burn the old galleys and vessels of the fleet of the Grand Masters. Two forms of sickness claimed many victims. A curious epidemic prevailed which struck the sentinels with blindness during the night, and restored their sight in the morning. The scurvy also was frequently fatal; though this was alleviated by a drink of water boiled from hops, and by the use of the vegetables which the French general, with wise forethought, had commanded

his soldiers to plant on all the slopes of their bastions and trenches. These visitations of scarcity and sickness were not the only sufferings to which the townsmen were exposed. While on the one hand the French Government stopped all salaries and public payments from the treasury, on the other they demanded large taxes and impositions from the inhabitants. In addition to this, they compelled them to labor, without pay or reward, in the extensive military works required for the defense of the fortress. No exemption was allowed from this forced service except priests. The new claim of a common citizenship, and of universal equality, found its legitimate consequence in compelling the ex-baron to work side by side with the mechanic, fisherman, or private soldier.

There was, however, one alleviation and mode of escape from these sufferings. Whether from an interested policy on the part of Vaubois to reduce the number of persons supported by his resources, or from the comparative harmlessness of the siege diminishing the hardships of the contest, there was not, except on some temporary occasion, any let or hindrance to the resident town population leaving the beleaguered city. After some little deliberation between the contending generals, this beneficent arrangement became for some time an acknowledged usage of the contest. On the day appointed a long train of families, men, women, and children of

all ranks and classes, amounting sometimes to several hundreds, removing what household goods a small handbarrow could carry, came out from the heated, plague-stricken fortress. Ball himself, on more than one occasion, superintended these arrangements in his own person. The *Porte des Bombes*, the appointed gate of egress, was thrown wide open.\* A white flag floated above its battlements, and another correspondent white pennon surmounted the nearest entrenchments of the native insurgents. The scared and motley crowd, with gaunt faces and shrunken limbs, were received with congratulations by their friends, and were supported by the attention and foresight of their English President and protector. The same spirit of courtesy distinguished the whole of this long contest. On several occasions, when the wives of the officers of the French garrison were taken prisoners by the English vessels, or when private letters were found in the captured prizes, both the ladies and letters were sent with a flag of truce into the fortress. On one occasion, Saturday, 23rd of August, 1799, Captain Ball himself, accompanied by the Marquis Nyssa, the Admiral-in-Chief of the Portugese blockading squadron, were admitted, on their own request, to an interview with General Vaubois. The meeting was conducted

---

\* This permission to leave the fortress was used to such an extent, that by the month of September, 1799, the population of 40,000 persons resident within its walls was reduced to 13,000.

with considerable ceremony. The Fort Manoel was the scene of their meeting. The whole way from the Porte des Bombes to the fort, a distance of a mile, was lined with soldiers under arms. On Ball alluding to a proposal for capitulation, Vaubois at once interrupted him, insisting that, if the question was introduced, the interview must terminate. On the return of the Admirals to their own quarters, the French soldiers cried out from their ranks, "Death rather than surrender."

This protracted siege naturally attracted the attention of Europe. Paul, the Emperor of Russia, was led by special circumstances to take a particular interest in its progress and success. Hompesch, the exiled Grand Master, with many of his companions, had sought protection at St. Petersburg, and had made an earnest request to the Czar to become the head and protector of the Sea-Kings. In the month of December, 1799, M. Italinski was deputed to attend the Maltese Congress, as an Ambassador from Paul, and to declare the willingness of his Imperial master to accept the new dignity offered to him, and his intention to admit the nobler natives\* of Malta to the honors of the Order. This ad-

\* "Malta and its dependencies will form a Grand Priory for the benefit and honor of the Maltese nobles."—*Azzopardi*. This may be a suitable opportunity to state that Hompesch, during this visit to St. Petersburg, presented to the Emperor Paul, the two valued relics of which such frequent mention has been made—the hand of John Baptist and the image of the Virgin of Philermos. They are both preserved to this day with scrupulous care in the Winter Palace of the Emperor at St. Petersburg.



dress of M. Italinski was received by the "Consilio Populare" with the liveliest expressions of satisfaction, though the proposals of the Emperor never reached a permanent accomplishment. Neither were the British Parliament and nation unmindful of the exigencies of the Maltese, nor of their own interest in the speedy termination of its blockade. In the last week of December, 1799, two English regiments, the 30th and 89th, were landed in the Marsa Sirocco Harbor under the command of Major General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch. He issued, on his arrival, a spirited address to the Maltese,\* and conducted the land operations of the siege with greater vigor. If credit was to be given to Baron Ransijat, the President of the French Civil Government, who was present all through the siege, the French soldiers were not at all daunted by this increased vehemence in the attack of their opponents. Their courage rose in proportion to their need. They would not hear of a surrender. Their barrack rooms and sentry-boxes re-echoed with a song, the refrain of which was

"Le Francais sait combattre,  
Mais capituler — non, non, non."

"The French can fight,  
But cannot yield."

The winter of 1799 — 1800 was unexceptionably fine, almost a perpetual spring. so that the English troops

---

\* "To arms, Maltese! Let the general cry of the islands be, 'God and our country!'" — *Azzopardi*, p. 154.

had no Crimean hardships to endure. But with the advancing year the sufferings of their antagonists were greatly aggravated. By the month of May the garrison had eaten every horse, mule, and ass in the fortress. The oil which gave a relish to their vegetables was exhausted. Fuel for the ovens was with difficulty procured. The prices of every article of food had prodigiously increased. Pork was 7 francs, 8 sous, a pound; salt meat, 2 francs, 10 sous; cheese, 8 francs, 15 sous, fish, from 2 to 3 francs; a fowl, 52 to 60 francs; a pigeon, 12 francs; a rabbit, 11 francs; an egg, 16 sous; a bottle of wine or vinegar, 4 francs, of brandy, 8 francs; a pound of sugar, 22 francs, and a pound of coffee, 26 francs. Rats and cats were delicacies; a good rat was worth from 2 to 3 francs.\* An amusing anecdote is told in regard to these delicacies. The grand preserves of the Government bakehouse were kept to the last, and on the day appointed for the chase, 55 "gros et gras" rats (55 fine fat rats) rewarded the labor of the hunters. The water, fortunately, did not fail. Although the Wignacourt Aqueduct, by which supplies of fresh water

---

\* "Besides the asses, mules, and horses, which we have eaten for some time, the cats and dogs are eaten, and also a quantity of rats. The last charge for these animals was made in the military bakehouse, where they got fifty-five monsters. This was left to the last, because it was thought that these would be fatter and larger than the rest — 'parce qu'ils y étoient plus gras et plus gros qu'ailleurs.'" — Cf. *Journal du siege et Blocus de Malte*. Par le Citoyen BOSREJON RANSIJAT. Paris. P. 256.

were brought from the Bingemma Hills to Valetta, was cut off, yet the cisterns attached to the houses and hospitals contained sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants, of whom the native population only numbered 7,000 persons.

These sufferings, however courageously borne, indicated the beginning of the end. The pressure of the scarcity was so felt that every mouth was considered; and Vaubois, at this crisis, permitted the actors at the Fort Manoel Theater to leave the city. Poor fellows! They consisted of a troop of Italian singers, and had, up to this time, been compelled, against their oft-repeated remonstrance, to remain for the amusement of the garrison. The French General, too, under the pressure of his situation, made a great effort to communicate with his own Government, and resolved, in spite of the blockade, to despatch his flag-ship, the "Guillaume Tell," to France. He put on board a number of his invalids, a troop of his best soldiers, and a picked crew of sailors, under the command of a veteran and experienced commander, Admiral Decres. A night towards the end of March, when there was no moon, and when a favorable wind was blowing, was chosen for this desperate attempt. The departure of the ship was watched from the walls and ramparts with the utmost interest by the French troops, and by the remaining population of the town. They, however, were not the only watchers.

The intention of Vaubois had been fully divined by the besiegers. The preparation of the great flag-ship had not escaped their vigilant observation, and the eyes of the English artillerymen too surely witnessed the departure of the "Guillaume Tell." The ship, however, by a pre-concerted arrangement, was allowed to get so far away from the port that she could not return, and then the fleet was made acquainted with her sailing out by the display of blue lights, and the pre-arranged signals of the cannons. The English men-of-war, the "Lion" and "Penelope,"

"Armed with thunder, clad with wings,"

were immediately despatched upon her track, and came up with her off Cape Passaro, about sixty miles from Malta. Decres made a resolute resistance. Broadside after broadside was interchanged, until at last the "Guillaume Tell," having had her masts shot away, her Admiral wounded, and 207 of her crew killed, was obliged to strike her flag.

This loss of his flag-ship was announced with all due solemnity to Vaubois by an officer sent for that purpose by the English Admiral with a flag of truce. Nor were these all the evil tidings of which he was the bearer. He was further commissioned to inform the French General that four vessels of war, despatched to his assistance from Toulon, and laden with provisions and ammunition of war, had also fallen into the hands of

the English. Vaubois, however, and his colleague, Admiral Villeneuve, undaunted by this accumulation of misfortunes, determined to persevere in their defence of the fortress committed to their trust. For another three months they held their own against all the efforts of the insurgents and their English auxiliaries.

At the end of June considerable additional reinforcements were received into the island, by the arrival of two more English regiments, the 35th and 48th, under the command of Major-General Pigott, and of two Sicilian regiments. The troops of the besiegers now, for the first time since the commencement of the siege, equalled those of the besieged, and the operations were pressed with more vigorous effect. For six weeks after the arrival of these new troops, Vaubois persevered in his obstinate resistance, until he was obliged, by the desperate situation of his army, to make one final effort to obtain help from his countrymen. With this view, on the night of the 23rd of August, he sent off the two remaining frigates, the "Diane" and "La Justice." These vessels were ordered, on their leaving the harbor, to sail in two different directions, in the hope that one might escape. The bold design, however, failed. Both vessels were captured by the blockading squadron, and were ostentatiously paraded on the next morning within sight of the fortifications of Valetta, under the custody of the English fleet. In the face of these



continued disasters and of an approaching famine, with his garrison greatly reduced, without help from, or communication with, his own country, Vaubois was at last convinced that he had done all that honor, patriotism, or duty required, and sent on Tuesday, the 2nd of September, an officer to the English head-quarters to propose the surrender of the fortress.

On the next day, at twelve o'clock, Major-General Pigott and Commodore Martin, deputed by Lord Nelson, entered Valetta, and arranged with Vaubois and Villeneuve the precise terms of the capitulation. The conditions agreed upon were framed in a peculiarly favorable spirit towards the conquered. The fortress of Valetta and the island of Malta were to be given up to the English troops and squadron, and to be placed under the protection of Great Britain. Vaubois and his army were allowed to march as far as the harbor with all the honors of war, thence to be conveyed to Marseilles, on their parole not to fight against England until they were exchanged as prisoners of war. On the next day, Thursday, September 4th, the French sentinels were withdrawn from Forts Florian, Tigne, and Ricasoli, and these exterior fortifications were occupied by English regiments. On Monday, September 8th, Vaubois and his guards mustered on the parade-ground of the palace, and marched, at four P. M. to the Marina, where they embarked on the English

vessels. The troops in excess of the accommodation provided in the ships were confined to Fort Manoel as prisoners of war, until the vessels returned to convey them to their own country.

If this termination of the siege of Malta was a source of humiliation to the defiant but discomfited Vaubois,—if he experienced pain in contrasting his entrance into the fortress in all the pride of republican aggression, with his departure as a prisoner of war in the vessels of a foreign foe, there was at least one man to whom it was a source of unfeigned satisfaction and rejoicing. Sir John Alexander Ball, (for to that dignity he had now been elevated for his services,) had borne the heat and burden of the siege. For two long years, under the thickest clouds of doubt and tribulation, his voice had rallied, his enthusiasm supported, and his counsel guided the Maltese insurgents, and now he reaped the recompense of his reward by seeing the final expulsion of the invader, and the successful issue of the resistance of the natives to their oppressors. Within an hour of Voubois' march to the harbor he entered Valetta in triumphal procession at the head of his peasant-militia, who, having served their country in the field, had a right to share in the honors of the victory. Seated in a carroche (a coach on two wheels, drawn by one horse, and peculiar to the country), with a Maltese, Baron Francisco de Gauchi, by his side, dressed in the cos-



Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury. p. 264.



tume of the Capitaine di Verga,\* an officer of high distinction among the Maltese prior to the surrender of the island to Lisle Adam, and accompanied by all the members of the Consilio Populare, Ball was received by the population with wild excesses of delight. The loudest acclamations natural to the joy of a long-expected deliverance, and the clamor of bells from every steeple in Valetta, marked the progress of the President of the National Congress as he passed from the Port des Bombes to the Cathedral of St. John. He first entered the church, with his council and officers, to attend the "Te Deum," sung by the bishop and clergy in gratitude for the restoration of their island, and from thence walked to the palace to take formal possession of the Government in the name of the King of England, as Protector of Malta and of the Maltese, while, amidst the thunder of a general salute, the flag of England was erected on the tower of St Elmo.

The echo of this royal salute was the death-knell of the ancient Sea-Kings, the token and symbol that their sovereignty had for ever passed away. Never, indeed, has history recorded a more mournful termination of a great and glorious institution. An Order which had for centuries been the honor and boast of Christendom,

---

\* The Capitano di Verga, or the royal officer, also styled the Captain of the City.—Cf. *Authentic Materials for a History of Malta*. By W. ETON. London: 1802. Page 9.



which had on more than one occasion saved Europe from subjection to the Moslem, whose deeds had been sung by minstrels, and had excited the envy and admiration of civilized mankind, passed away in a moment as the baseless fabric of a dream. They were the authors of their own disgrace. Forgetful of their vows, unworthy of the honors and burden of the Cross, divided among themselves, survivors of their own work, fame, and office, they fell without pity, sympathy, or regret. Their fall set a seal and confirmation to the truth, that every human government which fails in the purpose for which it was appointed, carries within itself the elements of dissolution and decay. The Providence which overrules all events had prepared fit successors for their greatness. The high task committed through so many centuries to the Knights of St. John has been transferred to a people who now discharge in another form, for the good of mankind and for the benefit of all nations, the honorable duties of the former "Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SPANISH ARMADA.

A FITTING sequel to the foregoing naval details will be an account of the contemplated invasion of England by the Spanish Armada, which took place in 1586. Though the scene of the conflict is removed from the Mediterranean, yet the interest is abundantly sustained, and an important event in English and Spanish history is brought into review in a way that exhibits at the same time the injustice of one people, the skill and prowess of another, and the interposition of the Providence of God.

In the year 1586, a rumor was spread abroad that Philip, the king of Spain, who, thirty years before, had been the husband of Queen Mary of England, was determined to go over to England and take possession of it, after the manner of the Duke of Normandy, some five hundred years before.

The rumor was quite true. The Spanish king was a proud, haughty man, and he had been very much offended with Queen Elizabeth, because she would not

have him for a husband when his former wife was dead. Probably he had no love for Elizabeth; but his selfish admiration for the country over which she reigned led him to wish to have it for his own kingdom. So, as he could not gain what he desired in one way, he made up his mind, after long years of pondering and planning, to obtain it in another.

Besides this, King Philip was a bigoted Roman Catholic, and it very much enraged him to know that all the trouble and pains his former wife, Queen Mary, had taken to bring back England to the Pope, had been so thrown away that the people were getting more and more Protestant,—that the Protestant faith had become the established religion of the land; that the Bible was circulated and read; and that Roman Catholic worship was not tolerated, or could be practised only in private. It would be a good deed, therefore, thought Philip, to punish the people of England for their Protestantism, and to bring back the nation to the obedience of the Pope of Rome by main force. If he could do this, and, at the same time, indulge his spite against Elizabeth for refusing to marry him when he asked her,—why, so much the better.

There might have been other causes which incited the King of Spain to pounce upon England with terrible fury, as a hawk darts on a sparrow, or a cat on a mouse; but these were among the principal causes.

The first thing he did was to get together a great fleet of ships, and this occupied him nearly three years, so that it was not until 1588 that the attempt was really made. In all that time, in the great rivers and harbors of Spain, there was such a bustle of ship-building and rigging and fitting out, as was scarcely ever before known. Certainly, there had never been seen, by any one then living, so many ships together, and of so large a size as, in process of time, were made ready for the invasion. Altogether, there were a hundred and thirty, and many of these were so large that they looked like floating castles. On board this great fleet were more than twenty thousand soldiers, besides ten thousand sailors and galley-slaves. And to make them more formidable, they carried more than two thousand brass cannon, which, as gunpowder had not very long been invented or used in warfare, were expected to strike the poor English with dismay.

Besides soldiers and sailors, and slaves, there were some scores and perhaps hundreds of priests and monks and friars, with abundance of wooden crosses, and beads, and miracle-working relics of dead saints, (according to their notions,) with which they intended to convert Englishmen and women back to the church of Rome, when they had taken possession of the country.

And if they would not be converted, what then?

Why, then, there was wood enough, no doubt, left in

England, after the martyr-fire of Queen Mary's reign, to light up more fires, to consume the obstinate heretics. That this is what the monks and friars and priests would have done if they had obtained the power they aimed at, there is no doubt at all.

The Spaniards were so proud of their great ships, that when they were ready to sail, they must needs give the fleet a name; and they called it **THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA**: Armada means an armed force, and Invincible implies unconquerable. Indeed, they were so sure of conquering England, and of easily destroying all that opposed them, that a large number of the grandees of Spain,—dukes and other noblemen, and sons of noble families,—accompanied the Armada, making sure of getting possession of some of the fine estates of the conquered country.

On the 28th of May, 1588, the Armada set sail. The plan of the invasion was this:—the fleet was first of all to proceed to Dunkirk, a seaport of Flanders which belonged at that time to Spain, where it was to be joined by nearly thirty thousand more Spanish soldiers. Then it was to sail across the sea to England, enter the river Thames, and find a convenient place for landing the army, which was to march straight on to London, doing all the mischief it could on its way. The army, having then taken possession of London, was to make a speedy and entire conquest of the whole country. This seemed



such an easy scheme, that it scarcely entered into the mind of the invaders that it could fail. For among them were men who could tell from personal experience how helpless was a commercial country, when once in the clutch of disciplined troops,—men who had, in former guilty invasions of other countries, enriched themselves, in an hour, with the accumulations of a merchant's life-time, and who had slain fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brides and bridegrooms, before each other's eyes, until the number of inhabitants butchered in a single city amounted to many thousands, and the plunder from its palaces and warehouses was counted by millions. And these men looked forward with greedy, gloating, tigerish anticipations, to enacting the same scenes on English soil and in English cities. Already they had looked upon London, especially, as given to them as a prey. It was almost before their eyes—a huge mass of treasure, richer and more accessible than those mines beyond the Atlantic which had so often rewarded Spanish chivalry with fabulous wealth.

The preparations of Spain were not made so secretly as to take England by surprise. All the time the Spaniards were building and fitting out their ships, the government and people of England were preparing to resist the intended invasion; for they did not choose to be conquered as easily as their enemies thought. The first

thing was to ascertain how many ships they had to meet the Invincible Armada. There were only thirty-six of all sorts in the Royal Navy, and these were mostly small vessels, especially when compared with the monstrously large Spanish ships. This looked badly for England; what could such a small number do against so many? The people were not frightened, however; for as soon as it was known how badly off the queen was for ships, and for sailors as well, English nobles and English merchants, and all classes of Englishmen united together, and collected all the merchant vessels that could be obtained, and prepared them for war; while hundreds of men came forward and offered to serve in them. Besides this, the people of Holland sent sixty-five ships of war to help their friends and fellow Protestants in England; so that before the invasion commenced, there were altogether about a hundred and ninety vessels of all sorts ready for the defense of the country. The number of sailors was about seventeen thousand.

As soon as it was known what the intentions of King Philip were, as to the landing of his troops, and their march to London, the government had both sides of the Thames protected. "Gravesend was strongly fortified; and a vast number of barges were collected there for the double purpose of serving as a bridge for the passage of horse and foot between Kent and Essex, and for blocking up the river against the invaders. At Tilbury Fort,

directly opposite Gravesend, a great camp was formed ;” and it was a pleasant sight, an old chronicler tells us, “to behold the soldiers as they marched towards Tilbury, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came. And, in the camp, their greatest happiness was the hope of a fight with the enemy ; where oftentimes divers rumors rose of their foe’s approach, and that present battles would be given them. Then were they joyful at such news, as if lusty giants were to run a race.”

These poor fellows had, very few of them, probably, known anything of real fighting in battle, or they would not have been so anxious to meet the enemy. Yet we cannot blame them for their patriotism, in view of the wickedness of the threatened invasion ; and the sufferings and horrible cruelty which would have accompanied it, if it had taken place and been successful. It was honorable to the English that there were such numbers of them who were ready and willing to risk their lives in defense of their country, their liberties and their religious privileges.

About twenty thousand foot soldiers and two thousand horse soldiers were collected at this great camp, besides many other thousands in other parts of the country, so that the King of Spain had not so easy a conquest before him as he imagined.

While these ardent soldiers were waiting at Tilbury

for the enemy, a visit was paid to their camp which mightily increased their enthusiasm. The visitor was no other than Queen Elizabeth herself, who went from London to Tilbury to review her army, riding on a fine war-horse, and wearing armor on the upper part of her body, like a man. She also carried the staff or truncheon of a field-marshal, or principal military commander; and, thus arrayed, she made the following speech:

“We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety,” she said, “to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery. But I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreations and sport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all—to lay down, for my God, for my kingdom, and my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak woman; but I have the heart of a king, and a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm. To which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me,

I myself will take up arms — I myself will be your general — the judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already by your forwardness that you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you.”

This was the queen’s speech. Rather boastful, perhaps, you may say ; but we can readily make allowances for the times. And though we now know that Queen Elizabeth was an arbitrary lady after all, and a tyrant as well as a queen, she did not seem so to her subjects in those days, who, when they compared her with the queen who had gone before, and with many of the kings who had gone before them both, had reason to be proud of her. This short speech of hers was received with loud and joyous shouts of applause ; indeed, we may readily understand how it excited the enthusiasm of the soldiers, — making every one of them feel himself a citizen of a free country, as, indeed, free it was, in comparison with that country which was now threatening to subdue and enslave it.

It was not at Tilbury Fort only that this enthusiasm was felt. All over England the people declared plainly, by their actions as well as their words, that they would not submit tamely to a foreign yoke, nor give up the liberty which they prized so highly. Everywhere, men who had never before handled warlike arms, but



had desired to live quiet and peaceable lives, prepared themselves for fighting. And, what seems strange, the Roman Catholics of England were not behind their Protestant fellow-subjects in patriotism and active zeal on behalf of their country. King Philip of Spain had not reckoned upon this. He fancied that, when his troops landed, English papists would join them, and help in overturning the Protestant government under which they lived; but he was mistaken.

After these preparations were made, the people of England almost impatiently waited the coming of the Invincible Armada. Other efforts also were made, which are not much taken into account, or even mentioned in the histories which are commonly told of this eventful time.

There were in England at that time (and their number has been greatly increased since then) many hundreds and thousands of pious, godly Christians, both men and women, who had been taught by the Holy Spirit of God how to pray and what to pray for. They felt deeply that the sins of England were such as might justly bring down upon the whole nation the Divine displeasure; and they very justly thought that this threatened invasion might be one of those punishments which God sometimes sees fit to inflict on those who despise His warnings and milder chastisements. But they had faith in the promises of God, and they

knew where it is written for the encouragement of all believers, "Call upon me in in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." So these Christian people prayed to God to give deliverance to their country from the malice and cruel designs of its powerful enemy. And while others trusted in English ships and arms and armor, and boasted of English courage, they remembered the name of the Lord their God, and rejoiced in the thought of His Almighty power.

**"THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA" MAKES ITS APPEARANCE.**

Through the early summer of 1588, all England was kept in a state of suspense, daily expecting to hear tidings of the Armada, which seemed to be unaccountably delayed. There was cause for this delay, however. The great Spanish fleet, as before stated, set sail on the 29th of May: but it had not proceeded far before a great storm arose, and scattered the ships. Four of them, and large ones too, sank to the bottom of the sea, with all on board; and all the rest were so damaged by the storm that they had to put back into different ports to be repaired and refitted. This was the first check the invaders experienced; and when it was known in England, it gave encouragement to those who trusted in God, to believe that "by terrible things in righteousness," He was answering their earnest

prayers, and to pray yet more earnestly, if possible, that He would send full and complete deliverance to the threatened land.

It would have been well if the proud king of Spain had seriously considered, and acted upon the consideration, that this disappointment was an indication of God's displeasure, and a forerunner of greater calamities unless he turned from his unrighteous course: that, to use the words of Scripture, God was already whetting His sword and bending His bow, and making it ready against the persecutors. But no such thoughts entered into King Philip's mind. On the contrary, he seems to have fancied he was doing God service in making war against England, and in preparing to exterminate all English heretics. At any rate, the storm which had dispersed his fleet, only made him the more savage and determined; so that, as soon as the losses and damages had been repaired, the Invincible Armada once more set out on its voyage.

While the Armada was thus delayed, the principal part of the English fleet was gathered together at Plymouth, under the command of Lord Howard, its admiral. The vice-admiral, or second in command, was Sir Francis Drake, a skillful and gallant seaman, and a brave Englishman. Under these were other experienced leaders, whose names are now remembered in history for the deeds they performed. Among them

were John Hawkins, rear-admiral of the fleet; Martin Frobisher, an excellent navigator and discoverer, who commanded the largest of the queen's ships, the *Triumph*; Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a great favorite of Queen Elizabeth; with many others, from the most noble families of England.

All these, with the captains and officers and seamen of the fleet, were, for two months or more, fretting at having nothing to do, and wearying themselves at guessing why the *Invincible Armada* did not make its appearance as it must have done on its entrance into the English seas. To pass away the time, the English officers indulged in various recreations on shore. Among these was the game of bowls.

One day in July, Admiral Drake and other officers were on a bowling-green near to Plymouth, enjoying their amusement, when a man burst in upon them, almost breathless with speed, to tell them that the *Armada* was at last really come. It had been seen by the captain of a small vessel, when out at sea, and he had hastened to Plymouth to tell the news. This captain's name was Fleming, and he had no very good character; for he was a privateer by profession, which is but another name for a sea-robber. There was no reason to suppose, however, that he had given a false report; and orders were accordingly sent in great haste to all the ships of the fleet to be ready to leave their moorings.

"There's an end of our game, then," said one of the bowlers, when the message reached those on the green.

"No such thing," said Admiral Drake; "there will be plenty of time for us to finish our game, and to beat the Spaniards afterwards."

Accordingly, the game was played out; and then the bowling party hastened to their boats. The common sailors who were on shore had already been recalled to their duty; and before evening the English fleet was standing out to sea, waiting the approach of the enemy, who was not yet in sight. At the same time beacon-fires were kindled up all along the coast; for among other precautions against being taken by surprise, the English government had caused great piles of wood to be built up a mile or two distant from each other, on the high grounds and cliffs, all the way from the Land's End in Cornwall to the mouth of the Thames; and other parts of the coast as well, as near as possible to the sea-shore. Men were also kept constantly on the watch, with orders that when the Spanish fleet should be seen, the nearest beacon, as these piles of wood were called, was to be set on fire. This would soon attract the attention of those who were on the watch at the next beacon on either side; and then those piles also were to be fired; and so on with the next and the next. And thus it came to pass that as soon as the Invincible Armada was





First sight of the Spanish Armada. p. 280.



known to be really approaching, these fires were kindled, one after the other, till before many hours had passed away, the whole south coast seemed to be girt round with a blazing girdle. In the words of Macaulay,

“From Eddystone to Berwick bounds; from Lynn to Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;  
For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread,  
High on St. Michael’s Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head;  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shore,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.”

More effectual, however, than beacon-fire or war-fleet, or the brave hearts, cool heads and strong hands which commanded and manned it, were the fervent, ardent pleadings of those disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, who cast their cares and their country’s peril upon God. They felt that a few days, and even hours, might determine whether England would be permitted and helped to hold fast the Christian liberty for which so much blood had been shed, and so many persecutions endured; or whether she should again be plunged into the darkness and slavery of popery. No wonder, then, that earnest prayers were offered for deliverance, and that their Queen’s throne might be established in righteousness, that the Lord would appear in their behalf, for His own name’s sake, and for the glory and the advancement of Christ’s kingdom. We shall soon see how these prayers were answered.

The morning dawned, and brought with it a sight

which might well have smitten many a heart in the English fleet with dismay and terror. It was a misty, hazy day; but through the drizzling rain could be discerned the enemy's fleet, numbering a hundred and thirty-six vessels, of which ninety were large men-of-war, such as had never been seen by the greater number of Englishmen who had set themselves for the defense of their country. On the other hand, there were but sixty-seven sail of the English fleet to meet them; and scarcely more than half of this small number were war ships, the rest being small merchant and trading vessels, some of them scarcely larger than a modern fishing-smack.

"It was a solemn moment," writes the historian. "The long expected Armada presented a pompous, almost a theatrical appearance. The ships seemed arranged for a pageant in honor of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded, towered, floating castles, with their goodly standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the channel, with an air of indolent pomp."

The little English fleet waited quietly till the great Armada had passed; and then, seeing that the enemy showed no intention of landing on that part of the coast, but steered steadily up the Channel,—the English admiral put his ships in motion, and followed the

Spaniards very closely, watching for an opportunity of attacking any of the lumbering and slow-sailing, though formidable vessels of the Spanish fleet. That opportunity soon occurred; for soon a part of that fleet lagged astern; and then the attack was commenced by one Jonas Bradbury, who commanded a small English barque or pinnace, who poured a broadside of shot into one of the hindmost. Then a sort of running sea-fight commenced, which I cannot better describe than in the words of one of the many historians who have written about the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

“Captain Bradbury having begun the fray, Admiral Lord Howard, in his own ship, the *Ark Royal*, engaged a great Spanish galleon; and Drake, in the *Revenge*, Hawkins, in the *Victory*, and Frobisher, in the *the Triumph*, ranging up gallantly, brought into action all the galleons which had fallen astern. The Spanish rear-admiral, who was with this division, fought it bravely: but his lumbering ships lay like logs on the water, in comparison with the lighter vessels of England, which were manageable and in hand, like well-trained steeds. Before any assistance could come from the van (or forward part) of the Armada, one of the great Spaniards was completely crippled; and another,—a treasure-ship, with 55,000 ducats in her chests,—was taken by Drake, who distributed the money among the sailors. After this, the Duke of Medina (the Spanish Admiral)



waited till the slower ships came up, and then, all of them, under press of sail, stood further up the Channel.

“This first brush,” we are told, “gave great spirit to the English, and there were in it several encouraging circumstances. It was seen, for example, that the tall Spanish ships could not bring their ordnance (guns) to bear,—firing, for the greater part, over the English without touching them; and that the surer fire of the latter told, with terrible effect, on those huge ships, crammed with men,—soldiers and sailors.”

After this day's fighting, the English admiral returned to Plymouth, where his fleet was joined by forty more vessels. In the course of this night, one of the greatest of the Spanish ships took fire, and was burned. It was said that it was purposely set fire to by a traitor,—a certain Flemish gunner, who was in the service of the Spaniards. Besides this trouble, some of the Spanish ships ran foul of each other, to their great mischief: for it was a dark night, and there was a rough sea.

This first day's fighting was on the 22nd of July. We continue the account of the next several days in the words of the historian, before quoted.

“On the 23rd of July, Lord Howard, who was reinforced, and was joined by Sir Walter Raleigh, came up with the whole Armada off Portland, when a battle be-

gan, which lasted nearly the whole of that day. The English fought loose and at large, avoiding a close combat, or boarding. They kept separate, but always in motion, tacking and playing about the enemy, pouring in their fire, and then sheering out of range, returning before the Spaniards had time to reload, giving them another broadside, and then off, as before. . . . The darkness of night interrupted the battle; but in the course of the day the English had taken a large argosy (or merchant ship) and several transports (or vessels containing supplies of men and food and ammunition).

“Next day the Spaniards showed small inclination to renew the fight, and it was apparent that they wished to hold on to Dunkirk,—the place appointed for their being joined by the Spanish army there. The English on their side, were not in fighting condition, for they had been but poorly supplied with gunpowder; and by this time they had used all they had on board. Howard, however, sent off some barques and pinnaces, which returned with a supply towards night; but a day had been lost.

“On the morning of the 26th, the English admiral once more came up with part of the Armada, off the Isle of Wight, where Captain Hawkins took a large Portuguese galleon. Presently there came a calm; the great ships of Spain lay motionless upon the water, and were much too heavy to be towed; while the English

craft, of the lighter kind, were easily towed by their long boats. When a breeze sprang up, Frobisher was set upon by several galleons, and was in great peril; but the *White Bear* and the *Elizabeth Jonas*, two English ships, came up to his relief. Other ships ranged up on either side, and the battle seemed becoming general; but the English had again burnt all their powder. So, having shot away the mainmast, and otherwise shattered the Duke of Medina's own ship, they took advantage of the wind, and sheered off."

Perhaps I have now given the reader enough of fighting. If I were to continue every day's history of the Armada to the end of that notable July in 1588, it would be but a repetition of the same, with one addition, however; namely, that on one of these days, the English smeared over with pitch and rosin, and filled with quick-burning stuff, eight small ships, and, setting them on fire, sent them into the midst of the Spanish fleet. The effect of this manœuvre was prodigious. The Spaniards cut their cables, or let slip their hawsers, we are told, "and in haste, fear, and confusion," scattered themselves abroad,—some into the wide sea, and some among the shoals of Flanders. After this, ship after ship of the Invincible Armada, was taken by the English, who had been so despised; and others were wrecked, so that, though some of the invaders cried out for revenge, and desired to go on

with their work, their leader resolved to make his way back to Spain in the best manner he could. "And as it was held dangerous" to turn back and meet the English in those narrow seas which had already brought the Spaniards so much damage, "he resolved to go northward, and return to Spain by sailing round Scotland."

From what has been recounted of this threatened invasion, it appears that the English, though they were inferior in ships and ammunition, and in almost everything else likely to insure success, nevertheless acted manfully and bravely in defence of their country.

Of all the famous battles, or succession of battles, on land or on sea, which cause the national history of England to be written, as it were, in letters of blood, none perhaps were so unexceptionally righteous on the part of the victors, as those which issued in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The people were then compelled to fight for the gospel and the sanctuary; for all they held dear to them in their country and their homes.

How they fought I have partly told. How God fought for them I have yet to tell.

The leaders of the Armada,—no longer the Invincible,—instead of sailing up the Thames, and landing their troops, and marching to London in triumph, as they had hoped to do, were now only too glad to escape

(if they could) from the enemy they had despised. So they struggled on and on, keeping as clear as they could of the English coast, which they had come to invade, until on the 12th of August, their fleet was as far north as the Orkney Islands. They had been followed so far by the English ships; but this fleet was now obliged to return for want of provisions and water, as well as powder and shot. So they put back into the Frith of Forth. Up to this period the weather, though occasionally threatening, had been moderate, but on the 14th of August there was a change. The wind shifted; and during the whole of that day, and the next, it blew a tremendous gale. It was a more violent storm than was ever seen before at this time of year. The English fleet was scattered, and many ships were in peril; but within four or five days all arrived safely in port.

“Far different,” our historian tells us, “was the fate of the Spaniards. Over this invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English, midway between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery for a long time hung over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Faroe and the Hebrides. In those regions



of tempest, the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks, or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland and Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas,—with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London, and made England a Spanish vice-royalty.”

Another historian writes that in their dreadful straits, the storm-beaten Spaniards “threw overboard horses, mules, artillery, and baggage. Some of the ships were dashed to pieces among the Orkneys and the Western Isles, some were stranded in Norway, some went down at sea with every soul on board, some were cast upon the iron coast of Argyle, and more than thirty were driven on the coast of Ireland, where the popular name of *Port-na-Spagna*, bestowed on a place near the Giant’s Causeway, recalls a part of the fearful catastrophe. . . . A small squadron was driven back to the English Channel where, with the exception of one great ship, it was taken by the English, or by their allies, the Dutch. The Duke of Medina, about the end of September, arrived at Santandor, in the Bay of Biscay, with no more than sixty sail out of the whole fleet; and these very much shattered, with their crews all

worn out with cold, and hunger, and sickness, and looking like spectres."

This, then, is the Great Deliverance of which this story was to tell; and it surely deserves its name, for it was God who wrought it. So, at any rate, thought all English people at that time; and so great was their sense of God's help that a medal was struck by order of the government, bearing on one side the impression of a tempest-beaten fleet; and on the other these Latin words,

"AFFLAVIT DEUS, ET DISSIPANTUR;"

which, in English, is,—

"God caused the winds to blow, and they were scattered."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CHIVALRY.

*The Age of Chivalry*, says a writer in the *Encyclopædia*, is the heroic age of the Teutonic Christian tribes, corresponding to the age of the Grecian heroes.

This heroic period of a nation may be compared to the youth of an individual; and we find, therefore, nations in this stage of their progress, distinguished by the virtues, follies, and even vices, to which the youth of individuals is most prone — thirst for glory, enthusiasm, pride, indescribable and indefinite aspirations after something beyond the realities of life, strong faith in virtue and intellectual greatness, together with much vanity and credulity.

Chivalry, in the perfection of its glory and its extravagance, existed only among the German tribes, or those which were conquered by and mingled with them, and whose institutions and civilization were impregnated with the Teutonic spirit. Therefore we find chivalry never fully developed in Italy, because the Teutonic spirit never penetrated all the institutions of that coun-

try, as it found a civilization already established, of too settled a character to be materially affected by its influence.

We do not find much of the chivalric spirit in Greece, nor among the Slavonic tribes, except some traces among the Bohemians and the Poles, who had caught a portion of it from the Germans. Among the Swedes, though a genuine Teutonic, chivalry never struck deep root; but this is to be ascribed to their remote situation, and to the circumstance that they early directed their attention to navigation and naval warfare, which, in many ways, were unfavorable to the growth of the chivalric spirit; affording, for instance, comparatively little opportunity for that display of courage and accomplishment in the eyes of admiring multitudes, or in the adventurous quests of the single knight, which formed so striking a feature of the chivalric age.

To explain the nature and origin of chivalry, we must consider the character of the ancient German tribes. The warlike spirit was common to them with other barbarous nations; but there were certain traits in their character peculiarly their own. Among these was their esteem for women. This is dwelt upon by Tacitus, and is sufficiently apparent from the early native German historians.

This regard for the female sex was diffused by them through every country into which they spread, though

with considerable difference in the forms in which it developed itself. In France, it became that refined gallantry for which the nation has been so long conspicuous; in Spain, it assumed a more romantic and glowing character, displaying much of the fire of Oriental feeling; in Germany itself, it became faithful and tender attachment to the wedded wife. Undoubtedly the Christian religion assisted in developing this feeling of esteem for the female sex in those times, particularly by the adoration of the Virgin, which was taught as a part of it. It is true that wives and mothers were treated with great regard by the Romans, and the history of no nation affords more numerous instances of female nobleness, but this esteem was rendered to them, not as females, but as the faithful companions and patriotic mothers of citizens. It had somewhat of a political cast. But this was not the case with the Germans.

There is another trait of the German character, which deserves to be considered in this connection, which is very apparent in their literature, and the lives of many individuals; we mean that indefinite thirst for something superior to the realities of life, that *sehnen*, to use their own word, which hardly admits of translation, which has produced among them at the same time so much excellence and so much extravagance. These three traits of the Teutonic race, their warlike spirit,



their esteem for women, and their indefinable thirst for superhuman greatness, together with the influence of the feudal system and of the Roman Catholic religion, afford an explanation of the spirit of chivalry — an institution which, to many observers, appears like an isolated point in history, and leaves them in doubt whether to despise it as foolish, or admire it as sublime.

The feudal system divided the Christian Teutonic tribes into masses, the members of which were united, indeed, by some political ties, but had little of that intimate connection which bound men together in the communities of antiquity, and has produced like effects in our own and a few preceding ages. They still preserved, in a great measure, the independence of barbarians.

There was, however, one strong bond of union, which gave consistency to the whole aggregate; we mean the Roman Catholic religion, which has lost much of its connecting power, in proportion as other ties, chiefly those of a common civilization, have gained strength. The influence of this religion was of great service to mankind during the ages of ignorance and violence, by giving coherency to the links of the social chain, which were continually in danger of parting. To this cause is to be ascribed the great uniformity of character which prevailed during the ages of chivalry.

The feudal system, besides, enabled the gentry to

live on the labors of the oppressed peasants, without the necessity of providing for their own support, and to indulge the love of adventures incident to their warlike and ambitious character.

If we now combine the characteristics which we have been considering — a warlike spirit, a lofty devotion to the female sex, an undefinable thirst for glory, connected with feudal independence, elevation above the drudgery of daily toil, and a uniformity of character and purpose, inspired by the influence of a common religion — we obtain a tolerable view of the chivalric character.

This character had not yet quite developed itself in the age of Charlemagne. The courage exhibited by the warriors of his age was rather the courage of individuals in bodies.

The independence, the individuality of character, which distinguished the errant knight who sought far and wide for adventures to be achieved by his single arm, was the growth of a later period.

The use of the war-horse, which formed so essential an instrument of the son of chivalry, was not common among the Germans until the time of their wars with the Hurs. They were indeed acquainted with it before, and Tacitus mentions it in his account of Germany; but it was not in common use among them till the period we have mentioned.

After it was introduced, cavalry was considered among them, as among all nations in the early stages of their progress, much superior to infantry, which was, in fact, despised, until the successors of the Swiss demonstrated its superiority. In the 11th century, knight-hood had become an established and well-defined institution; but it was not till the 14th that its honors were confined exclusively to the nobility.

The crusades gave a more religious turn to the spirit of chivalry, and made the knights of all Christian nations known to each other, so that a great uniformity is thenceforward to be perceived among them throughout Europe. Then arose the religions of knights, the knights of St. John, the templars, the Teutonic knights, &c. The whole establishment of knight-hood assumed continually a more formal character, and degenerating, like every human institution, sunk at last into Quixotic extravagances, or frittered away its spirit amid the forms and punctilios springing from the pride and the distinctions of the privileged orders of society. It merged, in fact, among the abuses which it has been one of the great labors of our age to overthrow. The decline of chivalry might be traced through the different forms which it assumed in different nations as distinctly as its development — a task too extensive for this work.

## MAKING A KNIGHT.

The education of a knight was briefly as follows:- The young and noble stripling, generally about his 12th year, was sent to the court of some baron or noble knight, where he spent his time chiefly in attending on the ladies, and acquiring skill in the use of arms, in riding, &c. This duty of waiting about the persons of the ladies became, in the sequel, as injurious to the morals of the page as it may have been salutary in the beginning.

When advancing age and experience in the use of arms had qualified the page for war, he became an *escuyer* (esquire or squire). This word is generally supposed to be derived from *escu* or *scudo* (shield), because, among other offices, it was the squire's business to carry the shield of the knight whom he served.

The third and highest rank of chivalry was that of knighthood, which was not conferred before the 21st year, except in the case of distinguished birth or great achievements. The individual prepared himself by confessing, fasting, &c.; religious rites were performed; and then, after promising to be faithful, to protect ladies and orphans, never to lie, nor utter slander, to live in harmony with his equals, &c., (in France there were twenty vows of knighthood) he received the *accolade*, a slight blow on the neck with the flat of the

sword, from the person who dubbed him knight, who, at the same time, pronounced a formula to this effect: "I dub thee knight, in the name of God and St. Michael, (or in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost). Be faithful, bold, and fortunate." This was often done on the eve of battle, to stimulate the new knight to deeds of valor, or, after the combat, to reward signal bravery.

Chivalry exercised, in some respects, a salutary influence at a time when governments were unsettled and laws little regarded. Though chivalry often carried the feelings of love and honor to a fanatical excess, yet it did much good by elevating them to the rank of deities; for the reverence paid to them principally prevented mankind, at this period of barbarous violence, from relapsing into barbarism; and, as the feudal system was unavoidable, it is well that its evils were somewhat alleviated by the spirit of chivalry.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

THE transition from the rude and barbarous state of the northern nations, when their waves dashed against the corrupt but luxurious civilization of the Roman power in its decline, developed the feudal system, which belongs to the period of the middle ages, and traces of which still linger in many parts of Europe.

A fee, feud or fief is a possession, of which the vassal receives the right of use and enjoyment, of disposition and alienation, on condition of fidelity (that is, of affording assistance or counsel, and avoiding all injurious acts), together with the performance of certain services incident to the tenure, while the feudal lord still retains a paramount right.

The nature of feudal property is explained by its origin. Such was the passion of the ancient Germans for war, that, in time of peace, private feuds took the place of public contention; and, in default of these, the men of military ages spent weeks, and months, and years, in adventures, and made incursions into the terri-

tory of the neighboring tribes, or took part in the quarrels of the distant ones. On these expeditions the experienced and powerful were usually attended by a number of equally valiant youths, who were furnished by the chief with provisions, and, perhaps, with arms, and composed his retinue, or *following*.

This retinue, which was well known in the time of Cæsar and Tacitus, was bound to the commander by firmer ties than the transient love of war or in constant success. If the leader did not prove false (which was never known), the attendant devoted his whole life to his service, and was always ready to meet the summons to new adventures. And when the whole nation marched to war, the warriors formed about their chieftain a devoted band, ready to sacrifice themselves for his safety. Each of them looked upon the life and liberty of his leader as intrusted to his own peculiar care; and, if any one survived his imprisonment or death, he was forever branded as a coward. The general of the national militia, always one of the wealthiest landholders, had a crowd of them constantly about his person. These companions (in German, *Gesellen*, whence the later barbarous Latin word *vasallus*) received no pay except their arms, horses and provisions, and the portion of the spoils which remained after the chieftain had taken his own share. In the expeditions of particular adventurers against the adjacent

tribes, or the Roman provinces, their booty consisted of garments, arms, furniture and slaves. But when the northern hordes broke into the south, and, in the partition of the conquered lands, large districts fell into the hands of kings or dukes and their subordinates, they gave certain portions of the territory to their attendants, to enjoy the possession for life. These estates they called *beneficia*, or fiefs, because they were only lent to their possessors to revert after their death to the grantor, who immediately gave them to another of his servants. From this custom of the ancient Germans arose the feudal service, which is purely German and unknown to other nations. As the son commonly esteemed it his duty or was forced by necessity, to devote his arm to the lord in whose service his father had lived, he also received his father's fief; or rather, he was invested with it anew.

By the usage of centuries this custom became a right, and to deprive one of his paternal fief, though it was prohibited by no law, seemed an act of injustice. At length, express provision was made by Conrad II, in Germany, in the year 1025, and in Italy in 1037, by which the feudal possessions of a father were to descend to his son; or those of clergymen to their successors. Female fiefs are later deviations from the system. In that period of lawless violence, which followed the migration of nations, and the death of

Charlemagne, it soon appeared useful and indispensable that those States which were well protected from foreign invasion, though they had no assurance of internal security, should put themselves under the protection of a powerful governor.

Powerful barons and rich bishops on one side, dukes and counts, the representatives of the kings, on the other, oppressed the neighboring free proprietors of landed property, till they looked with jealousy on the dependent vassals, and submitted to the protection of the oppressor, or some other nobleman, in order to obtain security. Many persons, especially the poor, who were obliged to cultivate their land themselves, and could not have it without much inconvenience, submitted to this protection, though they were in no danger of oppression, merely to escape the military service. For dukes, and counts, and the bailiffs (who acted on behalf of the bishops), whose duty it was to levy and command the army, instead of employing the raw militia, who often forgot their military skill in long-continued peace, preferred their own attendants, now styled the *vassals*, and released such of the King's subjects as were willing to become their vassals, and pay a certain contribution, from the obligation of serving in the national militia. The emperors and kings cared little from what source the dukes obtained their forces, provided the number was complete.

Besides the advantages just mentioned, they even preferred an army of vassals to the national soldiery, because the latter were bound only to serve in the defense of the country, while the former were bound to a much less limited, sometimes unconditional service, and were hence far more useful. Thus the national militia gradually went out of use, and gave place to the feudal militia.

Another, and not a small class of men, including the wealthy families, afterwards called the *inferior nobility*, who cultivated their land by means of hirelings or bondsmen, were not anxious to free themselves from the military service; for war was always their favorite employment. But they could not dispense with the protection of the nobles; on the other hand, their pride could not stoop to serve in an army which was every day sinking into disgrace. They longed for the honor of being received among the vassals of the nobility, and consented to hold their estates as the feudatories of the nearest duke, or earl, or bishop. Often, too, from a feeling of devotion, they became the feudatories of the great religious establishments. This is the origin of the great number of feudal estates in Germany at the present day, with the exception of the north-eastern provinces, formerly Slavonic, and subsequently conquered, and divided among vassals. They were bound, like other vassals, under the penalty of losing their lands, to



follow their lord in all his quarrels against any person excepting other lords of whom they held lands, and excepting also the emperor and empire. Moreover, in war the vassals were required to throw open their fortresses and castles for the use of their masters. The dukes, and counts, and bishops, who were paid in fiefs for their several services, stood in this relation to the Emperor; and inferior landed proprietors stood also in the same relation to the superior nobility (for this was the origin of the inferior nobility). Rich and adventurous peasants, likewise, who preferred honorable vassalage to honest but despised patronage, invested some noblemen with their lands, and were invested by him, with the consent of the lord paramount, with a further portion of his feudal territory (under tenants).

The investiture was made from the time of the Saxon emperors, in the great vice-regal fiefs, by a banner (which was the ensign of command); in the inferior ones by a sword; and in the spiritual fiefs by a ring and a staff; after the peace of Worms, in 1122, which confined the power of the emperor to secular affairs, by the scepter. The *castle-fiefs*, so called, were a peculiar kind of military fiefs, the possessor of which was bound to defend the castle belonging to his lord. The vassal who directed the defense was called in the imperial fortresses, a *burggrave*. Thus the several orders of vassals formed a system of concentric circles, of

which each was under the influence of the next, and all move around a common center, the king, as the supreme feudal lord. With military vassals another class arose. From the oldest times, we find in the courts of kings, and the governors, whom they appointed, as well as in those of the bishops, certain officers, who at first performed active service, but were afterwards rather a splendid appendage to the court. The four offices of the marshal, the chamberlain, the cup bearer and the server, are the oldest and most honorable, but by no means the only ones: offices were as numerous as the employments which could be devised at court. These officers, at a period when money was scarce, and the old German notion in full vigor, which considered none but landed proprietors as citizens, and none but the owners of large estates as noblemen, were naturally rewarded by grants of land during the time of service; and those estates, like the military fiefs, became by degrees hereditary.

The splendor of the court, and the advantages accruing from these services, induced many noblemen to solicit them. They became the first in the new class of servants or ministers, which was thus formed; and under them there was a multitude of other servants, particularly on the estates of the nobility. Every farmer (*villicus*) was paid for the cultivation of one piece of land, by the investiture of another smaller piece,

and there was scarcely a servant of the court who had not been invested, for his services, with at least a home or a garden in the village adjoining the castle. The great ministerial officers, too indolent to execute the duties of their offices themselves, with the permission of their lords, soon began to commit them to others, whom they paid in like manner for their administration by the investiture of some other estates. Fiefs were gradually introduced, which were acquired not by military or court services, but by performing certain duties of no great difficulty, amounting to little more than the acknowledgment of the lord's feudal superiority; as by the yearly gift of a horse, a pair of hounds, a falcon, or the like. Very slight acts were often admitted as acknowledgments, as the holding of a stirrup, or walking before the feudal lord on certain occasions. Among the presents and acts are some of a most ridiculous character, according to the humor of the feudal lord; such as dancing before the army, performing some trick, offering an egg, a penny, &c. A refusal to perform feudal service, or any other violation of fealty, was styled *felony*.

Upon this and other difficulties incident to feudal property, as in cases growing out of the succession, surrender, alienation or under-tenure of a fief, the lord decided in a feudal court, filled by vassals, who were required to be of equal rank with the accused. To

appear in these courts at the summons of the lord of the manor, and accept the place of an assessor there, was reckoned among the duties incident to a fief. As the relation of lords and vassals became more and more widely spread, and the number of vassals increased at the expense of the ancient immediate subjects of the empire, the latter were thrown into the background, and at length nearly forgotten.

In the 10th and 11th centuries, no duty due from subjects was known except feudal duties; the whole German empire was one vast feudal possession, and the ideas of feudal lords and national sovereigns were wholly confounded. If any one was neither a lord nor a vassal, he was scarcely looked upon as a citizen, and no one took care for his safety. Hence, few rich landed proprietors ventured to rely upon their own strength, without a feudal connexion. And even most of these at last yielded to the spirit of the age, and became royal vassals, as the lords of Brunswick and Hesse and the counts of Thuringia at that period called *dukes* and *landgraves*. The emperor likewise used every means to induce them to adopt such a course. Thus, when the haughty baron of Kreuringen, who was the vassal of no one, refused to do homage to Frederic I. the enraged monarch invested him with the right of coinage that he might become his lord. On the other hand, it was considered the duty of the German emperor not to ex-

tinguish a fief which reverted to the sovereign for want of heirs to inherit it, but to infeoff some other person, and thus to secure the continuance of the feudal system, on which the continuance of the empire seemed to depend, for a reversion of fiefs to the emperor would bring into his hands an excess of power; and a release of the princes from their feudal ties would be followed by a state of anarchy.

Besides, the necessary connection of all the offices with the fiefs rendered the line of separation between them very indistinct, and the service which was paid for a fief was regarded as the fief itself; so that persons were no longer invested with estates as the reward of office, but with the office, as a productive capital, on account of the property attached to it. The dukes, bishops, bailiffs and burgraves, sometimes from ignorance, and sometimes from interested motives, increased this confusion. They made no difference between their fiefs and the districts and castles for the government of which they were given to them. They exercised in these places, which were filled mostly by their own vassals, the power of feudal landlords, and esteemed any attempt to curtail their rule as an act of flagrant injustice, equivalent to a withdrawal of the fief. In the provinces where the ducal power was early abolished, as in Franconia, Suabia and Westphalia, the counts and abbots took the same course; while in Bavaria, Misnia,



Thuringia, Austria and Brandenburg, often wholly forgetful of their dignity as imperial governors, they sunk into the state of mere vassals to the dukes, landgraves and margraves, and were hardly able to maintain their under-tenures in a state of dependence. From the feudal system, the only social organization of the European states in the middle ages, a new system of civil rank arose. The *inferior nobility*, a rank intermediate between the princes and freedmen, owes its origin, it is said, to this institution; and a regular scale of rank was formed among the vassals, without detriment, however, to the principle of equal birth. The King formed the first class; the spiritual princes and bishops and immediate abbots constituted the second; the lay-princes, dukes, landgraves, margraves and immediate counts, the third; those barons or rich landed proprietors who owed fealty to no one, but yet on account of their limited rights or possessions, were the vassals of the Emperor, the fourth; those freemen who stood in the same relation to the princes, the fifth; the vassals of the former, and the servants of the princes, the sixth; and the possessors of small fiefs the seventh. This arrangement corresponds to the Italian division into *principes*, *capitanei*, *valvasores majores*, *valvasores minores*, *valvasini* and *saldati*; the English, into lords, esquires and free-holders; the Spanish *grandees* *escuderos*, *hidalgos*; and the French *pairs*, *barons*, *ecuyers* and *valvasseurs*.

The title *ecuyers*, *escuderos*, *esquires*, however, belongs rather to chivalry. Besides these ranks, after some centuries, the order of citizens was formed, as being included under no one of them.

The spirit of the feudal system, grounded on the prevalence of landed property, was necessarily foreign to cities which owed their origin to industry and personal property, and founded thereon a new sort of power. Hence we see them almost always involved in open hostilities and contests with the nobility. The principles of the *feudal laws*, the name given to the system of right, and obligations existing between feudal lords and vassals, were developed and established by the Lombard lawyers of the 12th century. The collection of feudal laws and customs, which is appended to the Roman code under the title of *libri feudorum*, has become the code of feudal law over half of Europe. In the north of Germany, Denmark, Prussia, Poland, &c., the old German feudal code still obtains, which differs from the Lombard code chiefly in not acknowledging the right of collateral relations, as such to succeed to a fief; and in grounding the right of feudal succession, not on descent from the first possession of the fief, but only on community of possession; so that diversions destroyed the right of inheritance.

In place of this community similar force has been given, since the 12th century, in the above mentioned

countries, to a merely formal union, instituted in the first investiture, and preserved and renewed in all cases of division or death (joint investiture). The feudal government at a period when a spirit of independence and of opposition to despotism was abroad in the land, was well situated to put into the hands of one governor as supreme feudal lord, the reins of the national power, to be employed against foreign enemies without endangering domestic freedom.

But as every human institution bears in itself the gem of decay, the purity and influence of feudal relations was diminished ; and the strength of the national government declined amidst a spirit of disaffection and sedition, which became universal, when nobles began to perceive that the feudal government was not naturally dependent on kings, but kings on it. Indeed, the sovereigns had no other security for their subjection than the feudal oath, and the menaces of punishment, which the king had not the ability to carry into effect, as his power was divided in most of his states, either by investiture or by the usurpations of the princes. Thus the vassals of the crown in Germany, Italy, and the oldest districts of France, succeeded in depriving the king of almost all power, even of the external honor of royalty, and never in the two first countries, and in France only after the extinction of the great baronial families, could he succeed in establishing a new author-

ity, independent of the feudal power; while the Britons alone, from the disputes of the kings and vassals, have been able to establish their present government, with an equal regard to the privileges of both.

As the improvements in the art of war had brought about a total change in modern times, and the feudal militia had been entirely superseded by the standing armies, the feudal government had no means of retaining its authority, but by the feudal services of a civil character. The feudal system is a relic of the past, too useless and inconvenient and too much opposed to the principles of the modern laws of equality to be any longer maintained. Feudal service is no longer demanded, because it has ceased to be useful. It has been, and still is, the great task of the present age in Europe, to overthrow the feudal system, an order of things which grew out of times of barbarity and disorder, and rested on principles and circumstances which no longer exist.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CONCLUSION.

THE Middle Ages embrace that period, in the history of Europe, which begins with the final destruction of the Roman empire, and, by some historians, is considered to end with the reformation; by others, with the discovery of America; by others, with the conquest of Constantinople; and again, by some, with the invention of the art of printing; all of which may be right, according to the special purpose of the historian. In general, it may be said, the Middle Ages embrace that period of history in which the feudal system was established and developed, down to the most prominent events which necessarily led to its overthrow.

The first centuries of the Middle Ages are often termed the *dark ages*,—a name which they certainly deserve. Still, however, the destruction of the Roman institutions by the irruption of barbarous tribes, is often unduly lamented, and the beneficial consequences attending it overlooked. True it is, that many of the acquisitions, which had cost mankind ages of toil and labor, were lost



in the general wreck, and only regained by the efforts of many successive generations ; the flowers of civilization were trampled under foot by barbarous warriors ; and civil development of society suffered a most severe shock ; those nations to which Roman civilization had extended previous to the great invasion of the Teutonic tribes, were thrown back, in a great measure, to their primeval barbarism, and the unruly passion for individual independence in the northern tribes, greatly retarded the development of public and private law, and in some countries, has entirely prevented a regular civil institution.

The feudal system filled Europe with powerful barons, possessing large landed estates, and commanding the services of numerous armed adherents ; and with inferior lords, protected by the former.

They were all possessed of land, with arms perpetually in their hands, too proud to follow any laws except those of honor, which they had themselves created, and despising all men of peaceful occupations as ignoble, created to obey and serve. If, therefore, the parties not belonging to the military cast wished to preserve their independence, they could succeed only by union, which would afford them the means of mutual protection, and enable them to exercise their various callings unmolested, and thereby acquire wealth in money and goods, which would serve as a counterpoise to the landed possessions of the feudal aristocracy. This necessity gave rise to

*cities.* Small cultivators at first under the protection and superintendence of the counts, bishops and abbots, to whom they subsequently became so formidable, arose and attained (particularly in the eleventh century), through their own industry and skill, to a state of prosperity, which enabled them to purchase their freedom, and soon to obtain it by force. They did not remain stationary; but small states began to grow into great ones; and most of them became so bold as to acknowledge no superior except the highest authority of the country to which they belonged. Strong, high walls, impenetrable by the rude military art of the time, secured, in conjunction with the valor of the citizens, the freedom of the cities, and protected them from the tyrants of the land. Well-ordered civil institutions preserved peace and prosperity within, and were secured by the wealth acquired by trade and manufacturing industry. Many of the nobility themselves, attracted by the good order and prosperity of the cities, established themselves there, and were ambitious of obtaining the offices of government in commonwealths. In fact, they soon usurped the exclusive possession of them, in many of the cities.

The looser the social organization in any state, and the more intolerable the pride of the nobility, the greater became the prosperity and power of the cities, which grew, at length, so great, that in Germany and Italy, these republics were formidable even to the emperor.

In Arragon, the third estate was fully developed as early as the twelfth century. In England the cities, in conjunction with the barons, obtained the *Magna Charta*, in 1215, and in France, they increased, in consequence, from the circumstances that Louis the Fat and his successors, particularly Phillip the Fair, 200 years after him, found it their best policy to protect them against the nobility, and thereby increase their own means of resisting the order. What single cities could not accomplish, was effected by the union of several; as the league of the Lombardy cities of Italy, the Hanseatic, Rhenish and Suabian leagues, in Germany.

Under the protection of such associations, and sheltered by the walls of the cities, all arts and trades, and every kind of civilization, made rapid progress. Many of the important inventions which we now prize so highly, originated among the citizens of these small free states, or were suggested by their active commercial and manufacturing spirit. With constitutions similar to those of antiquity, the same spirit seemed to be awakened; all the virtues and vices of Athens, Sparta and Rome, are found in the free states of Italy, where even the climate resembled that of the republics, which had perished 1500 years before. There was the same love of country, strict morals, and valor, the same party contests, changes of administration, and ambitious intrigues, and the same (though differently directed) love of arts and knowledge.

But the communities were not exempt from the influence of the domineering spirit of the times, which they opposed. The overwhelming power of individuals, so dangerous to all free states, became, through this spirit, doubly formidable, and compelled the oppressed portion of the citizens, in the same distress which had given rise to their parent city, to have recourse to the same means of relief. They bound themselves together for the protection of their rights. Such associations, usually formed among people of the same trade, and having for their object, next to security from external enemies, the maintenance of internal order in these stormy times, were called *Corporations*, or *Guilds*, and were under the direction of a master. The strictest regulations appeared necessary for the attainment of this object. No one without serving an apprenticeship of years, and advancing through certain degrees, could become a member. At a later period, admission into the corporation was purchased by individuals who did not follow the business of the members, but wished to share in the advantages of the association. For in the fourteenth century, the corporations became so powerful as to obtain almost exclusive possession of the government of the cities, which, until this period, the nobility had mostly retained in their own hands.

The Corporations now taught them that, as they contributed not to the prosperity of the city by their indus-

try, it did not become them to govern it. The nobility, so far as they continued in the city after this removal from power, preserved themselves in close connection, and those who resided in the country formed confederacies against the power of the cities.

Associations which, to the best men, appeared the only means of security from the disorders of the time, became so universal, that, almost everywhere, persons of the same trade or profession were closely united, and had certain laws and regulations among themselves.

Knowledge itself in the universities, was obliged to do homage to this spirit, and the liberal arts themselves, in the latter part of the Middle Ages, were fettered by the restraints of corporations, so that knowledge as well as arts was prevented from attaining that perfection which the secure life of the city seemed to promise them. So also the most remarkable institution of that time, its characteristic production — chivalry — exhibited all the peculiarities of the corporations. War was the profession of the nobles. No one of their order, who was not a knight, could bear a lance or command cavalry; and the services of years, as an attendant or squire, were necessary to entitle even one of the highest order to be dubbed a knight. But squire, knight and baron were all inspired with the same spirit of honor, pride, love and devotion.

The religious zeal of the Middle Ages produced actions



almost inconceivable to the cooler spirit of our time. We see hundreds of youths and maidens, in the flower of their age, shutting themselves up in gloomy walls or retiring to wild deserts, and spending their lives in prayer and penance; we yearly see thousands barefoot and fasting, traveling many hundred miles, over sea and land, to pray at the grave of their Master; we see hundreds of thousands thronging thither, from age to age, with the cross and sword, at the risk of life, to deliver the Holy Land from the pollution of infidels. This enthusiastic spirit was peculiarly suitable to soften the ferocity of the age; but ambitious men artfully turned it to their own selfish purposes. Intolerance, the destruction of the Jews and heretics, the luxurious splendor of the papal court, and the all-embracing system of the hierarchy, were the unhappy fruits of this mistaken spirit.

In opposition to the secular power, resting on the feudal system, and supported only by armies of vassals, the pope formed, from the archbishops, bishops and priests, still more from the generals of religious orders, provincials, abbots, and monks, an immense army, invincible through its power over the conscience, and through the spiritual weapons which belong to it and to its head. From the general belief in his possession of the power to make happy and unhappy in both worlds, to bind and loose for eternity, the pope ruled with absolute sway, the minds of all Christians. All the kings of

the west acknowledged him as the living vicegerent of Christ. Many were vassals to him; many tributary; almost all obedient and subject to him, or, in a short time, victims of a vain resistance.

At the time in which little idea was entertained of resisting princes by constitutional laws, and when the spirit of the times allowed them to dare whatever they could do, it was an inestimable advantage that the pope aided the people for centuries in opposition to their usurpations; but the luxury, cruelty, ambition and hostility to the diffusion of knowledge, which pervaded the clergy, from the pope down to the lowest mendicant friar, has left a deep stain upon these times. In vain did men like Arnold of Brescia and the Waldenses, Wickliffe, Huss, and their followers, endeavor to overthrow the hierarchy by reminding the people of the simplicity and purity of the primitive church. They found their contemporaries, accustomed to the supremacy of the church, not yet ripe for freedom of mind, and inattentive to their remonstrances; and their noble endeavors in a great measure, failed. The hierarchy was able to erect new bulwarks against new enemies; mendicant orders and the inquisition were instituted to prevent the dawning light of the thirteenth century from entering the kingdom of darkness; excommunications and interdicts held Christendom in terror; till at length, when the signs of the times, the diffusion of a free spirit of investigation, the establish-

ment of a more rational order in monarchies, and the cooling of religious enthusiasm, announced that the Middle Ages were drawing to a close, Luther proclaimed that Europe would no longer be held in leading-strings.

The ages of which we have been speaking, so full of battles and adventures, of pride and daring, of devotion and love, must have been poetic times. The Knights were practically disposed to poetic views by lives spent between battle and love, festive pomp and religious exercises. Hence we see *poets* first appearing among the Knights in the twelfth century. In southern France, where chivalry was first established, we see the first sparks of modern poetry. The provincial Troubadours, who principally sung at the court of Berengarius of Toulouse, are the founders of it. Soon after them the French Trouveres and the German Minnesingers sang in their mother tongue; the Italians at first, from mistrust of their vulgar tongue, in the Provincial; and the English, from the same cause, in the French. But the minstrels soon formed among the latter also a national poetry; and the Italians, at a later period after the great Dante brought the Tuscan dialect into honor, obtained by the improvement of it, a high poetic fame. In Spain, the Catalonian poetry was the same as the Provincial, but the Castilian and Portuguese borrowed more from the Arabians. With lyric poetry the epic was also developed in great beauty and power. Its mystic tone, its

indefinite longing for something more elevated than the realities of earth, entitle us to distinguish this epic from the ancient by the name *romantic*.

The romantic epics of the Middle Ages are mostly confined to three cycles of stories. The first of these cycles is the German *Nibelungen*, and the stories of *Siegfried*, *Atilla*, and other heroes of the time of the general migration of the nations. To the second belong the equally old tales of the British King Arthur, his Round Table, and the *Sangraal*, also *Titurel*, *Parzival*, *The Enchanter Merlin*, and others. The third embraces the originally French collection of stories of *Charlemagne*, and his *Peers*, of *Roland*, the *Enchanter Malegys*, and the *Four Sons of Haymon*.

Besides these subjects, the poetic appetite of the Middle Ages seized upon the historic events of ancient and modern times, particularly the deeds of Alexander the Great, and the crusades, likewise upon Scripture history, and even upon the subjects of the ancient epics of Homer and Virgil, for new poetical works. But whether from political causes, or as we believe, from the downfall of chivalry, and from an increasing spirit of reflection, the last centuries of the Middle Ages were unfavorable to poetry. The voice of the minstrel was almost entirely silent in Germany, France and Spain, even in the fourteenth century; but Italy had now its Petrarch and Boccaccio, and England its

Chaucer. In the thirteenth century there was not a story in the cycles before-mentioned which was not eagerly sung by many poets; and more than 1400 love songs by 136 poets of this century are contained in the Manesse collection alone; but hardly a single poet appeared among the Knights, after the fourteenth century. The epic poems of former times gave place to prose romances, in which their stories were diluted, and the lyric poetry, in France and Germany, fell into the rude hands of the Master-singers, who, by a studied observance of rules, preserved its formal existence. So did it continue till the fifteenth century, which, attentive only to the great events which were in preparation, and the struggles which preceded them, and actuated by the spirit of reflection from which they proceeded, was far removed from that free flow of feeling which had given birth to the poetry of the past time.

It was not till the end of the Middle Ages, when the early spirit of poetry lived only in remembrance, that Ariosto took the stories of Charlemagne's peers from the nursery, and gave them new dignity. Spain and England received a new national poetry from Cervantes and Shakspeare. But how great is the difference between these creative geniuses, complete masters of their subjects, who poured forth their whole souls in their poetry, and those simple poets of the Middle Ages, who took the world as it was, and were rather the



organs of the spirit of poetry in the people, than independent poets.

Among the *arts* of the Middle Ages *architecture* was distinguished by its peculiar character. In the noblest buildings of antiquity, the form of the first rude dwelling-houses is not to be mistaken; they appear only as the ornamented forms of abodes which necessity created, and can only be called fine buildings; but the Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages was founded on a deep and great conception. This conception which appears in the union of the grandeur of great masses with the most finished delicacy of parts, was the representation of the world. The other arts, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries came from Greece into the Western world, attained their greatest splendor, in the Middle Ages, upon the Lower Rhine and in Italy.

The weak side of the Middle Ages is the *scientific*. The youthful spirit of the time bent upon action, could not devote itself to a sedentary life and continued study. The efforts of Charlemagne to encourage science and instruct the people, hardly produced any effect beyond his life; for they were not in the spirit of the time. Several centuries after him the German tribes considered no knowledge of use, but that of managing the lance and the steed. The barbarism was so great that most of the laity, even the most distinguished,

could scarcely read or write. He who was instructed in these was considered a distinguished scholar, and he who obtained more knowledge, particularly in mathematics or natural science, exposed himself to the danger of being burnt as a sorcerer. But the monks by their retired situation and the leisure which they enjoyed, as well as by the necessity of some knowledge of the Latin language, which the Roman Catholic ritual required, were driven to a more literary employment, to which they were educated in the schools of the cathedrals and convents. But their literary labors were confined to the copying of the old writers, particularly the fathers of the church, and to accounts of the occurrences of the times in meagre chronicles. Nevertheless we are indebted to them. Through their activity the valuable remains of ancient times, materials and incitements to new improvements have been in a great measure preserved to us; and from their annals we gather our only knowledge of the events and manners of that time. Moreover, the Latin literature which was common to all the people of the west, not merely in the affairs of the church, but in science and public transactions, produced a certain agreement in their general character, which contributed much to promote intercourse and improvement.

The East has no Middle Age like that of Europe; yet the introduction of Mohammedanism and the Arabic

literature make epochs there. But as the spirit of man is hostile to a partial developement, in the eleventh century the need of thinking was again felt in Europe ; the taste for knowledge awoke here and there partly by means of the monasteries, but afterwards through the arts and industry which prevailed in the cities ; study was encouraged by Henry II. of England, the Alphonsos and other intellectual princes. From these times, (the periods of Lanfranc, Abelard, John of Salisbury and others) the Middle Ages produced distinguished individuals whom the coldness of their contemporaries in the cause of science only urged to a more ardent pursuit of it.

Meantime the necessity was felt of defending the doctrines of the church against unbelief and heresy. This led to the sharpening of the intellect by dialectics ; hence the church dogmatics, or theology, was formed, from which philosophy at length proceeded. As, in scholastic theology, the dogmas of the church were early received as authority ; so, in the domain of laws, the Roman code soon obtained a complete ascendancy ; and the jurisconsults of that time were never weary in studying it, learning it by heart, and explaining it by glossaries and illustrations. The students of philosophy pursued the same course with the subtle Aristotle, for whom the Middle Ages, although acquainted with him only through Arabic translations or

*ryacimentos*, had an unbounded respect. Unfortunately, however, for the progress of philosophy, these commentaries, glosses and abridgments occasioned the neglect of the original.

When the union of scholars, in particular places gave birth to *Universities*, these received the stamp of the time, both in the corporate character which was given them, and the absorbing interest which was taken in the study of dialectics. Only jurisprudence, theology and what was called philosophy (which was in fact the art of disputing with subtilty upon every subject,) were taught; and these sciences, especially since the middle of the twelfth century, had degenerated into a mere tinkling of scholastic sophistry. *Medicine*, as regards any useful purpose, was taught at this time only by some Arabs, and students of Salerno who had been instructed by them; in other respects it was a slave of astrology, and an object of speculation to ignorant imposters, principally of the Jewish nation. *Philology* flourished in the time of Lanfranc and Abelard, but was again forgotten in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Notwithstanding the unprofitable character of what was taught at this time, teachers stood in high esteem, and the highest academic rank was considered equal to knighthood.

The universities, on their side, showed themselves

worthy such honor by their independence of pope and prince. With all its worthlessness, the disputatious spirit of the time has this good effect, that truths were advanced and maintained in the universities, which were alarming to the vigilant hierarchy; and Luther's theses, in Wiltenburg, contributed in no small degree to bring on the reformation, and thereby to the shedding of new light upon science. Yet the reformation did not give the first signal for higher intellectual endeavors and freedom of thought; it was rather produced by this striving and this freedom, which had originated some centuries before with the flight of the Greek scholars from Constantinople, and the invention of the art of printing had been encouraged by the lovers of science among the princes of Italy, and had shone forth even in Germany, in the brotherhood of Deventer in Wessel, Erasmus, Celtes, and others. But with the appearance of these men, with the rise of the sun of the new day, the romantic twilight of the Middle Ages faded away.

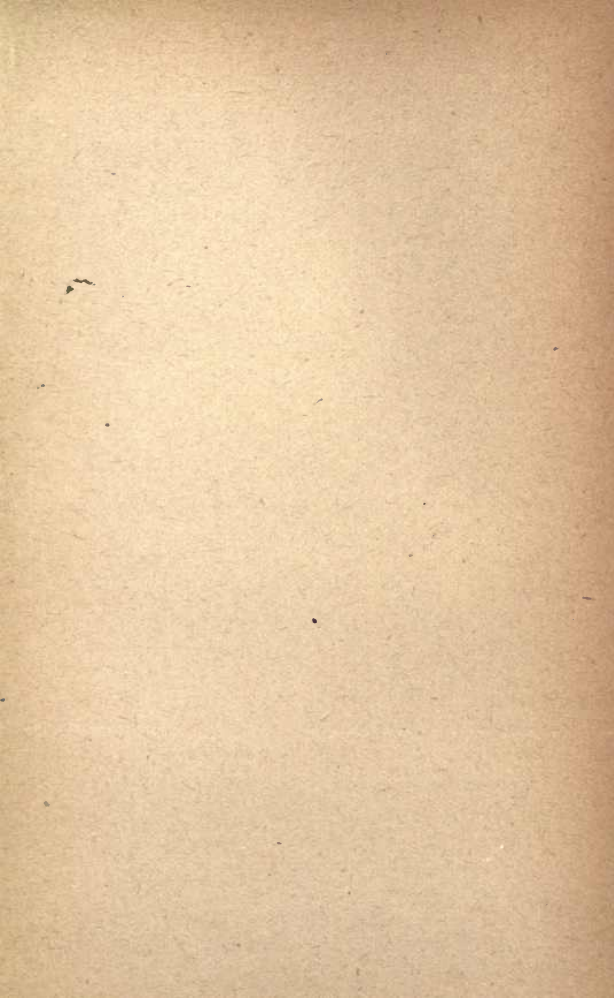
We shall now give briefly the chief epochs of the history of the Middle Ages. The formation of separate Germanic states succeeded the general irruption of the barbarians, and was followed, after some hundred years, by the universal monarchy of Charlemagne. This had only a short continuance; but it left the idea



of the unity of the whole of Christendom under a spiritual head, and under the protection of the newly-revived Roman empire—an idea which had a powerful influence during the whole of the Middle Ages. New modifications of the European states after the fall of the Carlovingians. The devastations of new tribes of barbarians,—the Saracens in the south, the Normans in the north and west, and the Hungarians in the east, all of whom at length became subject to the Germanic power. Colonies of the Normans in France, Italy and England. Christianity gained a footing among the Slavonian tribes. Struggles between the spiritual and secular power convulsed Christendom. The idea of their unity as well as of knighthood, is ennobled in the crusades whose success these discords frustrated. Origin of the cities and of the third estate. Commerce with the east by means of Italy and the Hanse towns. Corruption of the clergy, at two epochs, after Charlemagne and after Gregory VII. Mendicant orders and the inquisition. Decline of the imperial dignity in Germany and Italy. Desolation of these countries by private warfare. Other kingdoms are now enabled to obtain more solidity. The flourishing of new arts and knowledge. Universities. The popes humbled by their dependence upon France, and the great schism. Councils at Constance and Basle. Subjection of the

Greek empire; hence the formidableness of the Turkish power to the west of Europe; and hence, also the diffusion of learning by the fugitive scholars of Constantinople. Printing. The discovery of the New World, and of a way by sea to the East Indies. The Reformation.

**THE END.**



**YONGE (Charlotte M.).**

**LANCES OF LYWOOD.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.co. (4)

Recommended by the State Boards of several States for their public school libraries.

"The Lances of Lynwood" is constructed of fourteenth-century materials gathered from historical and legendary granaries. It is one of the best books for our boys and girls. It opens up history, quickens the imagination and fixes the love of reading."—*Syracuse Standard*.

"It is full of the ring and romance of the feudal ages, describing the bright side and ennobling influences of chivalry."—*Living Church*, Chicago.

"There is a true adherence to nature and great dramatic skill displayed in the exhibition of character"—*North British Review*.

**GOLDEN DEEDS.** 12mo, illustrated, cloth, 1.00; gilt top, 1.25. (4)

Heroic and noble actions mostly culled out of history, making fifty different tales of lofty duty, for young and old.

**THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.00 (4)

A story of the Last Crusade.

**THE LITTLE DUKE: Richard the Fearless.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.00. (4)

**LITTLE LUCY'S WONDERFUL GLOBE.** 23 full-page illustrations, 12mo, cloth, .75.

**HISTORICAL SERIES.**

Recommended by the State Boards of several States for their public school libraries.

Miss Yonge, while always boldly and continuously outlining the course of historical events, has the knack of seizing upon incidents which reveal the true character of historical personages, so that these volumes are eminently calculated to teach as well as to interest. The language is simple yet expressive, the freedom of treatment bold yet accurate. The characters appear and disappear with all the serious brevity of moving time, and seem to speak for themselves.

**YOUNG FOLKS' BIBLE HISTORY.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.50.

"The author presents in her dramatic style many of the striking incidents and stories of the sacred book. It is not only entertaining, but as fascinating as any romance, yet nothing of the spirit of the Bible is disturbed, and the lesson is only more vividly brought out by the genius of the artist."—*Western Educational Journal*, Chicago.

"One of the best books for its purpose which we have found."—*Christian Register*.

"We shall be much mistaken if this book does not prove to be useful in many homes, in fixing the facts of Scripture history in the young minds and in giving them a good perspective of that history as a whole."—*Independent*, New York.

**YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.50.

Beginning with a period prior to the Christian era, it outlines English history through the vicissitudes of the Roman, Danish and Norman invasions, through the subsequent civil strifes, and a large portion of the peaceful reign of the good Victoria. Only those facts are presented which are at once most picturesque, most interesting and most easily comprehended. In the hands of the young it is an irresistible temptation to history.

**YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF FRANCE.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.50.

To arrange the confused facts of French history in such an order as to make them comprehensible to children is a difficult task. Miss Yonge has undertaken to do this and has succeeded admirably. She has done more than tell an interesting story, for she has attached some real characteristic to each reign, and has translated the leading political motives into something that can enter an intellect of seven or eight years old.

## SELECT LIST OF BOOKS.

---

### CLARK (Edmund).

**BIBLE LESSONS.** For Sunday-school Concerts and Anniversaries. 12mo, 1.00.

### CLARK (Rev. F. E.), President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

#### OUR BUSINESS BOYS. 16mo, .60.

"Here is a little book literally worth its weight in gold, and one which ought to be thoroughly read by every boy who contemplates a business career. The author seeing how many boys are entering stores and counting-rooms instead of learning trades or remaining on farms, took the pains to write to nearly a hundred business men of this city for the purpose of ascertaining their respective

opinions touching the qualifications necessary in a young man to command success."—*Portland Argus*.

"This little book contains an amount of valuable truth quite out of proportion to its small compass. . . . It is the condensed testimony of the successful majority as to the qualities which go to the making of success."—*Christian Register*, Boston.

#### DANGER SIGNALS. 12mo, .75.

"The addresses which compose the volume, on some of the sins most likely to affect the young in large cities, were delivered to large audiences of young people in Boston churches. Many books of advice have been written for the young, but there are exceedingly few that the young will read. We believe that this volume like Holland's Letters is likely to prove an exception. The several topics treated are King Alcohol; Dirt in Ink; Trash in Ink; The Low Theatre; The Gambling Den; The Leper of Impurity;

Sappers and Miners of Character; Frivolity, Selfishness, Dishonesty."—*The Advance*.

"There is enough to save a generation of young men if they would give heed thereto. Put this book in the trunk of the young man when he leaves home for business life, or college or even for a summer vacation."—*Christian Union*.

"Strong, clear, fatherly warnings."—*Union Signal*.

"It hits the nail on the head every time."—*Congregationalist*.

#### MOSSBACK CORRESPONDENCE. 12mo, 1.00.

A series of letters upon religious themes. They originally appeared in the *Golden Rule* where they deservedly attracted a great deal of attention. The writer, Mr. Mossback, is what is commonly known as an "old fogey." Being such, he of course finds a great deal to criticise in the methods of the church of that period; in fact he spares neither choir, pew or pulpit. But his satire is always kindly and its purpose is reform. While the letters are really serious there is so much spice withal that the seriousness is delightfully obscured. Consequently the reader is helped without being bored.

### CLARK (H. H., U. S. N.).

**BOY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.50.

This is the story of a young boy from Maine who shipped in the U. S. Navy.

"While telling his adventures, the author gives a detailed account of the entire naval system from the boy's first entrance; information is furnished regarding wages, services required, mode of enlisting, studies, and the entire life aboard the U. S. training-ship Minnesota. The book is both interesting and instructive; it is a true picture of a healthy, at-

tractive life that is little known to the general public, and full enough of adventures to please all boy readers."—*Literary News*, New York.

"The writer of this volume, while making an intensely interesting story, has avoided the danger of sensationalism."—*Chicago Herald*.



## BOYD (Pliny Steele).

UP AND DOWN THE MERRIMAC. Illustrated, 12mo, 1.00.

A vacation trip upon one of the most charming rivers in the world, made in a dory by the author and his two sons for the purpose of hunting, fishing and a good time generally.

"The author is a shrewd thinker; his reflections upon men and things which

run through its pages render it peculiarly attractive."—*Philadelphia Item*.

## BOYDEN (Anna L.).

ECHOES FROM HOSPITAL AND WHITE HOUSE.

12mo, 1.00. (4)

"Anna L. Boyden has undertaken to commemorate the services of Mrs. Rebecca K. Pomroy in the hospitals of the army and in the family of President Lincoln during the Rebellion. The book

is a well-written, earnest account of Mrs. Pomroy's valuable work as a nurse, and, as such, an addition which all will be glad to have to the bibliography of the late War."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## BOYSEN (Hjalmar Hjorth).

VAGABOND TALES. Square 12mo, 1.25.

A collection of characteristic novellettes by one of the most entertaining and most popular of modern story-tellers. No writer living—scarcely excepting even the great Bjornstein—so thoroughly understands the Norse character and when into this is infused the American element, the success of Prof. Boyesen's tales is easily understood. There is a breeziness, a vigor and a manliness about his characters that captivate the reader at once and combine dramatic force with literary skill. The stories included in this volume are: Crooked John; A Child of the Age; Monk Tellenbach's Exile; A Disastrous Partnership; Liberty's Victim; A Perilous Incognito; Charity.

## BOY'S WORKSHOP (A).

By a Boy and his Friends. With an introduction by Henry Randall Waite. Illustrated, 12mo, 1.00.

Written by 'a boy and his friends,' and takes you right into *A Boy's Workshop*; tells you how to make and to use a saw-horse and a work-bench; how to use tools and to care for them; lets you into the secret of book-rests, foot-rests, tables, cabinets, catch-alls, etc.; shows you how to build wooden tents, make a fernery, construct a railway and train, bind magazines, take photographs, tie knots, and

do a great many other things. It is a book that every boy would like to have, and that he ought to have."—*Advance*, Chicago.

"Next to actual service with an intelligent carpenter or cabinet-maker this book is to be valued for its instruction in the art and mystery of tools."—*Christian Advocate*, New York.

## BRAVE GIRLS.

12mo, illustrated, 1.50.

When young people see the name of Nora Perry, Mary Hartwell Catherwood or Frank H. Converse appended to a story, they prick up their ears at once, for they have learned to expect something of unusual interest. They will not be disappointed when they open this book and read about Glen Hastings, Kate Oxford, Sharly Raymond and Bessy May—brave girls every one, but in divers ways. Other writers almost as well known as these favorites have helped in no slight degree to swell this tribute to the girls.

## SELECT LIST OF BOOKS.

---

**DIAZ (Mrs. A. M.),** *continued.*

### **BYBURY TO BEACON STREET.** 12mo, 1.25.

"Mrs. Diaz uses all her powers of earnestness and humor to induce women to elevate their own lives and to care for something besides material things, while making their homes sweet, orderly and good to live in. Her illustrations are original and to the point. This last book is one of the most amusing and also one of the most useful that Mrs. Diaz has written; and it must be that hundreds of families will find in the author a true helper."—*Boston Post.*

"Sensible and humorous is Mrs. A. M. Diaz's 'Bybury to Beacon Street.' The villagers of Bybury are supposed to meet together, and to talk and write about their experiences, as well as to discuss various subjects. We hear also from the busy Beacon Street woman, whose days are as painfully subdivided by the

conflicting claims of home, society, charity and shopping, as poor Mrs. Lammerkin's of Bybury by those of cooking, sewing, baby-tending, etc., which all seem to require attention at once. Amusing as well as distressing are the stories of their tormented hours. Sunlight in the house, simplicity in dress and diet, self-respect instead of the worship of wealth and fashion, education of women in skilled labor, are among the things Mrs. Diaz advocates by the mouths of her speakers. These and other topics are touched with the bright insight and penetrating common sense which are the worst enemies of stupidity and folly. The social lump needs plenty of such leaven. We hope that both in city and country the book will be widely read."—*New York Nation.*

### **THE CATS' ARABIAN NIGHTS.** 8vo, illustrated, boards, 1.25.

The wonderful cat story of cat stories told by Pussyanita that saved the lives of all the cats, the funniest, wittiest story that ever was [so says Pussyanita]; and that is why it is so wonderful. King Grimalkum must have been a credulous fellow; but nobody blames him for losing his wits to such a teller of cat stories.

"This is the most extensive and delightful collection of cat stories we have

ever seen."—*Woman's Journal.*

### **THE JIMMYJOHNS AND OTHER STORIES.** 12mo, illustrated, 1.00.

A book to enchant young folks and old folks with young hearts.

"Every respectably brought-up girl and boy has read the Jimmyjohns and had heaps of enjoyment out of it. Mrs. Diaz seems to have an instinctive knowledge

of what children like to read, and no one knows better than she how to prepare it."—*Boston Transcript.*

### **FIRESIDE CHRONICLES.** 8vo, illustrations by Boz, 1.25.

Fifteen different chronicles, every one of them funnier than the last one, and five times as many pictures of what they're about. A great deal of wisdom in with the fun.

### **LUCY MARIA.\*** 12mo, illustrated, 1.00.

### **A STORY BOOK FOR CHILDREN.\*** 12mo, illustrated 1.00.

### **STORY TREE SERIES.** 180 stories illustrated with 180 pictures. 6 vols., 18mo, 1.50.

MERCY JANE.

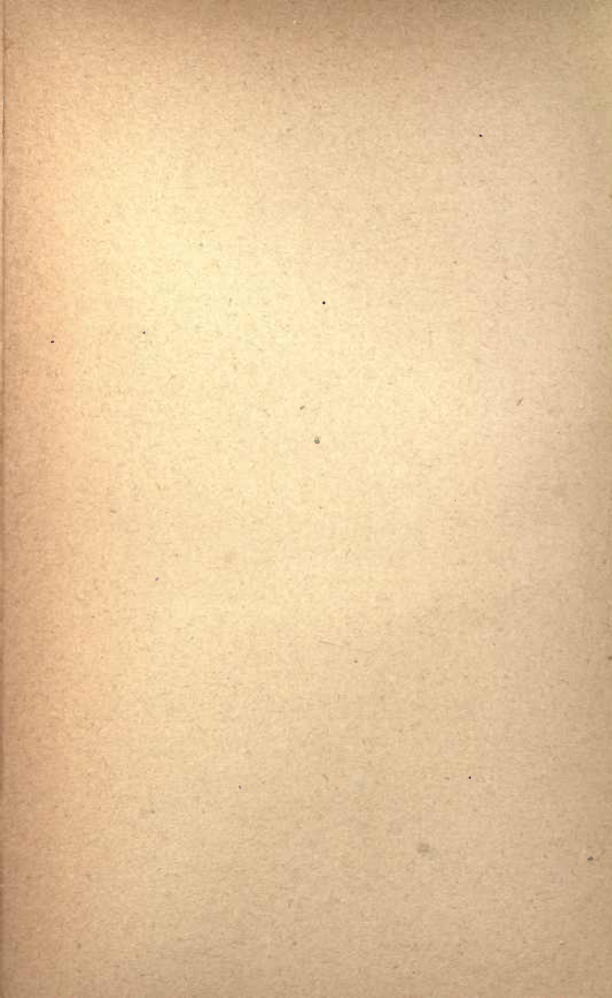
JAMIE AND JOE.

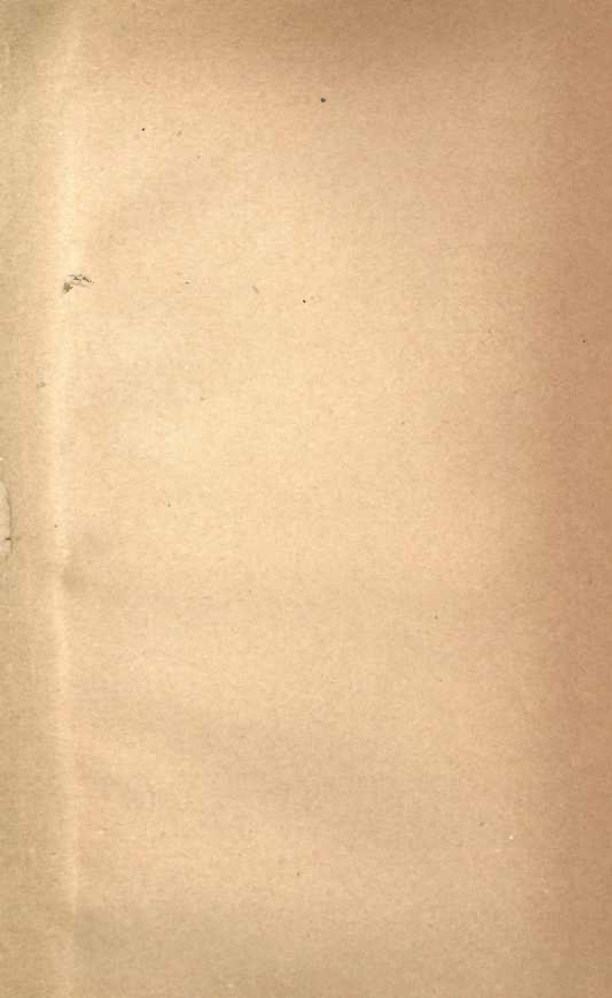
TAB AND HER KITTENS.

BRAVE LITTLE GOOSE GIRL.

THE ELLSON CHILDREN.

THE PROCESSION.





Jeremiah J. Collins



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 036 230 1

Un